

JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

A NOVEL.

---

VOL. II.



NEWELL INSCRIPTIONS

NEWELL INSCRIPTIONS

VOLUME

*C. Vigors* —

# JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

A N O V E L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNA, OR THE WELCH HEIRESS.

---

'Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows,  
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,  
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs;  
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

POPE'S ESSAY ON SATIRE.

---

V O L. II.

---

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. MONCRIEFFE, GILBERT,  
WHITE, BEATTY, H. WHITESTONE, BYRNE,  
CASH, PARKER, BROWN, M'KENZIE,  
LEWIS, MOORE AND HALPEN.

---

M DCC LXXXVI.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A N O V E L

IN THREE VOLUMES

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE KNOT AND THE KNOTTER

There is no more important subject known  
than even a vegetable. This is / what should  
be known in the kitchen, the garden, the field;  
the Knot and the Knotter was their own book.  
TOLD, ESSAY ON GARDENING

V O L . I I I

D U B L I N

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. MONROE, GILBERT,  
WHITE, BEATTY, H. WHITSTONE, DRYDEN,  
GASH, BARNES, BROWN, M'KENNIE,  
LEWIS, MOORE AND HARTEN.

M D C C L X X V I



---

---

## Juvenile Indiscretions.

---

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### *Watch-house.*

AFTER waiting in anxious expectation of his return till near midnight, he heard Mr. M'Dougal's voice below; and his friend not appearing, he descended to enquire after him.

Mr. Donald M'Dougal was much out of sorts; that settled smile, which had hitherto ushered in his smooth dialect, was no more seen; his red eye-brows were contracted, and his features were swollen and denoted him dissatisfied.

To Henry's salutations he scarcely moved, and his manner was moody and reserved. To his repeated enquiries about Montgomery, he returned rude monosyllables; and at length, when Henry, in a voice that testified both passion and concern, insisted on knowing where Montgomery was;

He neither knew nor desired to know, anything about him; wherever he was, he was a scoundrel; and he supposed his companion was no better:



## 2 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

Henry Dellmore's temper would not bear with christian meekness, an insult offered to his own character, or that of his friend; he was not conscious of any one act, putting Lavinia Orthodox out of the question, that could authorize any person living to arraign his principles, or stigmatize his fame; nor had he less faith in the honour and honesty of his friend.

Scoundrel I said he, his colour mounting into his cheeks, and trembling with rage.

The Scotchman repeated the epithet, and in a moment formed the second edition of Billy Holcomb, measuring his length on the floor.

The fallen hero roared out most manfully, and Mrs. M'Dougal, a lady we have not before introduced to our readers, ran up stairs, out of an under-ground kitchen, to enquire the cause of the outcry.

O, my dear, said she; and upon my shoul, honey, this is what I call traiting me very dirtily; to come into an honest house, and kill my poor husband, without giving me a reason for what. Arrah, don't howl so, my dear; where are ye hurt, and what the devil ails you, to stand still and see your own self knock'd down after that fashion, when I am shoore you're as good at that play as any woman alive?

This lady, I need not inform my readers, was Irish; her husband they already know was a *bonny Scots mon*. It was seldom that the loving pair happened to be of one mind, although scarce a day past without violent arguments being made use of by the husband to convert his wife to his way of thinking; but that was between themselves, and it is no uncommon thing in disputes of that nature, to see the most enraged opponents unite forces against



gainst any medler, who may be so officiously kind as to attempt parting them.

Mrs. M'Dougal was violently angry at the ill treatment of her poor Donald, who either could not, or would not speak. The wife, divided between her hopes and fears, set up an Irish howl that raised the neighbourhood, and obliged Henry to stop his ears. As soon as a sufficient number of people was collected, to prevent further violence, Mr. M'Dougal got up, and very composedly ordering the watch to be called, charged him with our hero, who being a stranger, and having no person to answer for his appearance, was carried to the watch-house, where he had an opportunity of witnessing scenes that exceeded credibility! Scenes, that disgrace no other nation in the known world! Scenes, that, were it not from their familiarity, would draw tears of blood from every maternal heart, and excite an active spirit of reformation in every man, who is honoured with the title of father! The nightly wanderer, the hardened mature prostitute, the cautious plunderer, him whose depredations call for the gallows, they are no longer the nightly thronging nuisances of our streets. A few of the first of this description pass the watch-house-door, giving and receiving curses from the guardians of the night. Henry was shocked, but not surprised at them; when his eyes beheld the clusters of unhoused infancy, when girls, in whose faces no trace of womanhood was visible, when the voice of childhood was heard to solicit to vice, his heart sunk within him. Oh! for thousands, cried he, to build a shelter for these infants; to teach those who have never learned, the transcendent beauties of morality, and renew the memory of it in those that have. Ah! were those

#### 4 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

charms created but to bud before they are eternally blasted! Those ringlets, do they wave in that beautiful irregularity, to be devoured with filth and disease! Helpless wretches! Have ye mothers, and do they live? Have ye fathers, and are they preserved from distraction? The night was cold; three girls, the eldest not by her looks fourteen, drew towards the watch-house; out sallied the constables. Ah, hurt them not, touch them not for pity, cried our hero; consider their youth: alas! alas! that so young as they are, I should have to say, they *once were* innocent. To his joyful surprise, one of the wretches advanced; she whispered, and appeared to mollify the men, who permitted them to pass on. In two minutes another still younger creature drew near; again the night officers were alarmed. Fearful, she stopped; she had no powers to mollify them, as her sisters in iniquity and in sorrow had done; she ventured to hint at a transaction of the preceding night, and was instantly knocked down!

Henry trembled; he would have run to her assistance, but he was a prisoner. The poor girl lay without sense or motion, till the men being alarmed; somewhat perhaps for her, and more for themselves, as Henry denounced vengeance against them if she was murdered, took her up and poured some of the grand nostrum, English gin, down her throat; in a few minutes it recovered her to a sense of her condition, she wept, and complained of her head, which bled violently, and she was so weak and faint, that although they then ordered her to be gone, and she seemed to exert her utmost strength to obey them, she could not stand; but sinking on the ground, said, she believed she was murdered.

Henry

Henry raved, he threatened ; he entreated them to take her into the watch-house, and send for a surgeon. A shilling to one of the men obtained the first part of his request, but as to the second, though they saw her head had a deep cut on it, and she had again fainted away, that was impossible.

What, is there no medical man near ? Do none of you know where to find a surgeon ?

Fine talking, said the great man who was chief in command, ycleped the constable of the night ; who is to pay him ?

Good heavens ! would you let a fellow creature expire for want of assistance ? I will pay him, be the expence what it may, said Henry. And fine talking, the reader may say too, when he is told three shillings and six pence were all the strength of his pocket, when he was delivered into the custody of the watch. One of those he had given to two poor boys, who stood shivering at the door, and protested they had not tasted bread that day ; one was the price of the girl's admission ; so that, according to this reckoning, there remained one shilling and sixpence towards paying a surgeon for curing a broken head !

You will die rich, I believe, younker, said the chief constable ; but since you are so prodigal of your money, that man will go for a surgeon if you pay him.

Him ! answered Henry, astonished ; why, it was him that knocked the poor wretch down !

Well, master, and I'll go as cheap as any body for ye, cried the man.

Well talk not, but run.

The woman was now reviving, and in a language suitable to her juvenile looks, bemoaned her situation.

6 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

situation. She wished she was dead, that she did; she had no comfort of her life she was sure; she had done black Tom no hurt, he need'nt have knocked her down; she said no harm to him; only last night she had given him half a guinea which a gentleman had given her, instead of six-pence, and he did nothing but laugh at her; and so she thought, as she had no money, he would not meddle with her to-night, and she only told him of it; she was sure she was not saucy to him, but; oh! her poor head; what should she do, it did so ach, and she was so empty and so hungry!

Henry's heart dropped blood; his liberal hand would have administered his all to her relief, but to his utter consternation, on putting it into his pocket, he found it had been entirely cleared of its contents, being turned inside out; and, what was of more importance, his watch was gone.

Compassion for the girl now gave way to concern on his own account; his grand resource, in case of the worst, was gone; he had not wherewithal to pay the surgeon, who soon arrived, or to give the wretch who had called him, what he demanded for his trouble.

It was to no purpose he appealed to the officer of the night; it was in vain he remarked, that no person but those whose duty it was to protect him from so villainous a depredation, had been near him.—The man was disposed to take a nap; he did not chuse to be disturbed; birds of a feather flocked together; those who played at bowls, must expect rubbers; if people would associate with w---s and pickpockets, they must take it for their pains. And then raising his voice, insisted on turning the wench out; which, as Henry had no arguments to prevent, was soon done. The surgeon, who had  
come



come in great haste, in hopes of being liberally paid, departed in as great wrath at his disappointment; for which, as the young man did not possess a single shilling, there was no remedy. He however, promised to meet them on the morrow, at the justice's; a man of his character and importance, was not to be trifled with: did Henry suppose a practitioner of credit, was to be called out on every paltry occasion? He should insist on being paid. And with a significant toss of his head, he majestically walked off. The same conviction, viz. that Henry had no money, acted as an opiate on the whole posse comitatus, who conceiving they had done hard duty that night, left the streets to the vigilance of the house-breakers, and betook themselves to snoring.

Our adventurer was not in the least disposed to sleep, after the horrid scenes he had witnessed; his thoughts naturally reverted back to the occasion that brought him into such a situation. His anxiety for the fate of a friend, who, he made no doubt, would have come to him if he had been at liberty, swallowed up every other consideration. He formed a thousand conjectures, each more distressing than the last. The agitation of his mind, operated on his person; he took hasty strides to and fro, without regarding objects. Happening to face the iron grate of the window, something very white on the outside rather startled him; however he advanced to it, and found, to his extreme surprise, it was the face of the girl who had been so ill used. She motioned to him, to keep silence; and when he was quite close, in a low whisper and voice that plainly spoke the utmost terror, lest she should be over-heard, bade him, when he came before the justice, be sure to mention his watch:



8 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

and charge Gunter, said she, the man in the brown coat, with having it. The moment she had uttered this, she went off as fast as her weakness would permit.

The mention of the justice reminded him of a former adventure, when he had been before a magistrate. The candour and justice of Samuel Spooner, Esq. were not, it must be confessed, of a complexion greatly to encourage him. He knew little of the nature of his offence, and less of the punishment to which it was liable; but little as he did know, he was yet sufficiently acquainted with the world, to be certain, that he should stand in essential need of two things he neither had or knew where to procure, namely, *money* and *friends*.

The uneasy uncertainty he was in on account of Montgomery, was increased by his own inability *now* to assist either himself or friend. His watch lost, and the few valuables he yet possessed, perhaps not sufficient to answer the expences of his then situation, what had he before him but an increase of misery? He saw no possible resource but in Mr. Gab, whose offers it would, now, be madness to reject; and though he detested the idea of assuming a character that he had no real claim to, yet when he considered that no person could suffer by the imposition, and that a short space of time would free him from so disagreeable a predicament, and fix him in one equal to his wishes, his objections, per force, gave way to the exigencies of his fortune. But as his all depended on Mr. Gab, he could not risk losing his good opinion; which, as it was of the utmost importance, he judged it would be wrong to venture, on a supposition that he might not view the affair in a favourable light:

and

and, as to money, that was still more difficult to obtain than a friend.

In those bitter reflections, the horrid place where he then was, nor the anguish of the ~~miserables~~ for whom he had lately felt, were thought of; his pace up and down the watch-house quickened, and he was totally absent, till roused into resentful attention by the voice of Mr. Donald M'Dougal, who had entered the watch-house unperceived by him. He shook hands, in great show of cordiality and friendship, with the Chief in Command, who testified no resentment at having his rest broken by a person who seemed perfectly well known to the whole set. The liberality, indeed, with which he ordered a quantity of liquor for their general refreshment, called for, and obtained respect.

After a low conference between the constable and his visitor, the former advanced to our hero, and in a kind of loud whisper, thus addressed him.

Young gentleman, this here is a very bad affair of yours; you have committed a violent assault on an inhabitant of this here parish, whereof, the man pays scot and lot, and you don't know the consequence; it may be the ruination of you, besides costing a power of money, and exposing your name in the news papers.

Henry continued his walk, indignantly silent. Our justices, continued the man, are very strict, devilish strict; you will be committed, depend upon that; ah, they'll never forgive an assault on a housekeeper; and here, it seems you have no money; upon my soul I am very sorry for you. Har-kee, in a lower voice, if I was you, I'd try to make it up, M'Dougal is a good-natured man; I dare

10 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

say now, he might be prevailed upon to drop the matter.

Still Henry observed a stubborn silence. The constable went on.

Come, suppose now I try what I can do for you; you are a very young man; there is no doubt of your ruination, if you don't make the matter up; though indeed I shall stand then as bad a chance as you do now by discharging you. But, hang it, I am too good natured: you'll sign a general release, and I'll venture. I should grieve to see such a clever young man sent to Bridewell to beat hemp. Mr. M'Dougal, this gentleman is very sorry——

That I did not break his bones, interrupted Henry.

Nay, nay, cried the constable, if you will be ruined, you must.

Ah, said the Scotchman, it is weel for the youth, that the compassion of my soul is so much greater than his desert; the chrestean sparat of doing gad for evil, is aw the comfort of my hert. I foregee ye lad, an ye can foregee yoursel.

Henry was not so void of penetration, but he could discover a stronger motive for the chrestean sparat in his landlord, than the one he chose to assign. He plainly saw, that the detaining him would be a matter undesired, and, perhaps, inconvenient to him; but as it was also a circumstance that would not only involve him in a thousand difficulties, from which he had no means to extricate himself, but prevent his gratifying his servent desire of searching after Montgomery, he calmly answered that he could with great ease reconcile his actions to his own feelings, but that however satisfied he was with himself, he did not deny, that he  
wished

wished to be free from so troublesome a confinement ; and altho' it was, at this particular juncture, extremely inconvenient to him to be in durance, yet he would not accept of liberty, or stir from where he then was, be the consequence what it would, till he knew the fate of his friend.

M'Dougal protested, he knew not where Montgomery then was ; that at his own request, he had, good naturedly accompanied him to a house where there were gentlemen diverting themselves with cards, and he believed there might be an E O table. But, said the honest Scotchman, I gin your freend my company ; he dinna luk on me as hes gourdian : wha ever sa Donald M'Dougal himsel game ? Oh, troth, aw that I ded was to luk on, and the cheld caw'd me aw that was bade ; but I forgee him. And now there es a letter for you at your lodgings that may be fro him.

Send for it immediately, cried Henry. By all means, answered the constable, winking at M'Dougal. Here, who will go on an errand for this gentleman ?

I will, cried black Tom, if the gentleman will pay me for calling the surgeon. Or I, says another, if I am paid before hand. Those hints at his empty pocket were very well understood ; from them there was no appeal : and the landlord taking, advantage of his eagerness, produced a general release, both for himself and his friend the constable, which Henry signed, and was liberated immediately.



CHAPTER XXXII.

*A second Instance of Maritime Prudence.*

AS soon as he arrived at his apartment, having been let in by Mr. M'Dougal with more civility than he expected, he eagerly opened the letter which lay for him on the table, and found it contained as follows :

“ Dear Conway,

“ I have been a second time fooled out of every shilling. M'Dougal is a swindling rascal, and connected with a set of villains who have cheated me. I have drubbed two or three of them, and would have finished with the decoy, had he not escaped. I have also broken the E O table to shivers ; but the satisfaction will not pay our lodging, nor answer the other necessary purposes of existence. I am fated to be a poor miserable dog, but will not involve you in my misfortunes ; I have one hope left, and but one. The chief of my family is just come to his title and estate ; he bears a good character, and he may be kinder to a second cousin than his predecessor was to his first. I will make my way to him ; if he relieves my misfortunes, and gets my commission confirmed ; if ever the sun of prosperity shines on me, then you will hear from me again : if not, conclude me wretched, and forget me. I would, but dare not mention one dear name, nor would I willingly, any more expose your honour to temptation, than I would have the consequence of my folly be extended to you. You cannot,



not, consistent with the character of an honest man, plead the cause of an imprudent beggar, to a woman of honour and fortune; yet, O, Conway, I cannot trust myself; nor could you, I firmly believe, notwithstanding your conscience would condemn the act, resist my solicitations, if you knew my distress; but may I be forgotten by all to whom I give pain.

“Accept of what things of mine are at the lodging, and do not forget to leave your address at the bar of the Golden Cross.”

The reader must be little acquainted with the goodness of our hero's heart, if he believes he was not greatly affected at the contents of this note. A friend to share our distress, is the most desirable thing the world can give, excepting only the one that relieves it. His eyes, surcharged with tears, were yet fixed on the paper, when Mrs. M'Dougal rapped gently at his door. He was ill disposed for the society of any person under that roof; and with a voice not much distinguished by its affability, he bid her enter.

Apon my shawl now, my dear, said she, as she opened the door, I am heartily glad to see you come back again with my two eyes, because, d'ye see, I want to have a little private talk with you, before my husband's face. Oh, Mr. Conway, he is a bitter rogue; but it is not always he lies so still; faith, and he is good enough at knocking down. Oh, to be shoore, my dear, I should have been sorry to see you hanged, because, to be shoore, you're a fine tall young man, and as like a Dublin lad as won potatoe is like another. But if Mac was now lying down on the shoore, just where you placed him, oh, honey, it would be the best day's woork you ever did, and I should bless the  
night

14 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

night poore Mac went to purgatory ; and between you and me, the devil a farthing would I give old Dermot, to move him from thence.

But poore showl, to be shoore, I shall die myself before I live to see that day. Ah, honey, if ever you shall be a widow, never believe all the palaver in the world, won good husband is more than comes to your share.

Have you any business with me, woman ? sternly demanded our hero.

That I have, indeed, my dear replied she, bursting into tears ; you must know, Mister Conway, I have a strong thought, the same Mr. Montgomery that lodged here, is my dear Charles, that I suckled with my little Janet's precious milk, at home in Ireland. Poore dear showl, he was lost many a years go, and before that he was drowned, besides being murdered by the blacks. And now, Sir, if you know whether it is him that's now alive, and lost all his money to my blackguard husband ; faith, I can tell you as good a thing, for 'Squire Benwell, that married the great India fortan, have offered fifty pounds reward for him, alive or dead.

How ! answered Henry alarmed ; a reward ? Why, what has he done ?

Oh, poh, poh, jewel, answered Mrs. M'Dougal, he has done nothing at all at all, but ran away from his friends when he was poore ; and now some of them are rich, and want to overtake him ; that's a race, honey, that Irish blood always runs. Now, d'ye see, the matter is quite another thing here in ould England ; 'tis the rich friend that runs from the poore relations. But what does that signify, you know, we are always making bulls on the

JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS. 15  
the Dublin side of the water ; and, faith, that's the  
greatest bull of any.

This sarcasm from the voluble Irish woman, gave our hero an higher opinion of her understanding than he had at first entertained. He bid her sit down, and having promised attention to her story, learned on comparing Mr. Montgomery's account of himself with the one he now heard, that she actually had been his wet nurse ; and she produced several news papers, in which was the following advertisement, all dated within the last year.

“ If Mr. Charles Montgomery, the youngest son of the Hon. Augustus Montgomery, of the College Green, Dublin, who sailed as midshipman on board his Majesty's ship the——, which ship was wrecked on her passage out, in the year ——, and was among the few of the ship's company who reached the Cape, be living and will apply to R. Benwell, Esquire, of Lower Grovesnor Street he will hear of something greatly to his advantage ; or, if any of the ship's company, who were saved as above, or any other person, can give any certain information whether the above Mr. Charles Montgomery be living or dead, they shall receive a reward of fifty pounds, on application as above.”

Good God ! said Henry, after perusing the advertisements, how unfortunate it is, this was not mentioned before !

O, cried the woman, the minute I saw his dear face, and broad shoulders, I felt my heart jump, and I told my husband, I was shoore he was a Dublin boy ; but then, honey, you know, I never  
saw

saw his name in his face : No, nor till after Mac Dougal was killed and come to life again, did I see it was my dear Charles, that my husband cheated out of all his money O, if I had, but he should have knocked me down first. But now, honey, about the rewarde. O, bless your sweet face, will you go with me to 'Squire Benwell, and tell him two or three things about my dear Charles? O, Christ, if I get the fifty pounds, but I'll go back to my own dear little Ireland, and lave M'Dougal to let lodgings here in Orange Street, by himself, for ould Janet.

Mr. Donald M'Dougal was, I have said, born north of the Tweed, and I have also said, from his own information, that he was a mon of integrity, a mon to be depended on; and so in some cases he certainly was, for during fifty years peregrination to many parts of the globe, he had never once been influenced, by any consideration whatever, to relinquish any plan, that would, in his own idea, contribute to his interest. He had not indeed, made that way in the great world that many of his more successful countrymen had done, but that was his misfortune, as he wanted not for perseverance, cunning, or cold blood, the three grand characteristics of a Scotchman; and this misfortune bore the harder on him, as there were few things he had left unessayed to rise, even to the taking of a wife, who proved a mere widow's bargain, and brought him a long list of debts, contracted by her first husband, instead of, what he expected, a heavy purse and warm home. In this deception however, our Irish woman was an innocent party, as the addresses of Mr. Mac Dougal commenced the very day her first husband was buried, and continued with so much warmth, and professions of disinterested love, during



during the space of one month, the precise period of Janet's widowhood, that the poor woman had no opportunity to think of her circumstances till Donald's love went off in a fit of rage, at finding her household stuffs, which were very good, were all her fortune : those, in the height of his disappointment, he sold to a broker, and took a hasty passage to Glasgow, in his way to the Highlands ; but Janet being remarkably quick in her motions, happened to land there just two hours before her husband.

As to the joy of the meeting, I say nothing ; Janet stuck like a bur. From Scotland, the loving pair proceeded to England, where working and scolding, on the part of Janet, and cheating the world and beating his wife, on the part of Donald, had filled an interval of seven years.

Donald knew better than to trust a thing of the importance of fifty pounds to Janet ; within five minutes after our hero was delivered into the custody of the guardians of the night, Montgomery's letter was brought to Orange Street by a porter, who if he had not found the family up, was ordered to knock at the door till he was answered, and deliver it into Dellmore's own hand ; he accordingly, made some objections to the trusting the landlord with his deposit.

M'Dougal knew how to get over this difficulty ; he kept an excellent dram-bottle, and his tongue was, when he had a point to carry, remarkably well hung.

Once in possession of the letter, he soon was acquainted with the contents : but he had no sooner read the signature, than Janet, who had been, as she said, much struck at the features of her lodger,



lodger, immediately screamed it is my Charles, my own dear boy!

Interrogatories on the side of the husband, were followed by explanations on that of the wife. The history of Montgomery led to the reward offered for any intelligence concerning him; his capacious apprehension took in the whole, and he formed his plan at once.

The first step he took, was to liberate Henry. As soon as that part of the business was dispatched, he returned to the gaming house, where he had left the young sailor, and from thence to every probable place whence he might have taken a passage to Ireland, not neglecting those parts of the river where the Irish coasters lay, or passing a single Irish public house, from the Tower to Lime-house; but his enquiries were unsuccessful, the fugitive could no where be heard of. No ways discouraged by the failure of this part of his scheme, it being pretty far advanced in the morning, while Henry was losing, in a welcome and quiet sleep, all remembrance of the occurrences of the past night, and Janet was anticipating the joy of an elopement to dear little Ireland, with fifty pounds in her pocket, the indefatigable Mr. Donald M'Dougal was actually claiming the reward, according to the directions in the newspaper.

Mr. Benwell was exceedingly rejoiced at the hopes of recovering Montgomery; he made no scruple about paying the fifty pounds as soon as he should be certain, the story told by M'Dougal was to be depended on; he therefore accompanied him back to Orange Street, to the entire destruction of all Janet's air castles, and to the unspeakable joy of Henry, who found from Mr. Benwell, not only that it was indeed his friend whom the paper described, but that the full gratification of every wish

wish that money could ensure, would be the consequence of his appearing, to claim the indulgence of dame Fortune.

Mr. Benwell enquired, with great solicitude, after every circumstance in which the young sailor was concerned; and although the conduct of M'Dougal had been so scandalous, he actually paid him the reward, observing, with great propriety, the word of a man of honour depended not on the actions of others. However unworthy the wretch, M'Dougal was, according to the literal meaning of his promise, entitled to the reward; but Mr. Benwell, nevertheless, expressed the greatest contempt and abhorrence of his character, and engaged to punish his villainy, as well as to lay an information against the constable, for a breach of the law of his office.

He then invited our hero to a repast, at the next coffee-house, where he informed him, that a sister of Mr. Montgomery's had gone to India, in quality of companion to a lady who had come to England for the re-establishment of her health, and was then returning to her husband, a man high in the company's service, and of immense wealth, whose sister he had himself married.

Mr. Nesbit, the protectress of Mr. Montgomery's sister, died soon after her arrival in India, and her companion succeeded her in the affections of Mr. Nesbit, who had himself died, about two years back, leaving his widow in possession of his whole fortune, twenty thousand pounds only excepted, which he gave Mr. Benwell.

Mrs. Nesbit had continued in India, to settle her affairs, but had transmitted to Mrs. Benwell, some commission of importance to her peace, which she wished her to act in, previous to her  
return

return to England. The ill success hitherto, in the researches after Mr. Montgomery, and the impossibility of executing her other commands, Mr. Benwell added, had rendered her less desirous of returning to England, than she was at the time she became mistress of herself and fortune; but Mrs. Benwell, who was much attached to her amiable sister in law, as well as greatly indebted to the generosity of her disposition, now flattered herself, she would immediately come home.

Henry lamented, with unaffected sincerity, the unfortunate excursion Montgomery had made in company with M'Dougal; but as he had himself given the route he meant to take, and as his family were well known to Mr. Benwell, there would, he hoped, be no other disagreeable consequence attending it, than merely a delay, without the least fear of a prevention of the happy lot that awaited him. He was impatient to reveal the happy alteration in her lover's prospect, to Miss Gab; and therefore declined an invitation from Mr. Benwell to accompany him to Grosvenor Street, and hurried to the city.

He found, to his great satisfaction, Sophia, who having long completed the business of the toilet, was alone, waiting the appearance of her mother.

The letter he had not the day before had an opportunity to deliver, was now watered with

“A sea of pearl, by some called tears.”

But those were quickly chased by the further intelligence Henry had to impart. Beams of lively and exulting joy, flashed from Sophia's eyes. Not, said she, that any thing can add to his worth, in my opinion; but my papa and mama, if they  
had

had been obdurate, what could I do? Indeed, Mr. Conway, I would not be undutiful--if--if--if--I could help it.

There was an enchanting grace in the simplicity of Sophia Gab, that is not always the companion of *simplicity*; it was a something, that while her own eyes were bashfully withdrawn from the gaze of the beholder, spoke through the deep crimson of her cheek, and proved it was excess of delicacy only, without the least atom of sheepishness, that occasioned the agreeable confusion in her countenance; and thus, while her tongue faltered, and prevented a verbal explanation of her sentiments, she was most eloquent. Her elocution Henry was so far from interrupting, that he was wrapt in the delight which every man of sensibility feels in the contemplation of a beautiful, sensible female, when Mr. Gab entered, and sent his daughter to see after her mother.

Mr. Gab had no idea, how very much deranged Henry's circumstances were; nor, perhaps, if he had, would it have operated much in his favour, while he presumed to doubt on a matter already determined as to its propriety. He asked Henry jestingly, if he were to have the honour of entertaining a man of fashion at his house? Henry bowed assentingly, and Mrs. Gab immediately accompanying her daughter into the drawing-room, he was very pompously introduced as a person of rank, who would honour them, by accepting an apartment in their house, till some important affairs of his own were settled.

Mrs. Gab was in raptures, she knew the gentleman was a person of consequence; nothing was easier than to discriminate rank. Her complaisance, indeed, was excessive, and proved one of  
the



the severest blows to his pride that our hero could have received, as he felt, that high as were the commendations on his person and manners, it was to his consequence they were paid. If now, said Humility, that narrow-souled woman knew thou wert a wanderer, in a state of actual servitude to her husband, she would loath thee.

When, Mr. Conway, will you do us the favour? said Mrs. Gab.

To-morrow, I think you said, answered Mr. Gab for him.

Well then, to-morrow, replied the lady, I will order the apartment.

Henry tried to be amusing; he did not succeed. He swallowed his three glasses, but his spirits were still low. He took his leave early, to expedite his removal; and Mr. Gab whispered him to come to the accompting-house by ten the next morning.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### *The Spunzing House.*

**H**ENRY's disposition was very little calculated to accommodate itself to conveniency, in opposition to principle and choice; wretched enough in the part he was obliged to act at Mr. Gab's, he was still more so at the necessity he was under of returning to Orange-street. His indignation and contempt for Mr. M'Dougal, were increased; and it was with no small disgust and reluctance, he thought of once more entering his house. But that was a matter he could not at present avoid, as  
it

it was by no means clear to him, if there were people who would take a person to lodge in their house who had neither money nor valuables, that he should be so fortunate as to meet with them; besides, he had a few things of his own there, and there was also a portmanteau belonging to Montgomery, which as it contained some linen, and that young man could not now be distressed for a fresh supply if he returned, he made the less scruple of accepting. But as those could not be removed, without paying the week's lodging, and as four shillings were a national debt to a man who had not so many farthings, he considered himself as obliged to return to Mac-Dougal, and dispose of his buckles, before he could remove himself to Mr. Gab's. Thus ruminating on his affairs, he slowly walked through the city, with a brow of care that would have puzzled any one who had formerly known Henry Dellmore, to have pointed him out in the sober Conway. But empty purses will make thoughtful the most thoughtless; and of the latter description I confess my hero was, however opposite his present appearance was to his character. He was turning into Orange-street, when he was accosted by a very civil gentleman, not of the most pleasing physiognomy, who had sometime followed his steps pretty closely, though disregarded by our hero, whose attention was too deeply engrossed by his inward cogitations to regard who walked the pavement with him.

Sir, said the civil gentleman, in a voice not much softened by the graces, is your name Conway? Just as he had asked this question, another civil gentleman pushed upon the other side of him next the wall.

Henry

24 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

Henry looked earnestly at each, vainly endeavouring to recognize their features; at length, he replied in the affirmative.

Why then, Sir, said the best dressed of the two, I have a writ against you.

You must be mistaken, Sir, answered our hero; I owe no money in this town, whatever I may do elsewhere.

That's your affair, returned the man; mine is to serve you with the writ. You can get bail I suppose, Tom, call a coach for this gemman.

Henry had not hitherto had the felicity to be engaged in any law adventures; but he knew enough of it to distinguish the legal from the illegal. Resistance, he was sure, would be vain; and concluding that the whole transaction originated in his being mistaken for some other person, and that possibly his detention might give him for whom the favour was designed, an opportunity of escaping, this time at least, he suffered himself to be put in a coach, and carried to the lock-up house.

Why Henry, who was all ingenuity and good-nature in his natural disposition, should feel an inward triumph in thus, as he thought, deceiving men who had not intentionally injured him, is a paradox I must leave to better casuists than myself, as I know of no one reason to assign for his conduct, excepting the general dislike to the profession of a bailiff.

When they came to the end of their journey, a difficulty arose about discharging the coach, that disagreeably surprised the civil gentlemen, namely, the prisoner's not being in possession of a single fous.

What the devil, such a fine buck-looking fellow as you, cried the last person who had unsolicited given

given our hero his company, with no money in your pocket!

Even so, answered Henry.

'Twould have been but honest, young man, said the bailiff, if you had told me so when I called the coach.

It was your own will, not mine.

Well I hope you have friends then?

Indeed, I have not.

The man stared.

What neither money nor friends? said the follower. Oh, to be sure, you are not in a pretty pickle. You reckon, I suppose, on going to jail?

Humph, said Henry, casting a humourous look towards the iron gratings of the windows.

I don't see the joke, young man, of paying your coach hire, quoth the bailiff, in a surly tone; however, as we have brought you here, you may e'en stay to night, and consider of it.

He then led the way into a kind of kitchen, where sat a fine ruby-faced dame drinking tea, who arose at their entrance, and very courteously asked the new prisoner if he chose a cup.

Pshaw, d—n your slops, cried the bailiff; the gemman don't drink tea.

The tea-board instantly vanished.

Well, what's done with the lady? demanded the man, who, the reader understands by this time, or he is very dull of apprehension, was the husband of the woman and the lord of the mansion.

Why nothing's done with her, answered the wife sullenly; and nothing's like to be done, I believe, but whimpering and crying.

On which the bailiff, whose name was advanced to the door of an inner room,



when it opened, to the astonishment of Henry, he had a glimpse, it was no more, as the door was immediately shut again, of Clara Elton.

He staggered, he lost the power of respiration. Was it an illusion of the senses! or could it be indeed Clara! All his own affairs were instantly lost to his recollection; his surprise at the arrest, his embarrassed circumstances, his empty purse, *all, all*, were forgotten. What had memory to do with past, the present was too amazing to be believed; so true it is, that

“ Though philosophy easily triumphs over past and future  
ills

“ Yet present ills triumph over philosophy.”

Clara Elton was, he knew, under age; a minor could not legally be arrested; she was heiress to a good estate, and great personals, from the accumulation of her fortune; she was also, under the protection of a man who considered his ample fortune, but as the means of conferring happiness on others, and who loved his ward with paternal affection: what could, therefore, have brought her under *such* circumstances, to *such* a house? While under the utmost anxiety, unable either to account for her being there, or to resolve on the conduct most proper for him to observe on the occasion, two men entered, and without any ceremony, went into the room where the treasure of the earth, in his idea was.

He involuntarily followed; again he saw Clara, again the door shut.

It was not till this dreadful moment that the strength of his passion for Miss Elton was evinced in himself; he trembled, his teeth chattered, and to support himself, or reach a chair, he

funk

sunk down neither in or out of a fit, utterly unable to speak, and breathing with extreme difficulty.

Mrs. Trap ran for water, but her assistance came too late to be of service.

The voice of distress was heard within the room; it was a female's; it complained in a plaintive tone. Heaven and earth! it must be Clara! It pierced the soul of Henry; he started up, and ran to the door. The voice died away; it seemed lost in anguish, the sobs were still to be heard. The door was fastened on the inside; but what were locks, or bolts, to the strength of affection? He burst into the apartment, and pale, trembling, and speechless, presented himself to Miss Elton with a surprise equal to her own.

Clara!

Henry!

He fell at her feet. Ah, Clara, ease my bursting heart; tell me what you do in this horrid place? Better, far better were it for me, to be for ever deprived of thy sight; happier would my ignorance of thy fate leave me, than thus to meet thee in company and situations, so contrary to all that is consistent with thy rank and purity. Where is your guardian, Miss Elton? Is Mr. Franklyn dead?

His agitation and eagerness were too pleasing to Clara, for her to take offence at his oblique hints of her imprudence; she begged him to rise, and be composed. It was Mrs. Napper who was Mr. Trap's guest; and though Miss Elton's countenance was serious, and bore traces of concern, the tears and grief which had so alarmed him, were Mrs. Napper's and her fair daughter's, whose spirits had suffered an unusual depression, on finding

the security they offered on all occasions, and opposed to every difficulty, namely, Miss Elton's bond, was in their present embarrassment positively rejected.

It was not the first time those ladies had supported the disaster of an arrest, with a wonderful share of philosophy; but Mr. Souflee was the first of Mrs. Napper's creditors, who had objected to the offered security of the young heiress.

It was, he said, inconsistent with his principle, to accept the bond of a minor, without the consent of her guardian, if he were disposed to give them time, which he was not; there was therefore no alternative, the money must be paid, or poor Mrs. Napper go into durance vile, as the marble-hearted creditor was equally impenetrable to the entreaties of the mother, and the tears of the daughter.

Mrs. Napper had, unfortunately for her, very little to do with ready money; she had just then found out, that she was one of the most unhappy women in the world, in which exclamation she was seconded by her daughter, who also joined in the bitter reflections on the cruelty of a creditor, who had *only* staid three years for his money. His refusal either to wait longer, or accept Miss Elton's security, was inveighed against, as something heterogeneous to human nature.

The truth is, Mr. Souflee, who was a haberdasher, had furnished Mrs. and Miss Napper's with finery in his way, four years. He was a man of easy circumstances, and not by any means rigid in his dealings; but Mrs. Napper having also furnished many of her scholars with gauzes, and other trifling etcetera's, for which she had been paid, and that coming to Mr. Souflee's ears, it had touched

touched the irritable part of his temper, and rendered him deaf to her entreaties : and her offer of her young scholar, as a security, by confirming his opinion of her want of principle, added to his obduracy.

Trifling, however, to our hero, were the tears of Mrs. Napper and her daughter ; the heart that would have bled at the distress of the most insignificant of God's creatures, was now too much engaged to heed that of a pair of lamenting females. He saw Clara Elton before him, her eyes beaming ethereal softness ; the terror their indignant glances had struck into his soul at Windsor, was no more seen, and no more remembered. Oh, Miss Elton, cried he, tenderly embracing her, how shall I call that a misfortune, which gives me the greatest happiness ? Or how blame those ladies, for suffering the goodness of your heart to lead you into such an improper situation, when the error is so transporting to me ?

Clara Elton, we have informed our readers, was always partial to Henry Delmore ; from her first distinction of the sexes, he was her favourite. In the expansion of her idea, still no young man was half so amiable, so attractive, or so handsome. When she paid the visit to Ether manor, his heart was her meditated prize. Many and serious were the consultations between Miss Elton, her glass, and Jemima, about the colour most becoming to her complexion for the new riding-dress ; and infinite were the pains bestowed, at the last stage, on her person : her face, ever beautiful, received additional grace from a desire to please ; and she arrived at Ether, armed for conquest. But Miss Elton had long persuaded herself, that her own heart only had suffered during the period she staid



at Ether ; and the mortified state of her pride could only be equalled by the disappointment of her wishes. The discovery of his engagement to Lavinia Orthodox had indeed something abated that fervent approbation she was disposed to regard him with ; and Miss Franklyn's displeasure was too great, to suffer her to give a fair representation of his manner of quitting Ether. That step indeed, would bear a construction that could not tend to remove the prejudice of his enemies ; she had therefore exerted all her philosophy to banish him from her memory : but whenever he did recur to it, he was still amiable, and she ever regretted his engagement to Lavinia.

The meeting at Windsor was not much to his credit, as he appeared in a state of ebriety, which confirmed the dissipated character Miss Franklyn had chosen to give him ; and according to Mrs. Puffardo's account, he had taken such monstrous liberties with her delicate person, that she was sure he was a notorious libertine ; and the good man her husband still held to his prognostick, that he would come to be hanged.

But notwithstanding all those disadvantages, there was yet a something in the heart of Clara Elton, that melted at the tenderness and attention now shewn her by Henry Dellmore. Far from suspecting he was a prisoner of Mr. Trap's, and ignorant of what nature his apprehensions on her account had been, she was for some moments sensible only to the pleasure of this rencontre ; and without puzzling herself with conjectures about the means by which it was brought about, felt too much real satisfaction to manifest any violent displeasure at the gentle pressure he gave her to his bosom,

bosom, nor any great hurry to disengage herself from his arms.

The embrace, however, was purely the attraction of sentiment, and consequently a sense of delicate propriety accompanied it; but Clara's dear Henry, how d'ye do? was uttered in too soft a tone to be answered. Sentiment gave way to passion; in that there was a mixture of the bitter and sweet, that rendered some regard to the Graces, a relief. He politely reached her a chair, and taking a seat near her, was very soon informed of the business which brought her there, by Mrs. Napper, whose dear self being her first concern, and who having wearied all her friends by her repeated and frequent applications, either to lend her money or become sureties for her responsibility, gladly grasped at the shadow of relief this accidental meeting with Henry afforded.

Well, Mr. Souflee, cried she, with fresh spirits, if Miss Elton is not of age, Mr. Dellmore is, and he, I am sure, will join my security; or perhaps, Sir, you can lend me the money? Will you be so good, Sir, said Miss Napper, raising her fine eyes to his, with a fascinating smile.

If Henry had at that moment been in possession of so much money in the world, as would have paid Mr. Souflee, or if he had then been Mr. Franklyn's almoner, no doubt but Mrs. Napper would have been instantly discharged from her confinement. Not that in the former case, the consciousness of having relieved unmerited distress would have been his reward, or that in the latter he would have pleaded his ignorance of the unworthiness of the object in his excuse; but there was a certain something in the accident, that brought him so near Clara Elton; something so

irresistibly persuasive, in the event that placed him on the next seat to her, that allowed his right arm to encircle her waist, while her soft white hand suffered a willing imprisonment in his, that not only seventy-three pounds ten shillings, the amount of Mr. Souflee's demand, but an empire, had an empire been Henry Dellmore's, would have been at the devotion of Mrs. Napper. In a word, his heart was open his bond was ready, without troubling himself about his ability to discharge the engagement, or while he offered his signature, once bestowing a look on aught but Clara. This might be wrong; but

“It was a vice which, weigh'd in heav'n, shall more avail,  
“Than ten-fold virtues in the other scale.”

One of the persons present was the haberdasher's attorney. On Henry's acceding to Mrs Napper's proposition of becoming her bail, Mr. Trap contrived to favour that gentleman with a wink from one eye, imperceptible to the rest of the company; and immediately quitting the room, was followed by him. They soon returned, the attorney's features in the same impenetrable state in which he had made his short exit; but as soon as he was seated, he formally rejected, on behalf of his client, the offered bail of Henry Dellmore, Esquire.

Mrs. Napper was again plunged into the most bitter distress.

Why, Lord love you, madam, said Trap, Mester Dellmore, if so be as how the gemman has got a Dellmore in his name, has business enough of his own to mind. *He* be your security! *he* lend you money! he must quoin it I believe if he does. Why, bless your heart, he has'nt a single tester; and moreover than that, the gemman is my prisoner,

er, as well as you, and I dare for to say, by all counts, you may e'en go to the Bench together.

The ladies were struck with astonishment at this intelligence, they looked at Henry, and at each other; but although their surprize was mutual, and the same look of amazement possessed their countenances, far different were their feelings.

Mrs. Napper was vexed and disappointed, and having no other way of avenging it on the innocent cause, spitefully reproached him for the contemptuous style in which he had expressed his ideas of the house, where, it seemed, he was, as well as herself, a prisoner.

Miss Napper, who had, according to her invariable rule, began to play off the artillery of her eyes at our hero, by way of strengthening her mother's interest, withdrew them in scorn, and with a toss of her head, which she meant should be very expressive, walked to the opposite side of the room.

But Clara, whose hand Henry had let go in the moment he was awakened from the trance of delight by a recollection of his situation, voluntarily replaced it; and with her eyes anxiously fixed on his, tenderly asked if the man's tale was true.

And pray, Miss Elton, said Miss Napper, oblige Mr. Dellmore to inform you, by what accident you meet him in *such* a place, and in *such* company. The tone of voice, the young lady chose to assume, as she uttered this retort, lost the power she intended it should have on Henry. How could he feel mortified, in a state of the most extatic delight?

And have you really changed your name, Henry? continued Miss Elton. I hope not; it is an act that bears the appearance of meanness: a subterfuge I cannot bear to suppose you, who, my



guardian used to say, was the most unreserved of mankind, can be guilty of.

Henry had very little to conceal. The motive and the act were the same thing with him. He had forsaken Lavinia Orthodox, left Ether, and changed his name. But those three acts were the effect of one and the same cause. He could have told Clara a tale, she would not have frowned him dead for revealing ; but fear and modesty sealed his lips.

“ What should he do ? in sweet confusion lost,  
 “ And dubious flutterings, he a while remained.  
 “ A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,  
 “ A delicate refinement known to few,  
 “ Perplexed his breast.”

What, said Clara, her eyes full of tears, is it you fear, Henry ? Why will you not suffer me to share your distress ? Are you really in debt ? What is the sum you are arrested for.

A question like this Henry had not yet asked himself ; sure, that as *he* was not in debt, the serving the writ on him, was a mistake. It had occasioned him very little anxiety before he saw Clara ; and since, his thoughts had been fully engaged on matters, in which self had little share : but the sweet solicitude, the modest tenderness of her manner, were irresistible ; he pressed her hand to his breast ; he could not speak, but his silence was more expressive than the strongest powers of oratory.

Clara blushed.

Why, Miss, cried Trap, giving Henry the same signal from his left eye he had before given the attorney from his right, the writ is for twelve pounds !

Dellmore

Dellmore had seen Henry Conway coupled with Richard Roe and John Doe, but he had no curiosity about the name of the creditor; however, he now asked at whose suit.

Mr. Donald M'Dougal, answered Trap, as honest a gemman as any in England.

M'Dougal, cried Henry, who now began to suspect there was no mistake on the part of Mr. Trap, impossible!

Mr. Trap disproved the impossibility, by producing the writ.

Henry's amazement struck him dumb. But the attorney, who was a gentleman of sufficient presence of mind for his practice, to his still greater surprize, now came forward, and after a few interrogatories, which drew from our hero an account of the night's transaction at the watch-house, acquainted him, that he had the honor to do business for Mr. Benwell, and had received instructions from that gentleman, to attend at Bow-street on the next morning to lay before the magistrates there, an account of the misdemeanour of the night constable, and to take the proper steps to bring the offenders to punishment; and as he had no doubt but his employer's laudable endeavours would, when the matter was fairly investigated, be attended with the success it deserved, he did not wonder at the step M'Dougal had taken, to keep such a material evidence out of the way; but his evil intentions would be frustrated, as *he*, Mr. Latitat, the attorney, would give his undertaking, which he was sure his friend Trap would not refuse, for the appearance of the prisoner.

But, well as Mr. Latitat, and Mr. Trap understood each other, on general occasions, the latter gentleman, either not foreseeing the conclusion of the

the former's interesting communication, or (the cause he himself afterward assigned) from his extreme hurry of business, left the room; and enquiry being made, Mrs. Trap told them, her husband had been sent for in great haste, by an eminent gemman in the law, their particular acquaintance, and it was uncertain when he would return.

On this information, Mr. Latitat made a wonderful discovery, namely that his friend Trap was a great rascal, and capable of any villainy that did not militate against his own interest. A discovery Mr. Trap found himself inclined to make to Mr. Latitat, as soon as he understood how much he was offended at the hurry of business that had, so mal-apropos for Henry, called him from home; which, to own the truth, was, as the judicious attorney guessed, a mere fetch, to detain the prisoner, on purpose, as he observed, to bring grist to his own mill.

Mr. Latitat promised to be with him early in the morning; and recollecting the hint, and a pretty broad one it must be confessed it was of his empty pockets, drew Henry aside, and begged, in Mr. Benwell's name, to have the honour of being his banker for the night.

Our hero did not want pride; and his honesty of heart, not knowing when, or how, he should be able to return the obligation, revolted from the sense of incurring a debt he was unable to pay. But Clara Elton was present: she had heard Trap's account of his poverty; and he saw in her swimming eyes, that she also felt it. If she pressed on him a pecuniary obligation, how could he refuse her offered favour, when she knew he stood in need of it? And still more irksome would it be to him to  
accept

accept it. Besides, as the attorney observed, in all likelihood his watch would be recovered : and at all events, the debt would be to Mr. Benwell, a person, who bore in his countenance, a certificate of the goodness of his heart ; and of whom, he entertained a very respectable opinion.—He therefore accepted, and took care it should be in sight of the ladies, a couple of pieces. Mr. Soufsee, continuing adamant to the lamentations of Mrs. Napper, and the soft pleadings of her daughter, he together with his attorney, made their exit, leaving our hero in the enjoyment of all earthly blessings, being again re-seated by Clara Elton.

That young lady, who had been extremely disgusted at the place they were now in, who had shuddered at the iron bars and the idea of being locked in, and who had expressed the strongest impatience to leave it, became suddenly reconciled to what she before termed a dungeon. She would have some tea, and Henry should tell her his adventures ; they could not have been very distressing, he looked so exceeding well.

Ah, Clara, sweet flatterer, answered he, again encircling her waist, and pressing her hand to his fond heart, while beams of tenderness shot from his eyes, and (if the bashful glances of her's might be believed) penetrated her soul, your goodness is cruelty.

Indeed, said Clara, in a voice scarce amounting to a whisper, which was answered in so low an accent it did not reach Mrs. Napper or her daughter, though, to do them justice, their ignorance of the subject of the whispering dialogue, which did not by any means promise a speedy termination, was not owing to a want of attention in those ladies, or to any deficiencies in the organs of their ears, but merely



merely to a soft sink in the voice of both Henry and Clara, which seemed to die away as soon as a monosyllable was uttered, leaving between every sentence, a vast deal to be explained by the eyes.

What particular reason Miss Napper had for it, did not then transpire, but the little harmony her mother's imprisonment had left in her temper, totally evaporated at the sight of the fond pair. She eyed them askance, and resolved to put an end to an intercourse that did not exactly tally with her private wishes. Actuated therefore by motives best known to herself, she made a speech that tumbled our poor hero out of his heaven.

Bless me, Mr. Dellmore, said the genteel creature, what a rencontre! how fortunate! I am sure I am vastly glad. But pray, in a recollecting tone, didn't I hear that you was married? Sure I think— O yes, we did. Miss Elton, you have not yet enquired after Mr. Dellmore's Lavinia. You are, without doubt, Sir, commenced Benedict.

This elegant interruption had the effect of enchantment, it changed Henry's cheeks from red to pale several times, it be-roused Clara's one moment, and be-lillied them the next; it withdrew her soft hand from his affectionate grasp; and had that hand again been laid, with all the charms of invitation, in his way, it would have taken from him all power of resuming it.

O dear, that's true, cried the afflicted matron; I had really forgotten. I hope Mrs. Dellmore is well.

There was a triumph in the countenance of those ladies, a meaning in their eyes, that went yet farther than their words, and convinced Henry there was more spite and meaning than accident in the sudden recollection of Lavinia; but whatever were their

their motives, the consciousness of guilt, the sense of an engagement which actually subsisted, and the shame of confessing he had so entirely abandoned a woman he had ruined, all co-operated so powerfully, that Henry shrunk from the penetrating looks of the mother and daughter, and from the involuntary glances of Miss Elton. He arose without speaking, and deeply sighing, approached the grated window, where, excepting iron bars, no earthly thing was visible, and there fixed his eyes. Had the window indeed, afforded the most luxuriant view, it is probable that the prospect would have been the last thing that would have attracted his notice; there he stood, a living statue, totally insensible to any thing but his own wretchedness.

Clara's disgust at the horrid dungeon, now returned; the room was abominably close, there was no bearing it; she could not respire; indeed, she was quite ill; the tea was an age getting ready; she would not wait for it any longer. She wished Mr. Dellmore good-night; and after affectionately embracing her governess, took Miss Napper by the arm, and went away.

Henry's eyes followed Clara's steps; his heart bounded in his bosom at her last looks, and it sunk in despair when the sound of the lock and bolt grated on his ears, in fastening the door after she was let out; he now felt the bitterness of his confinement; while Clara staid, he was too much depressed to speak to her; now she was gone, and now that he could not follow her, he would have given his soul to have been at liberty, to have reconciled her again to the sweet friendship she had shewn him a few minutes before. Her hand, her waist, were yet within his grasp; imagination was aided by fancy, only to fill him with unceasing grief. Her departure left a tender regret on his memory,

40 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

memory, and his eyes looked to the chair in which she had sat, with a distress he could not conceal.

She is a dear, lovely girl, cried Mrs. Napper.

She is an angel, echoed Henry.

I have always thought, said the governess, that it was a pity you two had not come together.

Henry coloured.

But marriages, they say, are made in heaven.

Henry had his doubts.

Well, it is to be hoped, you will both be as happy in your different choice.

That Henry thought impossible.

As to Miss Elton, it will be her own fault if she do not marry very brilliantly.

Henry was all curiosity.

A gentleman of high rank, and monstrous large estate, is distractedly in love with her.

Poor Henry groaned:

Offers to settle all his fortune on her.

She has then refused him, cried he, eagerly, every nerve interested in the answer.

O, no; not so neither. But, dear creature, she is so excessively delicate, so timorously bashful. Refuse him! refuse Sir James Restive, one of the handsomest men in England! No, no, it is visible enough she does not mean to refuse him! He is an elegant man.

The room was now becoming too close for our hero; he also found respiration very difficult.

O, said Mrs. Napper, if Sir James Restive had been in town, I should not have wanted a friend; no, I should not be confined for a paltry seventy or eighty pounds. Dear generous creature, 'tis not money that he values.

Is Mr. Franklyn acquainted with the gentleman's pretensions? demanded Henry.

Why, no, answered she, not yet; Clara chuses it should be yet concealed; and indeed, I fancy the wedding,

wedding, when it takes place, will be a very private one. But, Lord, here am I, old woman like, prating about my own affairs, (I call my dear Miss Elton's affairs my own) while you are as mute as a fish about your's. Why don't you tell me how Mrs. Dellmore does? I shall be happy to be introduced to her.

I am not married Madam, replied our hero, coldly.

No! Well now, that was the oddest thing she ever knew. Why, every body at Ether believed the contrary.

Every body at Ether, he said, he was sure, did not believe so; Mr. Franklyn, in particular, had reasons to know this.

O, she begged pardon; she might be misinformed, but as the young lady and himself had chosen to absent themselves together, the conclusion was natural, and she thought some body had told it her as a fact; but her memory was bad, very bad, and her misfortunes had been so great that——

Here her apology, and what she might be yet inclined to say, was interrupted by the entrance of a great personage.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### *An Instance of Neighbourly Kindness.*

THE person who broke in on the private conference of Mrs. Napper and Henry Dellmore, was, as I said in the conclusion of the last Chapter, a great personage.

It was Mr. Puffardo.

All the fawning civility with which he had been accustomed to treat Madam la Governante was entirely vanished, he addressed her with an affection



tion of a familiar kind of pity, in which contempt and dislike were visibly blended, for which behaviour he had some reasons, which he very liberally assigned, and others which he chose to keep a profound secret; among the former was her extravagant living.

Poor despicable body, whose school had been founded by charity, and supported by cheating! proud beggars! with heads as high as monuments, and not a whole shift to their backs. Ough, he despised such cattle.

Among the latter were some unpolite liberties taken with *his* character, and that of his lady.

Mrs. Napper, though possessed of as large a share of cunning as generally falls to one woman's share, was not always so guarded in her speech and sentiments as is necessary in a world where curiosity is the predominant passion. She had in particular been very communicative to some of the women who chaired in her house, a sort of people with whom, at certain times, she conversed on a very familiar footing, in regard to some anecdotes she had learned of the original and history of her neighbour Mr. Puffardo; such as,

That he was a low-bred ignorant person, who had been apprentice to a dirty mechanical trade, from whence he had eloped, and condescended to commence English hero, on the same terms that Candidus became a Bulgarian one, save only that Puffardo willingly sold that freedom which Voltaire's hero was cheated of; that he had run the gauntlet through innumerable scenes of immoral indigence, before an advertisement threw him into Fortune's lap, by introducing him to his present lady, the then widow of a person who kept a poor day school in Ratcliff Highway, where he had, by dint of parsimonious industry, saved a few pounds, which was the foundation of all Mr. Puffardo's

Puffardo's greatness. Those anecdotes being repeated to him, with additions, together with ignorant fellow, low vulgar creature, a man of no understanding, a woman of no character; now that she was done up, as he termed it, was what he could never forgive, and though he had been long acquainted with her sentiments, yet it being in some measure his interest to feign ignorance, and as feigning was the cleverest thing he could do, he had hitherto concealed his rancour under a mask of extreme civility; but now Mrs. Napper was ruined, and it was quite another thing; he did not mind offending her; and besides, though his visit was meant to be one of worldly compassion and mean triumph over his neighbour, he had his own interest in view.

There was a certain piece of ground, commonly called an orchard, which Mrs. Napper held on lease with her premises, and which stood most invitingly and conveniently opposite to Mr. Puffardo's garden; now on that piece of ground he cast many a look, that proved he did not hold the tenth commandment in the most perfect reverence, for there Mrs. Napper actually did, and Mr. Puffardo longed to, keep a cow; therefore one could as ill spare it as the other could content himself without it; and with those convenient premises in view, the pedagogue visited his distressed neighbour, for the double purpose of mortifying her, and serving himself.

He began after the first salutations, by declaring how sorry and how surprised he was to see her in that disagreeable dilemma; he had always supposed Mrs. Napper was getting money as fast as he himself was, and *that*, he thanked God, was pretty well; he could leave business when he pleased; he could take his friend by the hand, and bid him enter the house of an independent man: and as his friend

friend Mrs. Napper had as great a number of scholars, he thought her to be in the same thriving way. To be sure, he believed he did not sit up quite so late, or dress hot suppers, nor drink so much punch; but what of that, every body to their fancy, it was his to keep out of debt; what was one man's meat was another's poison; and it would be all the same an hundred years hence. He advised her to keep up her spirits; when things were at the worst, they would mend.

The lady was far from relishing this mode of comfort, she wept, but her tears were not those of distress for her circumstances, they flowed in mere spite; neither could they be called silent tears, as she had never found herself less disposed to be *seen and not heard*. She hoped God would protect her from the malice and wickedness of the world; she wondered people were not ashamed of themselves; truly, it would better become some folks to look at home; she thought there was little to blame in keeping genteel company, *all* the quality of Eastsheen visited HER; she believed there were people in the world who would not grudge much more than a hot chicken, and a bason of warm punch, to entertain such company; to be sure there were folks whom some people would not visit on any terms, no not if they might be treated with nectar and ortolans.

Mr. Puffardo could not bear an inuendo, the more provoking because true, for he was little esteemed, and less respected where he lived, and the offence offered his vanity and pride was the more unpardonable, as coming from a person so much beneath him, one who was so infinitely his inferior, inasmuch as she was poor, and incumbered with debts, and he was not. Swelling with indignation, he proudly rose, and told her, a little more prudence heretofore, and a little more humility

lity now, would much better suit her circumstances; that he came, hearing of her distress, to offer to serve her, but he should leave her to the comfort of reflecting on the grandeur of her acquaintance; and turning scornfully from her, he was going away, too angry to consider the utility of the orchard; but he had not advanced two paces towards the door when he saw Henry. What Mumps again! exclaimed he in astonishment.

Mortifying as was our hero's present situation, neither that, nor the anguish of his mind, had rendered him very meek spirited. The person who had given him the nick name of Mumps, under circumstances which would have rendered him respectable to a feeling heart, was equally the object of his contempt and dislike; the right to take the liberty of addressing him by so despicable an appellation, had originated in his friendless and defenceless situation, he was still in the same predicament with respect to friends; but personal insults requiring personal chastisement, he found himself very much inclined to be the champion of his own cause; and his mind, rendered irascible by the preceding conversation he had held with Mrs. Napper, was soon inflamed to a pitch of rage that Mr. Puffardo would have found it difficult to withstand, had not the sudden entrance of Mr. Trap, by diverting his attention, saved the quondam master from the violence his old scholar was on the point of committing on his person.

Mr. Trap having watched Mr. Latitat out, very leisurely entered his own dwelling; the eminent gemman in the law, whose sudden business had, by calling him out, detained our hero, was one who had no corporeal substance, he was a phantom of Mrs. Trap's own brain, who being ordered by her husband to invent an excuse for his absence, had chosen to render that excuse as respectable as possible.



sible. To be sure Mr. Trap's plan was, as far as concerned himself, (which is generally the prime consideration in most people's plans) a very reasonable one. Here, said he to his wife, Latitat's a fly dog, he would not have been in such a hurry to serve that young man, if so be as how he was not worth serving; and to be sure I had a mortal deal of trouble to get him, besides paying the coach, neither has he spent a shilling here, so that it can be no harm to give him a little time; and besides, there's M'Dougal, we ought in conscience to let him know what's going forward.

Mr. M'Dougal had a numerous set of employers and friends; he was exceeding liberal minded, no delicate scruples, no narrow prejudices, prevented his doing all in his power to live; he was sometimes an assistant to justice, as a thief taker; at others, when a case offered that required particular sagacity, he also condescended to accept a commission from gentlemen in Mr. Trap's way, and he was first man at several houses in the purlieus of Covent Garden, where means were found to assist young men in getting rid of two things of very little value, namely, time and money; in short, so various were the abilities of Mr. Donald M'Dougal, that his assistance was often of great service, and his acquaintance much solicited, by a certain order of men, without whom, it has been said, the constitution could not be supported, it being found absolutely necessary that villains should be employed to enforce laws designed to guide honest men.

Mr. Trap therefore ought in conscience, he to said, inform Mr. M'Dougal of what was going forward, which having done, he returned, as I before said, just in time to save Mr. Puffardo a drubbing.

The school-master, highly incensed at the presumption of a person who had been, as he reproached him, fed and cloathed by his charity, no sooner found

found that Trap, (whose muscular power appeared in a very encouraging light to a man who wanted a protector) was determined to keep the king's peace, and that he had a couple of stout fellows ready at call, than he gave way to the natural rancor of his heart, and abused our hero with great bitterness, who listened to him with silent scorn, and inwardly vowed to take an opportunity of severely revenging his scurrility.

Puffardo, more enraged at this conduct, (which, though it had the appearance of cool scorn, was in reality the effect of smothered rage, than he would have been had Henry's passion been vented like his own, in low abuse, demanded payment for his board ; swore he would take legal measures to recover it, and sneeringly expressed great mortification at the necessity he was under of reminding so fine a gentleman of his original, which, he added, was that of an impostor.

Trap, with the interest of M'Dougal at heart, laughed at this : and again making use of his eye, to invite Puffardo to follow him, left the room.

The signal was perfectly understood, and he was soon made acquainted with as much of Dellmore's history, and indeed some what more, than Puffardo himself knew to be true. The result of this conference was, most strenuous advice from Trap to swear to the debt, and lodge a detainer against Dellmore, alias Conway ; which as he had been four years at East Sheen after Mr. Dellmore absconded, amounted to a pretty tightish sum, and which Mr. Trap presumed Mr. Benwell would not pay.

Mr. Puffardo was a hot-headed, ignorant, inconsiderate being ; but it was seldom indeed he was so lost in passion or folly, as to be unmindful of what he called the main chance ; i. e. his own advantage. At the first sight of Henry, his genteel appearance

appearance on one hand, and his contempt of him on the other, had suggested an idea, founded both on interest and revenge, he resolved to make an effort to recover the money he conceived to be his due, for the miserable morsel which had barely supported his existence; but, when he found from Trap's representation, how poor and destitute he yet was, all the eloquence of that able orator could not prevail on him to throw good money after bad; he would by no means give into a scheme he had cunning enough to see was meant to answer some other purpose, at his expence; and having a little cooled since he had sat down over a bottle with Mr. Trap, the advantage of the orchard, with the quantity of choice winter apples it produced, as well as the before mentioned grazing for a cow, recurred to his memory, and he determined within himself not to be provoked, by any thing Mrs. Napper could say, to lose sight of the orchard.

Mrs. Napper lost not a moment of the time of his absence; enraged at his reproaches on her extravagance, and amazed at a freedom of speech he had never before presumed to make use of towards her, the wounds inflicted both on her pride and vanity were insupportable; she did not in her turn spare him. After recapitulating every scandalous anecdote she could either recollect or invent of himself and family, and finding her auditor cooled in his attention, in proportion as she grew warm, she hit on an expedient to make Dellmore her partizan, by giving him an inventory, from memory, of several elegant and valuable presents they had from time to time received from Mrs. Dellmore; and from those, the transition to the cruelty and ingratitude with which he had been treated by them, was both just and natural. He had not till now any idea that he could have a claim of justice on the indulgence of the Puffardo's, but the many generous acts Mrs.

Napper

Napper brought fresh to his memory, and which he now perfectly recollected to have witnessed from Mrs. Dellmore to them, filled him with a fond regret for her, and encreased his hatred of them.

When Mr. Puffardo returned to the apartment, notwithstanding his placid countenance and fawning address, he had, from the gloomy brow of the lady, and the resentful looks of her companion, very small hopes of succeeding in his designs on the orchard; he had indeed no sooner dropped a hint of his proposal, than Mrs. Napper declared, if she were obliged to part with her orchard, which thank God was not the case, he, Mr. Puffardo, should be the last man on earth to whom she would dispose of it.

This frank declaration again raised the anger of the school-master, who repeated the reflections he had before cast on her want of œconomy, with aggravations and additions, and proceeded from one reproach to another, till having gone through a long routine of folly and expence, debts contracted without a possibility of paying them, dissipation and waste, where, he for once justly said, order and regularity were more particularly expected; and lastly, having upbraided her with planning the destruction of that sweet girl Miss Elton, whose name, mentioned under such circumstances, electrified Henry, Mrs. Dellmore was no longer remembered; he was all ear, and his countenance changed its resentful cast, curiosity only animated his features; he eagerly listened while Puffardo proceeded to charge her with associating with a poor beggarly man of fashion, in order to retrieve her own finances, by giving him possession of the young heiress, who was so shamefully left under her care.

Henry's opinion of Puffardo was so very contemptible, that it was on no other subject he could have given the smallest degree of credit to his most so-



lemn asseveration ; but on a theme so interesting, a hint was sufficient to inspire hope, to excite fear. Mrs Napper's insinuation that Clara was partial to her lover, might, he hoped it *might*, be founded on her own wishes, which (considering her as the designer she was represented it was natural to suppose) were bound to her interest ; and he *feared* (what has an ardent lover not to fear in such a situation?)—He listened with profound attention for something farther on the subject, but Puffardo, having vented his spite and his revenge in exposing and insulting the prisoners, thought proper to take himself away.

Our hero would ~~then~~ have engaged Mrs. Napper on the concerns of Miss Elton, but she chose to parry his design by answering one question with asking another ; she was dying with curiosity to know all, how, and about, Mrs. Dellmore, who, she heard, was vastly handsome.

Thus foiled in the desire of his soul, he retired to a wretched bed, (where payment was demanded as soon as he entered) notwithstanding the lady's pressing request, that he would favour her with his company to eat a chicken for supper, a meal she protested she could not do without.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### *An Irish Howl.*

**E**ARLY the next morning, a gentleman brought Miss Napper to Mr. Trap's in his own carriage, and to release her mother out of du-rance.

Henry soon understood that this gentleman was the lover of his Clara ; the ladies made no secret of the matter ; his elegant figure and equipage,

as

as well as his lively unembarrassed manners, exhibited too many signs of ease and affluence for Henry to doubt, but he was a successful admirer; and that Puffardo's account was inflamed by that malice he well knew to be inherent in his nature.

Miss Napper on going away, made him a low curtsy, and told him she exceedingly lamented leaving him in *such* a place, and in *such* company.

How can I have given that young lady such offence? thought Henry.

Away rolled the ladies and gentleman, in all the triumph of success and good fortune, leaving him a real object of pity.

"Come, Sir, said Mrs. Trap, won't you please  
"for to have some breakfast? Our row is spe-  
"cial good; dear me, Sir, don't take on so, I  
"dares for to say your friends will be soon here,  
"and then you know you may follow the ladies."

Her invitation was offered in vain, a rising in his throat, which resembled suffocation, prevented his eating, and unable to conceal his emotions, he retired to his wretched bed-chamber, leaving Mr. Trap who heartily cursed him for a stingy milk-sop: however, Bet, cried he, charge him regular meals, and as he was present when the lady's supper was ordered, and he don't know 'twas paid for, set that down too.

Mr. Latitat had promised to be at Trap's early in the morning; but it was near twelve before he appeared, having, as he assured Henry, been engaged all the morning; and Trap chusing to search the offices for detainers, it was near three before he could be bailed: the bill Mrs. Trap delivered him, he thought an imposition, but, as Mr. Latitat was of a different opinion, and advised the payment, he discharged it; they then proceeded to Bow-street, where, to the manifest surprise of Henry, and visibly less of the attorney, they found

they were too late, the Magistrates having left the office.

The attorney then offered to accompany him to his lodgings, in order (as he said) to enquire into Macdougall's motives for such an atrocious act, as swearing a debt against a man, who had never any money transaction with him; he accepted the offer, which he considered as a mark of politeness, and they again took coach to Orange-street.

The first thing they saw on alighting, was Janet Macdougall, setting up an *Irish* Howl at her own door, which had collected together a number of people; some of whom were laughing at, and others pitying, the poor old *Irish* Woman.—

Mr. Donald Macdougall was rather apprehensive of the resolution Mr. Benwell persisted in of making an investigation into the *entagrety* of his actions; he had therefore wisely resolved to serve old Janet as she proposed serving him, *viz.* leave her in little Orange-street to let lodgings by herself; but, he had taken especial care to free her from as many of the troubles of the world as he possibly could, having disposed of the whole of his furniture by bill of sale to the broker; and probably, being in want of linen, he had also carried with him all that Montgomery had left in his portmanteau: as to Henry he had his wardrobe on his back, and he had luckily given his two shirts to be washed by a woman whom the mistress of the inn had recommended.—As he had now nothing to do in these lodgings, he was going from thence, by Latitat's desire, to Mr. Benwell's: at the moment he was getting into the coach, a ticket porter asked if his name was Conway.—

He look'd at Latitat—can this be another arrest? said he.

What's

What's your business, friend? asked the attorney—he had a parcel for Mr. Conway, the parcel was delivered, and opened.

To our hero's unspeakable surprise, it contained his gold watch, chain and seals; no words can describe his joy at this unlooked-for event; he declined accompanying Mr. Latitat to Mr. Benwell, but promised to wait on that gentleman early next morning.

Just as he was again upon the point of leaving the street, Macdougall's wife, who had not before seen him, bawled out—

“Arrah my dear showl, and is it you indeed! fait, but I wish with all my heart you had been to be hanged; for that Scotch rogue my husband, troth but its the greatest pity in all Lunnan he ever gat up after you knocked him down so clane and cliver. Ogh! but I will go to the justice myself, my dear, for, dye see, he hath robb'd me on the highway, here in Orange-street, of all my household goods that my dear first husband left me, and all that I woorked so hard for myself since; and now, how shall I get back to dear little Ireland? Ogh! but if my dear sweet master Charles Montgomery was here, he would not let ould Janet starve, and fait I am too ould to woork.”

Henry comforted the poor woman with his promises to assist her to the utmost of his power; the brokers removing the goods while she continued her lamentation, and, setting up a fresh howl at every load they carried off; he persuaded her to get into the coach, merely with an intention to remove her from a sight that distracted her; but as the carriage moved on, he considered that the old woman must have a lodging as well as himself, and that it would be necessary to procure one before night; seeing therefore a bill up at a house he alighted, knocked at the door, and hired two rooms



in it, with the ridiculous resolution of taking a distressed old woman into keeping.

When Janet, at his request, entered the house, the landlady knew her, and so pitied her case, that she desired she might eat and drink with her as long as she chose to stay.

Henry having thus by accident stumbled on such a comfortable place for his old *protégée*, left her, and went into the city to dispose of his watch and chain, for which he received twenty-five guineas; on his return home, he purchased some linen and stockings, and the next morning, while he went to Mr. Benwell's, he desired Janet to make enquiry after the cheapest and quickest conveyance to that dear little Ireland, whither she was so anxious to return.

Mr. Benwell was a person of strict honour and probity; he was exceedingly dissatisfied with the proceedings of his attorney, and very much disappointed that Macdougall had escaped: he received our hero with great politeness, and would positively have refused the repayment of the money advanced by Latitat, had he not seen in Henry's manner of urging it, that he should wound his pride, in a degree very inadequate to the service the money could do him.

He gave him a general invitation to his house, and introduced him to Mrs. Benwell and two maiden sisters who lived with him; all agreeable well-bred women, with whom he dined, and spent the remainder of the day.

At his return to his lodgings, on asking for Janet, instead of the old woman a letter curiously folded, and directed to "Mister Conway, these", was delivered to him, which he found to contain as follows:

"ONORED

“ONORED SUR”

“I hop you will not be angry, at my being so  
 “troublesum, becase why, I am shoore you are  
 “a gentleman, and as for poor Janet, d’ye see, why  
 “she is gone to dear little Ireland at this present  
 “riting, for the Killarny sail’s before I have done,  
 “and my dear shoul, I am sorry I have no more  
 “to say, in the time, but one thing I may say,  
 “and that is Juell, to axe you, if you will take  
 “auld Janets dear little mistress out of pane, and  
 “keep it, till I cumes back, O hone, many is the  
 “day I have woorked all night, to pay intrust mo-  
 “ny for it, the double tiket is fowlded up in the  
 “letter,, O my deer but the Captain of the Kil-  
 “larny, is a Dublin lad; fait but he has a good  
 “beard on the back of his face, and scorns to axe  
 “money of a poor countrywoman, I hope I shall  
 “never lave dear little Ireland any more, till my  
 “deer little mistress cumes home, and then by  
 “that time, fait owld Janet will be rich-enuff to  
 “pay for the piktur, so no more at present from  
 “your loving umbel sarvant”

“JANET MACDOUGAL.”

The double ticket, (as Janet called the duplicate,) was inclosed in this extraordinary epistle, with the name of the pawnbroker written on the back of it, and the sum her dear little mistress was pledged for, was four guineas. Henry was at a great loss to conceive what kind of a picture Janet could have in her possession, which would fetch so much money; but there was something about her, besides the having nursed his friend, which interested him in her favour, and he fully determined to comply with her request.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*A Polite Visit.*

TWO days were now elapsed since our hero had paid his respects on Dowgate-hill, and Mr. Gab concluded his proposal had not, on mature deliberation, met his acceptance, a matter that involved him in some difficulties with respect to Mrs. Gab, which he knew not how to get over; the truth is, *he* had some secret business in London, and his lady an indispensable engagement in the country; her absence was also perfectly convenient to him, but he neither could send her, nor indeed would she go without a male protector; he had hinted the matter to the captain, but that polite young man was shocked at the idea; his mother, tho' it suited him to pay court to her favour, was in his opinion *an animate outree* with whom he would not be seen in public for the universe.

Henry was therefore a most welcome guest to Mr. Gab, who could not conceal the satisfaction his return afforded him; he gave him his word, the West India voyage should immediately succeed the Brighthelmstone excursion; mentioned his wife's ridiculous quality-pride, as the reason for a conduct as irksome to himself as it could be to him, and cautioned him upon no account to suffer a hint of his dependant situation to escape his lips, nor ever to contradict the idea she had formed of his rank; concluding his instructions with a draft for fifty pounds on his banker, with which sum he desired Henry would equip himself in a proper manner, to wait on Mrs. and Miss Gab.

Nothing

Nothing in the world could be more pleasing to our hero, than the prospect of the West India voyage; the business on which he was to go, promised a rich reward to industry, as half the profits of that part of Mr. Gab's trade was to be his own.—The possibility that *one* day, if Miss Elton was not engaged to the Baronet, he might meet her on terms of equality, all objections removed and every difficulty surmounted, fired him with an emulation at once delightful and animating. Every interview with that lovely creature confirmed her empire over his heart; his judgment and fancy were united in his partiality for her, and the more he saw of the world, the stronger was the connection between reason and passion. In this warm castle-building scheme he totally forgot his betrothed Lavinia; all that terrified him was the handsome Baronet: but those visionary ideas were succeeded by disquieting realities; he must live with, flatter, and attend on one of the most disagreeable women in the world; one, whose vulgarity, ignorance, and low breeding, were the least disgusting parts of her character: there was a malignancy and envy in her disposition, which she had not art to hide, and which, shown as it was on every trifling occasion, rendered her altogether odious.

Miss Sophia, however, would be constantly of their party; and her amiable conversation and good humour, would soften the slavery inflicted by the folly of her mother.

Mr. Gab introduced him in form; his spouse was in extacies at the thought of having a man of rank under her roof; she had personally inspected the convenience of his apartment; and begged he would consider himself as “quite at home.” Sophia's eyes sparkled; she should enjoy the dear delight of talking of, and perhaps in time of hearing from her beloved Charles; she welcomed our



hero with a pleasing earnestness that flattered him, and gratified her Mama.

After dinner, Mrs. Gab (unwilling one evening should be lost, by spending it at her own house without a croud of company,) proposed, that Mr. Conway should take a corner in her coach, and accompany Sophia and herself to those people to whom she had long been indebted as a visitor; to be sure she ought to make *him* a thousand apologies for interdooseing *him* in company *he* must despise; because, for sartain, *he* had been used to *other guests* sort of beings; and, indeed, so was she too, but Mr. Gab's obstinancy obliged her to breathe the odious city air; *he* would still grub on in his old way; no ambition, no spirit in *him*, tho' all the world knew he was rich enough to get into Parliament, or at least buy a Lordship: "and so, as the old saying is, dear sir," continued Mrs. Gab, "when at home we must do as Romans do;" while we live in the horrid city, one *must* be civil to the things one is obliged sometimes to see; tho' really she should blush to announce a parson of Mr. Conway's rank among tradesmen."

Mr. Conway entreated she would be perfectly easy on his account; *he* should be honoured in paying his respects to any friend of Mrs. Gab's.—

"That was the very thing that vexed her, all "*her friends* were different sort of people, they "*were* Ladies, and Duchesses, and Lords, and "*Barrow-Nights*, and people that went to court, "*and* spoke to the King and Queen, and who "*would* be so happy to have her among them. But "*it* did not signify, Mr. Gab would not be prevail- "*ed* on, and she must make the best of it, tho' "*to* be sure she never sent her cards round, but "*she* blushed to death at dating them from Dow- "*gate-hill*"; and the tears actually filled her eyes, at the cruel recollection.

Mr.

Mr. Gab sat sipping his wine like a philosophe during this harangue, nor once did he interrupt her, except to drink her health.—Precisely at seven, he wished them a pleasant evening, and went out.

“ There again now,” cried Mrs. Gab, “ you see how I am used ; Mr. Gab has no more taste ; all his delight is sneaking into holes and corners with low company. I never could get him to go to Lady Basto’s assembly but once, and then, if you’ll believe me, I could not persuade him to wear a bag, or put on a sword. Only think what distress I must be in, to interdoose a man in a drab coloured cloth coat, and a grizzle bob, as my spouse, among people of quality : no, nor after losing one rubber, *only* one, at the Gauld table, would he play again, tho’ Lady Betty Counter herself ax’d him ; not he ; and there at twelve o’clock he began to yawn and gape ; Oh dear ! I never was so confounded in all my life ; and, then again, having with the utmost difficulty persuaded him to stay when the supper was announced at two o’clock, (we never sup till two there ; don’t you think supping in the morning delightful ?) well, there if you’ll believe me, if he didn’t take out his watch, and stare as if he had seen a spectre ; and, supper, says he, to Lady Basto’s man out of livery (a very pretty behaved gentleman) supper, why ’tis past two o’clock ! Lord ! Mr. Conway, I thought I should have *founded* ; so up I goes, and slides a guinea into Mr. Ferret’s hand, and whispered Mr. Gab, that it was the custom of Lady Basto’s house, and begged he would not expose me to the ridicule of the company ; and, I assure you it was as much as I could do to persuade him to be quiet : well then, after supper, Lady Basto, and Lady Betty, and Captain Gaunt—  
“ let

“ let all perposed a single rubber wi’ me; and so,  
 “ while we were at cards, what does Mr. Gab do,  
 “ but entertain the company with his history from  
 “ beginning to end; all about his first coming to  
 “ town, *and, and*, all that; and do you know I  
 “ was so shocked and confounded, that I took a  
 “ nervous fever, and never stirred out of my room  
 “ the whole winter after.”

Henry could hardly forbear laughing at this dismal account of Mr. Gab’s deficiency in the graces; but the coach drawing to the door, very fortunately relieved him from her repeated questions of “ Did  
 “ you ever, Sir, hear the like?—Can you conceive how exceedingly shock’d I was?—Don’t  
 “ you wonder I survived it”? as it was proper a few more diamonds should be crowded on her head; and Miss Sophia was also commanded to wear her pearls.

These matters adjusted, and Mrs. Gab, her daughter, and our hero seated in the carriage, it was ordered to Great St. Helen’s.

The direction filled him with terror; should the visit be intended to Mr. Levissage’s, and he, or any of his family recollect him, what would become of Mrs. Gab’s quality Mr. Conway, or, what was of more importance, of his West India expedition; nay, it was far from unlikely, that Miss Elton, or some of Mr. Franklin’s connections might be there; all his hope was, that Mr. Gab, whose acquaintance was universal, had other visits to pay in Great St. Helen’s: this hope however was of short duration; as, on stopping the coach he saw by the light of the lamp at the door the name of “ Levissage;” it was then too late to retreat, the servant appeared, and the way was led into a handsome drawing room, before he could determine on any means of escaping; his anxiety was increased at hearing himself announced to the company, as Mr.  
 Conway,

Conway, a near relation of Lord H——d's; more especially, as Lord Crespigny, Miss Levifage's lover, was present, who sat indolently picking his white teeth on the sofa, without taking any other notice of their *entré*, than just casting a satirical glance at his fair mistress.

But the moment Mrs. Gab mentioned the rank of her escort, his lordship paid the most polite attention to our hero, who, however, felt extremely awkward at the duplicity of the character he had unwillingly assumed.

Lord Crespigny was grandson to an earl of ancient blood, large estate, and great family honours; his father died when *he* was a very young minor, but not before the large personal fortune, his mother had brought into the family, was entirely dissipated, and all the estate that *could* be mortgaged deeply incumbered.

The large jointure, settled on Lady Crespigny, was a great drawback on the income of the old earl, who, fortunately, was a person who had a great turn for expence, many passions to gratify, and as few ideas of prudence, as well as his son.

Lady Crespigny was a woman of great sense, and little prudence; her house was the resort of pedants, and authors; she took on herself the patronage of men of letters, and female wits. Lady Crespigny had a vain heart, and full purse; it was the mode to consult her on each new publication; and her countenance was anxiously sought after at the first representation of a new piece. She was a writer, a critic, and a platonist.

But it was not merely literature that delighted Lady Crespigny, she was a violent lover of harmony; *Italy, dear Italy*, was the land of rapture: to the surprize of every body who knew her ladyship, and to the disgrace of the Belles Lettres, her  
passion.



passion for sound, without substance, was carried to a prodigious length; to indulge her *penchant*, she actually quitted England, and deserted her children. Having sold the reversion of her land, and realized her personal estate, in favour of a Signor Cremona, whose long fingers, delicate nails, and capital execution on various musical instruments, she had found irresistible, the happy pair, it is supposed, retired into the very bosom of felicity, as the lady has never since been heard of, except by the person who purchased her jointure, he being obliged to produce a certificate of the Signora's existence before he can receive her annual income.

Miss Crespigney was, happily for her, taken under the care of her noble grandmother, and two maiden aunts; but her brother fell more properly to the tuition of his grandfather, a man of professed gallantry, and reduced income; so that Lord Crespigney was obliged to see through the earl's spectacles, in his choice of a wife, and take her whose cash was abundant; a matter indispensably necessary to consider, as all the money that could be borrowed on the joint security of the noble earl, and his grandson and heir, had been raised, and politely spent.

Some distant family relations with Lady Basto, had introduced them, by her means (as the deranged fortunes of the family were perfectly well known to her ladyship) to Mrs. Gab; and his lordship taking an early opportunity of falling in love with Miss Sophia; that young lady, as her mother said, "Mought have been his wife, and *she* mother to a countess;" but Miss Gab, who was not anxious to improve her rank in life by so great an alliance, declined the offered honour.—Miss Levifage happening to visit them at that critical period, and, as was her general custom, having exhibited her air and graces to my lord, before the earl, he was immediately

diately directed to transfer his violent attachment from Miss Sophia Gab, and fifty thousand pounds, to Miss Eliza Levifage, with sixty.

This exchange, indeed, without mentioning the odd ten thousand, was very judicious, as Miss Levifage was a lady whose taste, sentiments, and manners, were a vast deal more adapted to shine in high life than those of her friend Miss Gab.

Mr. Levifage had, however, but one inducement to consent to the match; which was to gratify his darling and only child; he had many objections to oppose to her wishes: it was with great reluctance he could be prevailed on to give sixty thousand pounds of the money he had toiled and moiled for through thick and thin, up early and late; and all for what? just to make Betsy a lady; when at the same time, in his opinion, a Lady Mayorefs was the only title worth coveting. It would have been far more agreeable to him to have chosen a son-in-law off the Dutch-Walk on the Exchange, in order to extend his business, than the first title at court.

But, although every interview with Lord Crespigney served to increase his dislike to the match, he wanted resolution to put a negative on any request of Tetsy's; she was his first object, all his pride was centered in her, and whatever she did, or said, however ridiculous, was clever, and to the purpose.

Mr. Levifage found from his attorney, as well as from common fame, that Lord Crespigney had nothing clear to settle on his daughter, but his mother's jointure, which he was not in any likelihood of soon succeeding to; as to the earl's estate, that was likewise in safe hands; these were facts, he hinted to his Tetsy, but her Ladyship, and the *agrémens* of the charming lord, were more powerful in their influence over her mind, than all her father

#### 54 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS:

father could urge on the score of prudence ; tears, exclamations, and faintings, followed every conversation of that sort, and the old man agreed to give the sixty thousand down, although, he said, he might as well toss it into the Thames.

Mrs. Levifage was a motherly good sort of a woman ; she was famous for making hunting puddings, and keeping an exact order and regularity in her family. Her delight, as Lord Crespiigny said, “ was in a great quantity of *roast* and *boiled*,” which she distributed herself every morning to a set of indigent people, who attended her for that purpose ; she paid great part of her pocket money, annually, for the expence of nurses and midwives to poor people ; employed all her leisure in making coarse linen for children ; she made excellent plaisters ; and was her own confectioner.

The whole morning Mrs. Levifage was in her kitchen, enjoying life ; in the evening in her drawing-room, dressed alike in winter and summer, so richly, that her finery weighed her down ; *she* too was a wonderful admirer of Tetsy, and not a little vain of the rank that awaited her acceptance.

As soon as Mrs. Gab was seated, a rivalry commenced between the two matrons, which continued, under the most friendly mask during the visit.

Mrs. Levifage begged a thousand pardons for not having done herself the honour of waiting on Mrs. Gab, but really Tetsy and her had been so much engaged, what with choosing furniture, fixing on the colour of carriages, and ordering cloaths, looking over jewels, and presents from my lord’s family, and what with her own domestic concerns, that it was impossible to stir out.

Mrs. Gab, whose acquaintance in two or three of the great squares filled her with an idea of superior consequence, looked down on all family concerns,

cerns, nor would she, on any account, venture to give her opinion of the dressing of the provision, either at her own table or that of any other person, lest it should have the fatal effect of reminding the company of her culinary talents; that part therefore of Mrs. Levifage's apology she looked on as a mark of the poor woman's ignorance.

But every allusion to the wedding, every hint that led to her daughter's nobility, struck her to the heart, and imposed a momentary silence, even on Mrs. Gab; but her natural volubility was too powerful to be restrained by her reflection, and she soon recovered from the embarrassment into which her envy had thrown her.

To be sure she had been immensely wretched, at having been so long deprived of the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Levifage; and indeed she should have certainly called in Great St. Helen's, but Lady Basto, and the countess, were wretched when she could not be at all their private parties; and then the dutchess was, besides being so very peremptory in her invitations, such a prodigious, agreeable body, that really it was absolutely impossible to miss her nights; she had not yet, so numerous were her engagements, been to pay her respects to the Lady Mayorefs, since the Easter Ball, when the crowd had so fatigued her, that she could only bow her compliments.

Mrs. Levifage sat half impatient, and half incredulous, during the whole former part of Mrs. Gab's speech, but when the Lady Mayorefs was mentioned, it relieved her, and that being a subject on which *she* also could talk, having graced the Easter-ball herself, the two mothers, however they generally differed in taste and judgment, happened, at present, to be of one mind: they agreed, that out of the number of their fellow citizens, who filled the Mansion-house on that occasion, there were  
none



none who were properly dressed, or who had conducted themselves on that trying occasion, with half the elegance they themselves had done; and the ladies, after a description of the dress, and an investigation into the circumstances of every city dame they knew, perfectly agreed in envying all who were richer, and despising those who were poorer than themselves.

During this conversation, the young ladies had also entered into a separate confab.

Miss Levinsage was so delighted with "the honourable," soon to be annexed to her name, so charmed with the splendour of her prospects, and so elated at the idea of the dress, equipage, visits, *etcetera*, that she could neither think nor talk of any thing else; Sophia was a silent, though hardly, attentive auditor of the thousand fine things, she was entertained with; her silence was modestly imputed to envy, a passion the amiable Miss Levinsage did all in her power to increase, by exaggerating her extreme good fortune, and by enlarging on the magnificence of the intended nuptials. She took unnecessary trouble; Sophia's thoughts were on objects far removed from courts: and so little was she affected with the kindness of her friend, that she would have been puzzled, had she been called on for that purpose, to recount any part of the interesting story.

Lord Crespigney (as Mr. Gab said) now finding it possible Mr. Conway might be a hundredth cousin to a nobleman, thought proper to enter into chat with him:

"Don't you find this confounded city a tiresome bore, Sir?" said he, in the most genteel indolent tone imaginable; "I never enter it but it affects my nerves; 'pon my 'onor—that woman—that Mrs. Gab, sets me in a fever whenever I look in her abominable red face—what a redun-

"dancy."

"dancy of tongue and complexion!—the one reminds me of the running down of an alarm, the other of a raw beef-steak.—Does Lady Basto really open her doors to the savage? Oh! yes; —I think I recollect her ladyship's private purse is not in the most agreeable state.—Well! those citizens have certainly an advantage from their gold. Did you look in the Haymarket last night?—that little devil, the Theodore, danced divinely, I am told; I was not there myself, I had an engagement," (yawning)—that kept me till late this morning."—Before Henry could answer any part of this elegant address, they were interrupted by the bride elect; who having heard her swain talk of being out all night, immediately exclaimed against such irregularities:

"Oh, you wicked creature!" lisped she, "you talk of the head-ach. How can you expect ever to be free from it, while you are such a rake?"

"Ah! *ma belle ange*," replied my lord, "*vous avez raison*, but your charms will make a sober fellow of me."—A conversation succeeded this gallant speech, very interesting to the parties, but of small consequence to this history—my readers will therefore suppose it as exceedingly clever and entertaining to them, in proportion as it tired and disgusted Sophia; and they will not be surprized that the ordering Mrs. Gab's carriage was as joyful a relief to that young lady, as it was to our hero.

The satisfaction of poor Sophia was, however, but momentary; they were no sooner seated than her mother began to vent on her the envy with which the thought of Miss Levifage's approaching nuptials filled her.—She charged her daughter with incorrigible stupidity, meanness of spirit, and the extremest folly in refusing a lord, who was also a fine gentleman; and appealed to Henry, whether  
it

it were not the most aggravatingest thing in the whole world.—Poor Sophia could only answer with her tears ; and these Mrs. Gab was pleased, in her wonderful wisdom, to attribute to a source very foreign to the true one.—“ Yes, yes, she might well cry and make a piece of work! my lord was actually gone,—lost ;—and the next lord she took the trouble of getting for her, she would know better how to use him ; she was served aright, did not Mr. Conway think so ?”

Henry, who was congratulating himself on the escape he had just had, could not fail, at this appeal, of being diverted at her longings after a son-in-law who so cordially despised her ;—but, ridiculous as her ambition rendered her, and much as he felt for Sophia, whose gentle sighs reached his ears, he avoided contradicting her on *quality* subjects, in obedience to the injunctions of Mr. Gab.

It was ten o'clock when the carriage stopped on Dowgate-hill ; and he was astonished to find that the fashionable Mrs. Gab was then going westward, to the assembly of a woman of fashion : she chose to set her daughter down, but pressed our hero to accompany her ; adding by way of inducement, “ some of his relations, as well as many other persons of quality, she durst to say, he knew would be there :” —but the constraint he had already suffered, the anxiety he had felt in fear of a discovery of his real character, and the apprehension of what would be the result of such a discovery, were, he thought, quite enough for one evening, and he declined seeing his *relations* and *friends*, under pretence of a violent head-ach ; on which, with the addition of another footman, and two wax-flambeaux, the prudent mother left him to the society of her beautiful daughter. Sophia blushed at a retrospect so little to the honour of her mother ; her want of delicacy was as conspicuous as her

her want of breeding ; but though contempt and ridicule were properly her portion from people of a different description, who saw that her ignorance was the least disgusting part of her character, her daughter who was a composition of softness, good-nature, and sensibility, could not help wishing to soften the glaring traits of her mother's folly, and to blunt the edge of those vices that rendered her despicable.

She, therefore, as soon as they were alone, attempted a vindication of Mrs. Gab, by criminating herself ; " My mama," said the amiable advocate, " having no suspicion that I can, at so early a period of my life, entertain a partiality for any one who has not received the sanction of my parent's approbation, and Lord Crespigney happening to suit her ideas of what would constitute my felicity, it is natural to suppose she should be displeased at the disappointment of her views for a child, from whom she has a right to expect obedience, without any reason she may dare to assign, for the contrary. I wish," continued she (dropping a tear) I *could* obey my Mama"—" Good God ! madam," cried Henry hastily, " sure you do not wish you could pledge your faith and love to such a being as Lord Crespigney ?"

" Me ! no ; " answered she, " I only wish I could obey my mama ; and, perhaps I may also most dearly wish that a certain wandering sailor had a title." Having thus gratified herself by vindicating her mother, it was but fair, she should seize the present longed for occasion of talking on the subject nearest her heart ; every circumstance respecting Montgomery was told over and over ; all Henry remembered of him, even to a minute repetition of his words, was called for, and again repeated ; Montgomery was the theme of the night ;  
but,



but, in the number of particulars, Henry entertained her with, *ha*, as old Janet would have said, *remembered to forget* every part of the Bagnio scene; nor did Sophia once in the course of the evening, again wish she could obey her mama.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*A return to old Follies and old Friends.*

THE time now passed at Dunstan's-hill, and wherever else Mrs. Gab chose to figure, with wonderful satisfaction; and the town emptying very fast, Henry was in less danger of being dragged into company, that would disconcert him. Mrs. Gab's regard increased with her pride on the respect paid her friend Conway in all companies to which he was introduced; and many good natured people gave a reason for her attachment not quite consistent with her rigid virtue; but no malevolent aspersions could hurt *her*; any little body indeed would have been ruined by the interpretation put on her extraordinary fondness for the young man's company; but it is no more than justice to Mrs. Gab to say, that all her *perichant* was for his supposed rank; and she added to her other civilities the title of Honourable, by which she distinguished him at all her own parties.

Henry's person, figure, manners, and behaviour, were extremely well calculated to carry on this deception; he had a polite address, a good understanding, and an affability that endeared him to the few with whom he conversed on terms of equality; and where he chose to shew respect, he could always do it without the smallest tincture of servility; he was indeed in such general estimation in the circle of Mrs. Gab's acquaintance, that had he

he been disposed to take advantage of the countenance shewn him, he might have out-soared Lord Crespigney himself; as a jewess of immense fortune cast on him the eyes of affection, but he was too honest to dissemble; and the hateful truth, that he was engaged, was opposed to her offer of changing her religion for him. This circumstance increased his interest with Mrs. Gab, who was delighted that her man of fashion refused to mix with the *kennel*; and Mr. Gab was exceedingly pleased with the whole of his conduct; he found moreover, his own actions so little scrutinized into, that he was profuse in promises of future, and extremely liberal in his present friendship.

The lady to whom it pleased her husband he should be Cicesbeo, without the least regard to propriety or expence, kept him in a constant vortex of pleasure; dress, dissipation, company and public places, began to steal on his senses by imperceptible degrees; the respect paid to the well known wealth of the Gab family, rendered his attendance on them but too flattering to a young man; Captain Gab, notwithstanding all his boasts, was still less acquainted among people of rank than his mother, and believing in the family creed, that Mr. Conway was *somebody*, he paid him great court; nay, he carried his attachment further than any one of the family: Happening to call at Dowgate-hill sometimes when his ma<sup>r</sup> was out, and by no means chusing to trouble Pa<sup>r</sup>, he condescended to supply some unexpected exigences in his affairs out of Henry's purse; a matter, as both the borrower and lender conceived it, of very trifling importance; for, although Mr. Gab was a man who valued himself on his ready money dealings, never suffering a tradesman to leave his house with a bill unpaid; and although he had recommended the same mode of conduct to Henry, yet, as Captain Gab  
engaged

engaged his honour to repay him when he received his income, and as the taylor, shoe-maker, and other tradesmen, to whom Mr. Gab had recommended him, were so far from pressing for payment, that they did not bring their bills in when ordered, it made, as Captain Gab said, and as Henry agreed, very little difference, whether the money were in the hands of a parcel of rascally tradesmen, whose charges would well enough afford credit, or in his, who had very particular occasion for it. But I am now sure my young readers will think it high time to hear of my hero's making some effort to see Miss Elton.

The truth is, he had been twice at East-Sheen; but being always a person of more warmth of temper than prudence, his enquiry was made with so little caution, at a fruiterer's near the school, that they were carried with a few of the usual additions to Mrs. Napper's, as soon as he left the shop.

Mrs. Napper immediately guessed who the officious meddler in the affair of her young charge was, and she had the best of reasons to dread his influence might militate against her dearest interests, if Henry Dellmore got to the speech of Clara Elton; she therefore expressed her fears, lest some wicked person might have a design on her ward, and gave the woman her lesson, in case the same person should repeat his visit.

In a very few days Henry called at the fruiterer's, and was there told that Miss Elton and Jemima were gone to Esther; Henry put half a guinea into the woman's hand, and gave her an address to A. B. at a coffee-house; she promised to inform him of her return; and this conversation was faithfully transmitted to Mrs. Napper, as far as it concerned her to know it; for as to the money, that was a different concern. So long a space had now elapsed, without the promised information, that he had

no doubt of her continuing with Mr. Franklin, and for some time after, the West India voyage was the goal in view, which would one day be the means of rendering him worthy of Clara Elton.

By degrees, however, he thought less of exploring the ocean for riches, which he could so easily command in the regions of pleasure.

Mrs. Gab very seldom made an engagement in which he was not included, but when otherwise he lost the pleasure of Sophia's company.—All his enquiries after Montgomery, were fruitless; he had even written to Ireland, by an acquaintance he had made with a linen-factor, but no account was received of him; the disappointment sunk into the soul of the gentle Sophia; she retired *from society* with more real satisfaction than thousands who detest solitude would seek it; even Henry had no longer power to amuse her; those evenings therefore, few as they were, that left him disengaged, were devoted to the company of young men, as thoughtless as himself, and at this period he was initiated into a practice to which he was hitherto happily a stranger—of deep play.

In this critical situation, I grieve to own that all my hero's *Juvenile Indiscretions* were resumed, excepting only the one he had solemnly renounced; neither company, the roar of mirth, nor example, had power to tempt him to exceed the third glass: "what errors I ever more commit," said he, "shall be charged to my reason."

He was one evening with Mrs. Gab and her daughter at the little theatre, when a servant who was keeping a place being called to in the middle of the first act of the play, it occasioned a little bustle by his falling over the seat, and drew the attention of the gentlemen, which was drawn off towards a very beautiful woman, who, elegantly



dress'd and glittering with jewels, came into the box.

Her features were lovely; they were too familiar to Henry not to be instantly recognized; in a moment her eyes testified she knew him, although her recollection was not accompanied with the confusion that overwhelmed *him*; she arose, and making the fashionable bend, sat down to view in the gazing multitude the effects of charms which were too conspicuous to be unobserved.

Henry turned pale, he trembled, he saw in the elegant figure before him the bane of his peace, the ruin of his morals, the world that stood between him and Clara Elton.

It was Lavinia Orthodox.

"Bless me! Mr. Conway, what's the matter with you?" cried Mrs. Gab, "you look extremely ill."

Again his eyes met those of Lavinia, who having sacrificed to vanity, had time to give him a look of soft invitation: what his thoughts were at this rencontre, would be perhaps difficult truly to say; he then returned her first notice with a graceful bow, and a look of pleasure highly flattering to the lady.

The notice Mrs. Gab had taken of his change of countenance, and the anxiety she expressed lest he should be ill, naturally carrying her observations to the part of the house whence his agitation seemed to arise, she quickly saw Lavinia.

"Is that a lady of quality?" whispered she.

Hardly knowing in his confusion what answer to make, he chose the most improper, and told her, it was; on which, Mrs. Gab, fearful of appearing to be deficient in politeness to an acquaintance of Mr. Conway's, rose immediately, and obliged her daughter to do the same, to pay her respects to the woman of fashion.

Th

This procedure attracted the eyes of the beaux from Lavinia; the glasses were directly levelled at Sophia, and some young bucks, in boots and cockades, from the other side of the house, made their way into the box, and greatly exasperated Henry by their familiar glances at Sophia. Among others, was one person who watched, an unreasonable length of time, for an opportunity of making his bow, and which, when he had done, as he thought it caught our hero's notice, met not the least return.

His attention was indeed otherwise engaged.

The appearance of Lavinia, in that elegant stile, banished from his heart a load of care; she was, he now thought, undoubtedly married, and he freed from the long, long sickening idea, of an engagement with her. While he looked with pleasure on Lavinia; and while, in the internal agitations which the sight of her occasioned, he turned his vacant eye round a full theatre, and saw not a single object, Clara Elton appeared to his mental view, adorned with modesty, truth, and kindness; her soft hand was in his grasp, he encircled her waist, her eyes swam in tenderness, and, what he had never before dared to indulge in, he lived over the happy moments that passed at Trap's, before Miss Napper introduced the subject of his engagement to Lavinia.

Eager to satisfy himself, and confirm his hopes, at the end of the second act he went to her box.

If Lavinia Orthodox had ever (which is a disputed point) loved any body, it was Henry Dellmore. Beautiful as she appeared, her figure was not more attractive as a female, than his was as a male; few young men equalled him in person, and fewer still in that nameless grace that forms the perfect gentleman. The reception he met with from his old acquaintance was warmer than he wished or

expected ; her eyes were far more eloquent than her tongue, although she was no niggard in expressions of unbounded joy, at meeting him, when she had long given up every hope of ever more being so happy : “ but this,” said she, “ is no place to say a thousandth part of what I think ; when will you call on me ? ”

He was not, he answered, at his own disposal ; but he would endeavour to obey her commands, at any time and hour she would appoint.

“ Commands, Henry !—I live at the milliner’s in Greek-street.”

“ You have changed your name, I presume, Madam ? ”—She gave him a card, with ‘ Mrs. Wallace ’ printed on it.—“ Twelve, to-morrow, I shall be at home,” said she, piqued at his cool manner.

“ At that hour I will have the honour to attend you,” answered he, bowing as he left her.

In the lobby he encountered the same pair of globular unmeaning eyes that had so long watched his motions from the other side of the house.

Henry’s heart was uncommonly light ; it was in a humour to enter into an exchange of kindness with all mankind ; now he saw the eyes that saw him, and, forgetting the displeasure of their last meeting, extended his hand, with apparent pleasure ; and proceeding to his box in familiar chat, did the very thing for Martin, in mere thoughtless good-humour, which that young man had offered him a thousand pounds to do before, and which had very nearly procured him the honour of being kick’d down stairs—he introduced Mr. Martin to Mrs. and Miss Gab, as his particular friend.

The beau (he was still a beau) was breathless with joy at his good fortune ; never was any creature so obliged, so respectful. He had made several efforts to creep round the lobby without being  
able

able to muster courage to proceed above half way, before he was placed on the pinnacle of felicity. Not an office clerk in the house but would, he thought, envy his situation; at first, indeed, some recollections, not quite pleasing, made him feel a little comical, but they were momentary; and having attained a degree of joy he could not have hoped for, by being thus introduced to the Gabs, his next point was to render himself as acceptable an acquaintance as possible: he was perfectly acquainted with Mrs. Gab's weak side, and guessed at her daughter's; one he knew was vanity—the other's he supposed, from her pensive countenance, to be sentiment; he, therefore,

“ With all that cunning which in fools supplies,

“ And amply too, the place of being wise,”

attached himself to the folly of the former; and contented himself with making observations on that of the latter; he flattered Mrs. Gab's well known foible of imitating people in high life, paid her the most fulsome compliments on her taste and politeness, and fixed himself in her esteem, by having at his tongue's end the name and title of every person of rank present: from that dear theme he struck on one which drew some little regard from Sophia; he could entertain them with fifty pleasant anecdotes of the different performers; and (which is not always the case with voluble young men) though he talked a vast deal, he was very entertaining, and the ladies were much pleased with the amusement he afforded them.

He was rattling away, when happening to see Lavinia—

“ Oh! Mr. Conway,” cried he, “ what do you think of that figure in light brown, she with the fine diamond? upon report she is reckoned a pro-



"digious fine creature, and quite a new face; you see she is not mounted yet; she is seldom seen;— I have betted a bottle and fowl, that she does not keep to the lower boxes above a month."

"Do you know her then?" asked Henry eagerly.

"*En passant* only," replied Martin; "she is kept in style, as you see."

"Kept!" said our hero, starting with horror.

"Kept!" cried Mrs. Gab; "why, Mr. Conway, did you not tell me she was a woman of fashion? Oh Heaven! and have I been taking notice of a kept woman? Oh I shall die!"— Sophia blushed.

Henry looked the picture of pale despair: Martin, with his aforesaid cunning, saw he had done mischief, and if he did not repair it, perceived he should lose the accidental advantage he had gained.

"Whom do you mean, madam?" said he to Mrs. Gab.—

"Whom do I mean!" answered she, swelling her intolerable large features, "why that woman in the front box, with the diamonds as you call them, though I dare say they are nothing but a parcel of trumpery paste, they don't look any more like mine than nothing at all."

"What, that lady next the gentleman in black?" asked Martin, with a kind of serious curiosity, which effectually deceived Mrs. Gab, who gave an assenting nod.

"Oh dear, ma'am; no, that's Lady—Lady—" "Gad I forget her name, but I dare say you know her: no, ma'am, the lady that I meant sat just behind her in pink, in the right-hand box, and left her seat while I was speaking to Mr. Conway."

Mr

Mrs. Gab's features brightened up ; but though Henry could not but be obliged by the dexterous manner in which Martin had brought him off, he was exceedingly shocked at the impropriety he had unintentionally drawn Sophia into ; and he was plunged into the extremest misery at what he heard of Lavinia's situation.

The honour, generosity, and good-nature, which were the leading traits in his disposition, were all concerned in her welfare ; if she were abandoned, his heart smote him at the cause of her ruin. He looked round the house ; in every face of hardened iniquity he saw his own guilt, and in every innocent countenance fancied the visage of the once-uncorrupted Lavinia—such as these, cried conscience, she once was—such as *those* she is ; he had not only betrayed, but he had abandoned her, left her to unspeakable evils, in a situation the most binding to humanity.

Experience proves how liable young women, once seduced, are to temptation, and how poorly fortified they in general are to resist it : how seldom the soothing voice of comfort reaches them ; how slow is forgiveness in overtaking them when missed ; with what alacrity they are condemned ; with what resolution is every return to honour barred against the hapless criminals ; how little compassion is shewn, particularly by their own sex, to a misfortune, perhaps the result of a sensibility that would in every other respect attune the soul to the softest, most lovely attributes of humanity, or which perhaps might owe its cause to arts in the seducer, to situations, to feelings, an innocent heart could not resist !

Never, no never, will the outrageously virtuous of their own sex, forgive (particularly if they are secured by age or deformity from a possibility of temptation) a fallen female ; who would have be-

come amiable and useful in society, had that mercy been extended by mortals to one single offence, which they hourly receive from a perfect God for repeated offences. Excluded from this, they are, from mere despair and desperation, immersed in guilt, from which, in this world, there is no redemption!

The remorse and anguish those reflections gave Henry, as they arose in his mind, banished all those agreeable scenes which fancy had formed, and imagination had pictured with Clara Elton. Branded with the guilt of seducing the innocent from the paths of rectitude and honour, and self condemned for having exposed her by his desertion to temptation and prostitution, how could he dare lift his eyes to Clara? no, this was the moment of despair; his agonies were too strong to be supported.

He looked at her, decorated as she was, he saw she was lovely, and she had spared no art to add to her native beauty; she had not yet, indeed, so entirely cast off all shame as to carry the certificate of her profession in her undaunted brow to the degree he had often seen it, but it was easy to perceive she had lost the grace of all graces:

“The robe obscene was o’er her shoulders thrown;”

her eyes spoke a language he shuddered to understand, and her whole deportment proclaimed the levity within.

It was a very fortunate circumstance for Henry, that Martin was present to take care of the ladies, as he was actually obliged to leave the theatre, and retired immediately to his room, where he passed a wretched sleepless night, during which he resolved to write to Lavinia, and offer her every assistance

## JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS. 81

tance in his power to retrieve her lost fame, but by no means to trust himself in her company.

Mr. Martin continued to amuse the ladies with his fashionable biography, till the entertainment was ended, when he was offered a corner in the coach home, and invited to sup; and so good a use did he make of his time, that he received at parting a general invitation to Dowgate-hill.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### *A Party at Vauxhall.*

**M**R. Gab was at this period gone a day's ride out of town, to attend the sale of a mansion he had some inclination to purchase; and Mrs. Gab devoted the next day to the giving directions about some alterations which she intended should be made at her country villa, while she took the excursion to Brighthelmstone: Sophia accompanied her, but they made it so late before they set off (and Henry could not well avoid attending the breakfast-table) that the appointed hour was elapsed before he had written his excuse, and after it was past, his mind was in so distracted a state, that he could not please himself in a letter.

Captain Gab dined with him, and after borrowing ten guineas, his Ma' not being at home (a circumstance the noble Captain knew full well, before he formed the resolution of visiting her that day) in the evening said he was going to Vauxhall, and asked our hero to be of his party.

Any company was at this time more acceptable to him than his own thoughts, and he went with the young man to the gardens, where they were met by Mr. Gab's signora, an Italian fidler, and



two Italian ladies, chorus-singers at the Hay-market.

Henry was ignorant of the quality of his companions, but soon saw that Mr. Gab was on a very familiar footing with the whole set; they secured a box with difficulty, as the night was very fine, and the company numerous.

About eleven the males of his party pointed to his notice a very fine woman, who was also in an extreme elegant dishabille; "Heavens!" cried "Henry, my fate pursues me!"

It was Lavinia, arm in arm with another fine woman; she saw him at the same moment, and after a whisper to her companion approached the party.

"So, Henry," said she, placing her arm under his, "you would not come to me to day;"—and drawing him off from the company—"for which of those foreign figures am I rejected?" in a voice expressive both of anger and tenderness. They were all, he assured her, strangers to him; and, pleased at an opportunity of talking to her, without risking a private interview with such a fascinating object, he suffered her to lead him insensibly to one of the unfrequented walks.

There she said she understood, to her great joy, that Henry was acquainted with no more of her history than was perfectly convenient to her purpose. She utterly denied any act of levity, but what his desertion of her had occasioned; and said that her father and mother refused to receive her after her lying-in.

"What is become of the child?" cried he eagerly.

"Oh it was still-born.

"But did Mr. Franklin——"

"I—I did not apply to him."

"Oh, Lavinia!"

"Why"

"Why, how could I endure to return to Esther to bear all the scandal of the place? besides, my aunt was poor, and Lord Belvoir bribed her to his interest; and—come, Henry, you have little reason to reproach me, *you* who are the occasion of all my errors."—They were walking on, Henry telling her, although so little was in his own power, he would apply to Mr. Franklin on her behalf; when she turned suddenly round—"Who are those impertinents that follow us?" said she sharply.—Henry looked round, two female figures were then rather drawing back, and, on their proceeding, still followed them.

"We will face them, however," continued Lavinia, turning back. The intruders then left the walk, and Lavinia followed, still holding under Henry's arm, but lost them in the crowd.

They were then joined by Henry's party, the signoras exceedingly out of humour; presently Lavinia's companion also joined them, with information that a party, with whom they were engaged, was that moment entered the gardens.

"I must leave you, Henry," cried Lavinia tenderly, "but I insist on seeing you to-morrow, at the hour I vainly expected you to-day; you cannot in honour refuse me, I have many things to say to you, on which *your* welfare as well as *my own* depends: do not refuse me, I beseech you," continued she, laying her hand affectionately on his, "this request."

Henry hesitated, he was uncertain what might be Mrs. Gab's engagements the next day; and, to confess a truth, the beauty of Lavinia, her bewitching softness, and some recollections that had better have been forgotten, notwithstanding his ardent passion for Clara, raised ideas in his mind, that rendered him doubtful of himself.

"Can

"Can you, Henry, can you refuse once more to see your Lavinia?"

In that moment, when the full force of the question, and the fondness visible in the interrogator, called forth the emanations of grateful sensibility, and he (pardon him, dear moralists) pressed the hand that had rested on his arm, a chain of ladies brushed rather rudely by, and the one next Henry, who was hanging on the arm of a very fine young man, turned round full upon him—he *saw*, he *felt*, it was Clara Elton; and his own hand becoming motionless, he dropped Lavinia's

Heavens! what a moment for her to press her suit in! and she could not wait a more favourable one, as her companion urged the impatience of their friends.

"Will you come then, may I expect you?"—He heard her not.—She repeated her question.—His eyes were strained after an object that filled him with anguish.

"Well, Mr. Dellmore," said Lavinia, assuming a haughty air, "if my entreaties want power to move you to grant me so poor a boon, I no longer solicit it as a favour, I demand it as an act of justice; and if you are not with me by twelve to-morrow, I have an infallible clue to find you out, and you may expect I shall be your visitor;" with this threat she left him, and joining her companion, they paid their compliments to Captain Gab and the two signoras, and took their leave.

Captain Gab had not heard the substance of the discourse between Henry and Lavinia, but the subject he guessed to be an assignation; the lady's face, it is true, was not known to him, but that of her who accompanied her was; and no more doubt could rest with him of their characters, than did with them of that of his signoras; and the Captain

chusing

chusing to be thought a man of universal gallantry, in the absence of his fair Italian he contrived to draw Henry aside.

"How devilish unfortunate it was," said he, in a very low voice, "that I brought my girl here this evening! 'pon honour, I regret it very much: what a joyous party *you* and *I* and those two fine girls would have made!"

"*Your* girl!" replied our hero, "pray which of the ladies is it you so honourably distinguish?"

"Oh! come, pooh! you know her well enough," answered the Captain; "poor thing, everybody knows her: she has indeed made herself too ridiculous in her attachment; but you, Conway, you beat me hollow; two of the finest creatures in the garden after you."

"I should be very sorry to *beat you*, Sir," said Henry, inwardly provoked at being drawn into such a party; and much doubting, from the information of the signora's eyes, which were that night great wanderers, her prodigious partiality to the Captain.

"Here, here," cried Mr. Gab, "here comes the lovely creature that followed you so close, when you was walking with the other lady."

"Heavens!" said Henry, seeing Clara Elton advancing with her party, "what is it you tell me to follow me!"

"Yes," answered he, "by Gad did she; and that fine girl in the green," pointing to Jemima, "I am certain they followed you; I heard her dissuading the other, and declaring it was not worth her while."

Clara's party had again passed them as before, with the difference only, that she was now walking between the Miss Nappers, and Jemima hanging on the arm of Sir James Restive.

The



The signoras now came up ; they were, as I before said, very much displeased, the Captain's little enamorata was quite *enragée*, and that sweet creature felt herself mortified in no small degree.

The fine English women, who attracted the notice of the males of their own party, were not the only ladies present who very far eclipsed her in personal charms ; and finding her large black eyes rolled without the smallest success on every smart fellow they encountered, she withdrew them in scorn from the insensible multitude, and fixed them in anger on her dear Gab.

" You be very polite, Sir, your hurry be very great ;—pardon me," taking hold of his arm.

" As jealous as the devil," cried the Captain aside to Henry, who, full of the information he had received of Clara's observing his motions, was now as intently watching her's ; and, seizing the opportunity which the reproaches of the lady to her lover gave him (of which she was in no degree sparing, mingling appeals to her companion, in their own language, on the barbarity of the Captain's treatment, which excited the attention of the passers by) to steal off, he directed his course, glad to escape them, to that part of the garden where he supposed Clara was ; and his heart bounded, as he hastily crossed the walk, at the sight of her he was in search of, detached from her party, walking very slow, and appearing in serious and earnest discourse with Lemima ; he quickened his pace, and was within a few yards of her, when he was familiarly clapped on the shoulder by Mr. Peter Martin.

This rencontre happened at a period very unfavourable to the desire Mr. Martin certainly had, of being on the most friendly terms with our hero—his loud " Hah ! my dear friend, *who* thought of seeing

,, seeing *you* here !” startled the ladies, who, without looking back, walked on very fast.

“ And who the d—l wished to see you, Sir !” said he, in a voice as loud, and rather more discordant.

“ Go—Go—God bless me, Sir, I—I—I beg pardon,” cried the mortified intruder, in a tone of humility, that in a moment made his peace ; “ upon my soul, I thought no harm, I beg a thousand pardons.”

Our hero’s good-nature said more in Mr. Martin’s behalf than his own elocution, supposing he was possessed of any, could have done. Convinced the man meant well, though he had happened so unpropitiously to have fixed on a time for expressing that meaning, he begged pardon, in his turn, for his own captiousness ; a condescension that encouraged the beau to offer a further petition, supposing, by Henry’s being there, that Mrs. Gab, and her fair daughter, were also in the gardens. After lamenting his disappointment, as he had expected, he said, to meet company there, he begged Henry would suffer him to join his party ; a favour he made no scruple of granting, as he had no doubt of his interest with Captain Gab, nor was he troubled with any respectful scruples on behalf of the ladies ; but he took care, as they walked, to keep his eye on Clara, who he at length saw enter a box, where the rest of her party were, and where the table was spread with a profusion of every delicacy the place afforded. The horns and clarinets in waiting witnessed the genteel spirit of the gentleman who did the honours of the evening’s entertainment ; when he saw, with sickening envy saw, Sir James Restive hand Miss Elton into the box ; and, a situation more enviable than a throne, he likewise saw him seated by her : —unable to bear a sight so fatal to his wishes  
(hopes

(hopes he had none) he turned back, and led the way, in silence, to the box which Captain Gab's party had engaged ; and formally introduced Mr. Peter Martin, and his friend, to the company.

The ladies were all condescension, the gentlemen in perfect good humour ; but Mr. Peter Martin, in this company, lost the servility that Henry had before observed was familiar to him ; " I thought," whispered he, " the Gab's were here ;" then taking his seat, looked confidently at the women, and asked the foreigner "*Quel sortez-vous du vin avez vous, Monsieur ?*"

The behaviour of Martin, who so well knew the town, would have convinced Henry of the despicable character of the signoras, had he not before formed his own conjectures : but the passing hour being the last that he should be likely to spend in such society, and the despair which filled his soul, sinking his spirits to the lowest ebb,—“ I have sworn,” said he to himself, “ to avoid drinking, but I have lost Clara : dear divine creature ! my parting libation to thee shall be in what will at least enable me to bear, for this night, the sight of thy happy choice ;” and then calling for a halfpint bumper of brandy, regardless of what might be the remarks of the company, he knelt on one knee, and deeply sighing, articulated “ Clara,” before he drank it.

The company were not disposed to, or not qualified for, deep reflection ; they saw the extravagant act, but as they had no idea of supping at Vauxhall, without being, as Captain Gab said, “ very funny,” and as the spirits of the whole party required a stimulus to enable them “ to set the table in a roar,” though perhaps not of that very potent kind which Henry had just swallowed.—Captain Gab swore he was a *Bon Vivant*, and Mr. Peter Martin, who felt himself a person of great consequence.

consequence, and who, moreover, finding the son and heir of the Gab family made one of a set with whose features he was perfectly well acquainted, was in tip-top spirits, and scorned to be out done, being, as Sancho Panca tells his master, "a very devil at every thing;" he also called for his glass of spirits, and, with wonderful address, persuaded the ladies that the evening was very cold, though it was quite the reverse, and prevailed on them to guard against the weather, by swallowing hot Rhenish in great abundance.

In a short time, although there might be *some* as happy parties (the gardens being remarkably croud-ed) there were none whose mirth was more conspicuous; they sung catches, and were self applauded; told stories, at which the relaters laughed most heartily, and attracted the notice of all that passed by; who, while some despised, and others envied, all joined in a curious observation of so public a party.

In this scene of mirth and noise, Henry was a mere passive spectator; and notwithstanding the brandy he had swallowed, his spirits yet continued to flag;—his soul was on the opposite side of the gardens; it was exerting more than mortal powers to dispossess Sir James Restive of his seat, and it sunk in despair and sorrow as often as reflection reminded him that those exertions *were* the mere effusions of impotent fancy; that, do what he could, Sir James had still possession of the envied seat next Clara Elton; and that Henry Dellmore was, for the time being, a miserable companion to some of the out-casts of society.

Mr. Peter Martin's efforts to keep up the spirit of mirth in the company, and his frequent libations to Bacchus, rendered him monstrously entertaining to Captain Gab, and his select friends; he presumed he was endowed with talents for mimicry, and he



he was also a spouter, besides other innumerable requisites to excite laughter, at the expence of the understanding; he was, therefore, what is vulgarly called, "The fiddle of the company," who, while he caused the laugh, seldom troubled himself whether it was *at* or *with* him.

This jolly party, I have said, excited the attention of the multitude, and each passer-by made a stop, to observe as miserable a set of beings as ever were perhaps united in the laudable desire to kill time.—Amongst the rest,

The divine eyes of Clara Elton, peeping over Jemima's shoulder, with a look of disgust and abhorrence, met those of our hero; they were again detached from the rest of their party:—Another glass of brandy was swallowed, and then he left the box with precipitancy, and followed them.

The second glass, together with the air and exercise, trifling as it was, as he walked once round the gardens after Clara, gave him a flash of false spirits, and he boldly accosted Jemima, at the same time bowing respectfully to Miss Elton.

Jemima was good-natured, chatty, and inconsiderate, she was really glad to see our hero, and made no scruple of telling him so; but while she entered into familiar chat, and rallied him on the happy choice of his company (leading imperceptibly to the most unfrequented part of the gardens) Miss Elton observed a profound silence, not deigning to honour him with a single glance. Fortified by brandy, and rendered bold by despair, Henry went round from the side of Jemima, where he was walking, and taking Clara's hand, demanded what he had done to offend her, and why it was she would not bless his ears with the sound of her voice.

Clara

Clara struggled vehemently ; her face in a glow : Henry was stronger, and brandy felt not the frown of offended delicacy.

" I say, Clara," said he, " take notice, I warn you of it, I have been swallowing false courage ; I *will* know what I have done to offend you ; and, by G—d, you shall tell me whether you mean to give yourself, your adorable self, to that happy fellow who possessed this hand an hour ago, without any of these violent struggles to deprive him of it."

" Good God ! Jemima ;" cried Miss Elton, " where are we got to ? not a creature is near us, and we are in the power of a madman : unhandsome me, Sir ! let me go, Mr. Dellmore."—" You are perfectly safe, nevertheless ;" said he, " How can that be when your insolence !"—" Insolence ! Clara ?"

" Yes, insolence !" cried she, bursting into tears.

He let go her hand, and falling on his knees—" Oh ! forgive me, Clara, dear Clara, forgive me ; I told you I had been arming myself with false courage, but you see I cannot resist your tears ; only tell me in what I have offended you, and answer my other question, and I will leave you for ever."

" What, Sir, is become of your Lavinia ?"—

" Is that an answer to *my* question ? satisfy me in that one point, Do you favour the addresses of Sir James Restive ? for God's sake say *no*, or *yes*."

" Who was that lady that, not two hours ago, walked this very walk hanging so fondly on your arm ?"

" Oh ! Clara, why do you thus torture me ?"—

" What, Sir, is become of that manly regard to propriety, that moral rectitude, that deference

— to

"to decency, you must have observed in my guardian, and which you know how to feign so well yourself?"

"Heavens! Clara; what is my crime, that thus you torment me so severely?"—

"*Here*,—in this sequestered spot, where there is no eye, save the one that will pierce your soul, *here*—I blush at holding converse with you, and my character would suffer, were I to be seen with you, by any of my friends."

"My God! Madam."

"It would, Sir. This, Mr. Dellmore, is the last time I will indulge my faulty partiality, by conversing with you; and as—as—notwithstanding the dark side of your character, I believe you do not hate Clara Elton, I will—in hopes that you may consider them as my parting words"—

She stopped—

Henry, still at her feet, caught hold of her muslin gown, and in it hid his face.—

"You are too much attached to your friends, perhaps, Sir, to see that your associating with them will banish you from the society of the innocent, the simple, and the honourable part of mankind; that it is a scandal to the principles of a *woman* of *real* virtue, to admit a professed libertine into her company; and that entering into conversation with a man just come from the abandoned of her sex, is a direct violation of modesty."

"Good God! Clara;—am I, am I a professed libertine?—am I the monster you are painting?"

"—Dear girl, whence your information?—Who has cruelly defamed me?"

"Oh, Henry! when in those happy hours at Esther, we went through Lord Chesterfield's Instructions to his Son, you forget how fully we

"accorded

" accorded in opinion, that his ideas of the utility  
 " of preserving the moral character was among  
 " the most wise, as well as rational of his precepts,  
 " you agreed it was not only proper but necessary."

" To be scrupulously jealous of your moral cha-  
 " racter, to keep it immaculate, unblemished, un-  
 " sullied, it will then be unsuspected : defamation  
 " and calumny never attack where there is no  
 " weak place ; they magnify, but do not create."

" Many are the anecdotes with which my ears  
 " have been offended, and—and why should I now  
 " disown it—my heart wounded—since your ab-  
 " senting yourself from Esther ; I attributed much  
 " to youthful levity, and more to private malice :  
 " but proof, ocular proof."

" Oh, Clara, be merciful ; pity me" !

" I do from my soul, Henry, pity you ; alas,  
 " how much—how very much—did I pity you,  
 " when I passed you at supper in such abandoned  
 " company !"

" Hear me, Miss Elton ; let me tell you how I  
 " came into such company."

" Oh, Henry" !—

" By heaven ! I can account for it without  
 " wounding your delicacy, or departing from the  
 " strictest veracity."—" Oh, Henry ! but who was  
 " the lady you left your company with ?"—  
 —Henry was silent.

" Can you tell me *that*, without wounding my  
 " delicacy, without departing from truth ?"—

" Yes, Clara, I can ; it was Lavinia Ortho-  
 " dox".

" *How* !" cried she, almost breathless, " was she  
 " —was that—that fine woman she" ?

" Indeed !—Mr. Dellmore," said Jemima, " why,  
 " I thought Lavinia was a mere country chit,  
 " just such a thing as her sister, and did not won-  
 " der at being told you had left her ; but you as-  
 " tonish



"tonish me! she is one of the finest women I ever saw: are you married?"

"Oh!" said Clara, still panting for breath, "if he is not she would be—the man who can run in innocence, who can—but I shudder at the idea: farewell, Sir,—you have answered my question,—I will return the civility; I have not rejected the addresses of Sir James Restive"; and with these words she walked away, leaning on *Jemima*. Her pace was slow and irregular, her trembling feet could with difficulty support her weight; but, the time it took her to rejoin her party, was no advantage to our poor hero, who struck to the soul by her last words, sunk motionless on the ground, in a paroxysm of anguish and despair.

How long he continued in that situation, is uncertain; he saw no more of any of the parties who had thus accidentally contributed to involve him in the deepest distress of mind.—Cold, shivering, and distracted, when he arose from the ground, he walked about in agony;

Grief tears his heart and drives him to and fro,  
In all the raging impotence of woe."

At length—"I cannot be more miserable, I will follow her," he cried, "she shall hear how I adore her, and if she banishes me for ever, I will not repine".

With hasty steps he bent his course towards the box in which she had supped; the waiters were clearing the table; the company had left the gardens:—"How long had they been gone?" "which door did they go out of?" exclaimed Henry.

The waiters had lighted them to their carriage, and were but just returned.

He

H  
of tre  
to spi  
he ha  
groun  
and h  
Mu  
frighte  
"dow  
raging  
heart,  
when  
to the  
was fall

He flew to the door, no trace was there of Clara Elton; he remembered Sir James's livery, and thought he should recollect his carriage: unmindful of danger, he pushed through the crowd, and in his frantic eagerness to get once more to the sight of the women he loved, reached the turnpike before he thought of the party he had left in the gardens.

Bitter recollection, unavailing regret, then overtook him; his heart recoiled from the idea of rejoining people who had been the means of depriving him of the esteem of Clara; and he pursued his comfortless way to Dowgate-hill, where he understood neither Mrs. or Miss Gab had returned from the country; but the lady had sent him a note to let him know they should be in town in time to dress for a ball, which was to be given the next day at the London tavern.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### *The Man of Business in Love.*

HE retired to his chamber in a state little short of frenzy; the brandy he had drank, (being unused to spirits) the agitation of his mind, and a cold he had caught by laying so long on the damp ground, all contributed to the disorder of his body, and he went to bed very much indisposed.

Much as he wanted rest, nature's soft nurse was frightened, she would no more "weigh his eyelids down, nor steep his senses in forgetfulness," a raging pain in his head, and ruthless anguish at his heart, kept him awake till late in the morning, when he dropped into a slumber more fatiguing to the mind, than sitting up wholly could be. He was falling down precipices, sinking into mud, he

was drowning,—burning, and enduring every kind of death, that a perturbed imagination could give rise to; and, in every danger still Lavinia was in the back ground; he awoke in a trepidation, and then resolved to prevent Lavinia from putting her threat in execution of visiting him by going to her, and taking a final leave.

She was in handsome lodgings, at a millener's where on the passage door, the brass plate informed him, it was the residence of Mrs. Wallace.

The maid of the house opened the door; but on ringing the bell, a foot-man appeared, and no sooner heard the name of *Henry* given to the maid, than he jumped down five or six of the stairs, and ran to our hero, embracing him, capering, and exhibiting every mark of ungovernable joy.

Henry soon recollected him,—it was the identical Matthew Hudson, whose desire to travel and see the world, was not to be conquered by the breach of promise of his late master:—his frantic expressions of joy were so vociferous, that Mrs. Wallace—or—Miss Orthodox, who was armed at all points, in expectation of her visitor, rang her bell to know the cause of so violent and extraordinary a commotion; on which Matt making a sign for Henry to follow him, and clapping the fore finger of his right hand to his lip, a method of enjoining silence which he had learnt from his mother, ascended the stairs, and opened the door of his mistress's apartment.

Our hero was scarce entered before Lavinia was in his arms, and actually overcome, or very well feigning to be so;—we will by no means stake our veracity on either,—she was near fainting.

All that art, design, and dress, could do towards rendering a naturally beautiful person irresistible, Lavinia had done; she found to her great satisfaction, that Henry was still prepossessed with the

same

Ja  
a  
m  
of  
pe  
the  
no  
mu  
one  
the  
cho  
wh  
of h  
hap  
laid  
ther  
proa  
our  
agai  
distre  
fort  
well  
ny or  
being  
by a  
Frank  
Esher  
she w  
blema  
her a  
wants  
remov  
had b  
thing,  
Hen  
for as  
of her  
Vor

*same idea* of having seduced her; by *which*, when a mere simple country girl, she had contrived to mould him to her purposes, without the advantage of that knowledge and experience she now had; her person had charmed him unadorned, and without the decoration of art and expence; how could it now therefore fail of captivating him, when so much pains had been bestowed upon it?

As soon as by the assistance of hartshorn on the one hand, and a soothing attention from Henry on the other, she had recovered herself, she ordered chocolate, which was brought in by Matt; and when he was dismissed, Lavinia taking advantage of his ignorance of her conduct, lamented her unhappy fate, and with a flood of tears, she candidly laid before him all the errors of her life, attributing them to her first false step with him:—with reproaches she mingled tenderness. The heart of our hero sunk under the one, and he was not proof against the other, but his sensibility, though it distressed him inconceivably, was not exactly of the sort she wished to inspire. Three hours passed in well acted anguish on her side, and with real agony on his; during which, she informed him, that being, on her recovery from her lying in, deserted by all her friends, excepting indeed only Mr. Franklin, to whom, as she heard Henry had left Esther, she did not apply, and destitute of support, she was obliged to accept the offer of an old nobleman, whose seat was near the village, where her aunt lived:—he had, she said, supplied her wants, and when he left Derbyshire for the winter, removed her to these lodgings in town, where she had but one desire, which indeed comprised every thing, and that was content.

Henry implicitly believed every word she uttered; for as he had never entertained the smallest doubt of her innocence, when, as he supposed, her un-



98 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

bounded love for him, robbed her of the guard of prudence, and left her honour too open to the excess of youthful passion, the natural consequences of that first Juvenile Indiscretion, were the errors which succeeded it, and the guilt of the whole he very generously laid upon himself.

He believed Lavinia's principles were naturally too good to leave her the voluntary slave of prostitution, and he was wisely concerting a plan for her reformation, which was to commence with a return, to the amorous nobleman, of all those unnecessary ornaments, with which she made so brilliant a figure, at the play-house; and he already fancied an increase of her beauty, from the plain simple attire which would become a state of penitence, when he was startled by a smart double rap at the door that announced a visitor.

Lavinia, in great confusion, said, she was sure it was my lord; she knew his rap, "run, my dear Henry," cried she, "down stairs, turn on the right into the fore parlour, if he sees you, I am ruined:"—No time was left for a second thought; otherwise, Henry would probably have represented to her, how immaterial it was to the plan he had laid down for her, what his lordship's comments might be on finding a friend with her:—he obeyed her without thinking, and found himself in a situation that would admit him to pursue a further arrangement of the scheme he was forming, for the reformation of Lavinia, without interruption.

He had seen no person in his descent from the drawing room to the parlour, which being empty, his thoughts presently reverted to what he had so much at heart;—before he had fixed on any thing decisive, he was a second time alarmed by a rap at the door, very different from the former; inasmuch as that was a smart *rat tat tat*, and this was the tremendous thunder of a person of quality's foot-man.

A violent

A violent bustle over his head, hasty opening and shutting of doors, and a confused sound of voices, convinced him this was no common visitor ; yet, as he had no doubt but Lavinia's lord was with her, he could not suspect it concerned her.

Another louder fashionable rap, announced the impatience of the person who was so unreasonably kept in waiting ; and Henry's curiosity being raised, he looked over the blind, and saw a hackney chair, in which sat a tall pale old man, of a delicate complexion, and genteel figure, whose noble appearance struck him with admiration, as his venerable looks did with awe ; so taken-up was his whole attention in observing this visitor, whose figure, as he stepped out of the chair, when after a length of time the door was opened, gave him an idea at once of grandeur and humility ; he smiled good humouredly while he reproved the maid for keeping him so long at the door, and our hero's eyes being fixed on him, till he entered, he did not attend to what was passing nearer himself.

Perhaps the reader suspects, from the hints we have dropped, that Mrs. Wallace had more male visitors than she chose to acquaint her friend with ; that was precisely the case ; the first alarm at the door she well knew was not Lord Belvoir's ; it was in fact one, she did not by any means chuse to introduce to Henry, and his lordship having always given her notice of his intentions to visit her, she had no fear of an interruption from him, but it very unluckily happened, that he had on this unfortunate morning, been disappointed in some business which could not be settled, and having an hour before dinner which he had not pre-engaged, he was carried from the chambers of his attorney, to those of his mistress, in order to favour her with an agreeable surprise.

Having thus accounted for an accident very common to ladies of Mrs. Wallace's profession, I must return to my hero.

When he lost sight of Lord Belvoir, he turned round with intention to resume the subject, from which his thoughts had been interrupted; a scuffle at the door which led into a back room, however, prevented him; "indeed sir," said a woman on the outside, "that room does not belong to my mistress;" "stand off, I will see who is in it," answered a voice he thought he knew; immediately the door was opened, and in burst Mr. Gab, followed by Lavinia's maid, protesting he was taking an unwarrantable liberty, in thus breaking into a gentleman's apartments, who (winking at Henry) was an entire stranger to Mrs. Wallace.

Mr. Gab started,—Henry looked petrified.—"Mr. Conway!" said Gab.—"I thought you was in the country, sir," answered Henry. "I believe you," replied Gab; the astonishment which this unexpected rencontre had thrown him into, quickly changing into jealous rage.

Henry had yet no suspicion of the real accident that had thus thrown him in the way of Mr. Gab; nor even though a lady of the ton's maid was making all kind of grimaces, to let him into her mistress's secret, had he the least conception of the cause of Mr. Gab's extraordinary agitation; he innocently began an apology for intruding into that room, which he concluded belonged to some person with whom Mr. Gab was in some shape or other connected, either on business or as an acquaintance.

Mr. Gab's return to his apology was gloomy and resentful; he deigned not to answer him, but after a minute's silence, rising in a rage, told him, he was not to be imposed upon, he knew his business, there was with Mrs. Wallace, and he insisted

on

on being informed of the nature of their connections ; how long he had known her—where their acquaintance commenced, and many other particulars of equal importance ; and he concluded with a protestation, that if he deceived him in the minutest article, he would never do him another friendly office while he existed.

But Mr. Gab's violent method of proceeding, defeated his own purpose ; mildness and good-humour would (as he had nothing himself to conceal, nor yet suspected any secrets on the side of the lady) have drawn from him the whole history of Lavinia and himself ; but he would not be commanded or threatened out of any thing ; he therefore kept a stubborn silence, nor would he answer a single interrogatory.

Mr. Gab became at this provoking conduct, quite vociferous ; his rage increased every moment : it was in vain, Lavinia's maid, and the woman of the house joined in imploring him to consider, how his violence would distress Mrs. Wallace ; in vain they remonstrated against loud speaking ; he continued in high and resentful upbraidings, and insisted that Henry was a favoured gallant of the jilt above stairs,—he would ruin him, and expose her ; —*he* did not value a lord, he could buy twenty of them :—My lord, indeed ! let my lord do as he did, pay twenty shillings in the pound, and he believed little enough would remain for his mistress.

Ring, ring, ring, from above stairs, again set the women to entreating the enraged citizen to moderate his passion ; but to no purpose ;—from abusing my lord, he fell on Henry, and in the heat of his rage upbraided him with that very duplicity of character he had put him on acting. Our young man's astonishment at this treatment could only be exceeded by the shock it gave him, to find the real character of Lavinia, was that of an abandoned



doned woman of the town: Mr. Gab's ravings were the effects of his passion for her; he was actually weak enough to be in love with her, and had hitherto flattered himself,—he was equally beloved.

With the conviction of her unworthiness, his concern for Lavinia lessened, but his wish to reclaim her, and remove her out of the way of temptation, did not lose its force; for as he yet charged himself with her seduction, all her subsequent errors he concluded, originated with him.

But what could be said for Mr. Gab, a married man, the father of a family; who could expose himself by a conduct so diametrically opposite to every principle of moral rectitude—he could not hear his jealous rage without abhorrence, nor look on him without contempt.

Mr. Gab was one of those wary citizens whom experience had taught, that to be master of the passions was an advantage to a commercial man, superior to any thing but a deep insight into the rise and fall of the stocks: he was remarkably successful in his efforts to disguise his real feelings; was uncommonly cool, and steady in all his dealings;—and so happy in the art of concealing his predominant passion for women, that no creature, in the line of his connection, suspected him of it, except Mrs. Gab, whose complaints on that head went further than mere suspicion.

But who can be always on his guard?—a perfect judge of mankind avers, “every man has his weak side, and if any appear without one, it is because it is not yet found out;”—in the present instance Mr. Gab exhibited his, with very little credit either to his morals or understanding; all that cool, that collected firmness, on which he had, by the success it insured, such reason to value himself, gave place to rage and jealousy; the warmth with  
which

which Lavinia affected to return his attachment, had, as he said, lost him money enough ; that she was Lord Belvoir's mistress, and that she was also under great obligations to him, was no secret to Mr. Gab ; for, as she assured him, it was a circumstance equally repugnant to her principles and inclinations, both which were devoted to him ; although as his lordship had seduced her from her friends, and she could not entirely leave him, it was, as to that part of her story, of little importance to Mr. Gab.

Lord Belvoir was old enough to be Lavinia's grandfather ; Mr. Gab was a younger, a hand-somer, a richer man ; *ergo*, Lavinia must certainly prefer him ; and moreover, as I before said, he had her own authority for believing she deoted on him ; so that, while he was secure in her affections, he had no kind of objection to the dishonouring a lord, although so exceedingly enraged at the idea of Henry's being a favoured admirer, the matter, indeed was totally different.

In the first case, *he* had the honour of supplanting a nobleman, whom, with the connivance of his mistress, he might consider as a dupe to his superior attractions ; so far was he from feeling an uneasy sensation on that account, he was never so well pleased as when his charming Lavinia entertained him with ludicrous anecdotes at the old peer's expence ; nor ever felt himself so great a man as when he happened to meet his lordship, which he never did without a smile of contempt at his folly, and a secret exultation in his own sagacity ; even the mention of Lord Belvoir's name gave him a triumph, in the assurance and ingratitude of a faithless courtesan. But in the latter, the case was unmercifully reversed ; if his confidence in Lavinia chiefly depended on the contrast between him and the earl, how much more striking, and how

much less to his advantage, did that contrast appear, on a comparison between the young and handsome Henry Dellmore of two and twenty, and the solid citizen of four and forty ; if, therefore, Lavinia was fond of Henry, heaven and earth, what an offence ! *he* the wise, the money-getting Mr. Gab, was in that case the dupe ; the very same injury he coolly and with premeditation, nay, that he gloried in doing another person, who from his superior rank might have claimed some respect ; when offered, as he supposed, to himself, threw him into a rage, little short of insanity. He continued raving and swearing, till the earl, no less displeased at the rude noise, than astonished at the temerity of those who durst (knowing him to be in the house) raise such an indelicate disturbance, walked down stairs, followed by Lavinia, who had vainly endeavoured to prevent her noble lover from exposing his sacred person on the occasion.

Neither the pride of riches, nor the fancied personal superiority, that had hitherto supported the comparative consequence of Mr. Gab, could now supply him with an adequate degree of courage to continue his bluster ; the tradesman shrunk into his native littleness, before the man of real quality ; —the awe people of low birth ever feel, let them put what face they can on the matter, in the presence of persons of rank and family, silenced Mr. Gab for a few minutes ; —but on Lord Belvoir's demanding in a haughty tone, " Who it was that durst disturb his privacy, in that rude manner ? " — Mr. Gab was again the wealthy man, who valued no lord in England ; who paid twenty shillings in the pound ; and who could buy a peerage when he pleased. After these general hints, he was content to confine his inveteracy to Lavinia, whom he abused very handsomely, giving her every vulgar appellation his low breeding could furnish, nor made

made he the least secret of his connection with her; but proceeded, without respect to *persons* (as his wife would have said) to charge her with equal infidelity and ingratitude; the one he instanced by her present situation; and gave proofs of the other from memorandums in his pocket-book, under the article of private adventures, of divers handsome sums with which he had rewarded her vile conduct.

Lord Belvoir heard him with great patience; he looked over the date and amount of Mr. Gab's presents; and with a *nonchalance*, for which he was remarkable, when Mr. Gab stopped to take breath, and wipe his face, told Lavinia he was really concerned for her.

"Here, child," said he, "you have possibly lost three lovers, merely for want of decent management; I lament your *faux pas*, it was exceedingly unfortunate; but how could you be so impolitic as to make one morning serve such a treble purpose?"

"No, no, my lord," cried Gab, "she is not such a novice as to do that silly thing, it is not her fault I was no longer her dupe: I have been at a sale in the country, and have bought the jade a pair of ear-rings she has teized me for this month; and, fool like, I must come here before I went home; I could not rest till I had brought them to her."

On this, Lavinia's tears began to flow;—"Ah! you crocodile, yes, you may weep, but you shall never see them; no, I will give them to my daughter."—

"Your daughter," repeated Lord Belvoir,—  
"Ah! I thought I recollected you; Miss Sophia Gab, I believe, is your daughter; you are perfectly right, it will be certainly more consistent with propriety to present them to that charming little



frost-piece; not but the diamonds will become this lady quite as well as the buying jewels for a mistress does you."

The significant sneer that accompanied this speech, provoked Mr. Gab, who answered in the same tone, "and it might be as much for the honour of your lordship's family, if you were to bestow your ready money favours on your grandson instead of a mistress; I believe Lord Crespigney wants cash as much, nay, I fancy I might say more, than Sophia Gab does diamonds."

The shrewd truth conveyed in the retort, was not less provoking to the peer than his irony had been to the citizen; but he had a happy command of his temper, and he conceived it derogatory to his dignity, to manifest any tokens of anger in company so much beneath him; turning therefore from Gab, his features perfectly in unison, with that ease of mind he chose to assume, and addressing himself to our hero:—

"And pray, young gentleman," said he, "who may you be? I shall not be surprized if you, having no diamonds, nor other favour in the pecuniary way to part with, are content to receive from this young lady, what in point of equity more properly ought to be bestowed on *that* gentleman's daughter, and *my* grandson."

The smiling countenance with which this speech was delivered could not mollify its severity;—Henry coloured: his soul scorned the idea of being minion to a prostitute.

"You are mistaken, my lord," answered he, "I have received no favour of the lady; and if I had conferred any, I should be above repeating it."

Lavinia now came forward; but Mr. Gab flying from her approach, renewed his invectives against the *Jezebel*, the *Hyena*, the *Rattle-snake*, and ran  
out

out of the house. The lady, with an effrontery that confounded Henry, advancing to his lordship, dropped a tear, and after lamenting the insults he had received from a lunatic, protested Henry was her brother.

"I am happy, Madam," replied the wary peer, "to know your relations:—You are this lady's brother, I presume, Sir?"—

"No, my Lord," answered Henry, with a mixture of sorrow and resentment in his countenance, "infamous as *she* is, I would give the world I was, or any *other* relative, so that I felt nothing for her but family disgrace. Lavinia," continued he, addressing himself to her, "unhappy Lavinia, thy ill conduct is the bane of my peace; I shall never cease to reproach myself for the part I have had in thy ruin; destitute as I am myself of friends and fortune, for thee, to preserve thee from the horrid and sure consequences of this detested way of life, there is nothing I would leave unattempted: I will throw myself at the feet of my benefactor: those favours I have voluntarily declined accepting for myself, I will solicit for you. Look back, Lavinia, to the days of innocence and peace from which we both have fallen; you may yet return; Mr. Franklin's interest will, I know it will, insure you a kind reception; you are yet young and lovely; dear Lavinia, let me be the means of replacing you in that guiltless state from whence I seduced you."

"Well, Henry," answered she, after a long pause, "are you then ready, if I accept your offer, to perform your engagements?"

"Heavens, Madam!" cried he, "what is it you ask! can you expect?—Let me conduct you home, Lavinia; let me snatch you from destruction."

"You hear, Madam," said Lord Belvoir, "what your *brother* says."

"I hear

"I hear enough," replied she, scornfully, "to make me despise him."

"Do me the honour, Madam," continued his Lordship, "to inform me in what degree of relationship the gentleman, who just now left us (Mr. Gab, I think is his name) has the happiness to stand in to you."—There was an air of dignity, a tone of determination, in the old peer's address, that confounded Lavinia, and filled Henry with awe: she saw he was convinced of her guilt, and unable to lift her eyes to the face of a man of his quality, whom she was conscious she had injured, she retired a few paces back, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

"Here child," continued Lord Belvoir, taking out his purse, "are ten guineas, it will pay the expences of conveying you back to the old dame's, from whence I took you; and if you should be disposed to follow your *brother's* advice (if that sum should be insufficient to compleat his purpose, *outré* as his proposals are) I will not object to doubling it."—"Young man," addressing Henry, "I am charmed with your conduct; if your principles are really what they appear to be, you are a phenomenon."

"I think you said something about being destitute,—there is my address; I have not much interest, neither do I often ask favours, but you may call in St. James's-square, I will give my porter directions to admit you." He then returned a graceful nod to our hero's respectful obeisance; and bowing politely to Lavinia, just as easy as if he had casually met the most indifferent acquaintance, ordered his chair, and left them.

Henry was now, as he thought, at liberty to re-urge his proposal to Lavinia, who sat in a moody, reserved manner, with the purse, Lord Belvoir had given her, still in one hand; Henry took the other  
between

between his, and was earnestly imploring her to follow his advice, when Mr. Gab (whose culpable fondness for his mistress would not let him be long absent) entered as the chair was carried out, burst into the parlour, and glancing a furious look at Henry, threw himself into a chair.

Lavinia knew her power over Mr. Gab: he swore he would never see her more;—but she declared she never would part with him:—and, in a peremptory tone, bid Henry leave the house, nor ever presume to enter it again:—"I reject, Sir," said the artful woman, "all your proposals, nor would I, for millions, leave my present situation."

Henry would have answered, but she insisted on his leaving the house; which, now believing her hardened beyond his power of reclaiming her, he was glad to do.

He was right in his conjectures; Miss Orthodox, or as she then chose to be called, Mrs. Wallace, was really past shame:—she felt little regret at parting with her noble lover, who had received her from her aunt's in Derbyshire, where she had been delivered of a still-born infant, and had taken those lodgings for her before he sent for her to town. Besides paying her rent, he allowed her a poultry pittance, as she now called three guineas per week, although when he first named that sum she thought it immense, and conceived it would not be possible for her to spend so much money; but so infinite and various were the resources that offered, as soon as she made her *entrée* into the great world, that three guineas a week was pitiful indeed; it would not, she said, pay her hair-dresser; nevertheless, though she despised him for his meanness, as she called it, and laughed at what she more properly termed his folly, his rank was her public protection; and in private (as in the case of Mr. Gab) the pride  
of



## NO JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

of being well with a nobleman's mistress, certainly enhanced the value of her favours.

When Lord Belvoir visited Lavinia, her dress was as neat and as plain as it was at other times showy and expensive; her diamonds were the gift of Mr. Gab, and the establishment of her family had several generous contributors towards its support.

Matthew Hudson, a part of her suite, was never seen by his lordship; he would as soon have expected to have met a pair of lawn sleeves among her domestics as a footman; but it did not follow, because an old whimsical lord should not see the necessity of a footman for a fine woman, that *she* should deprive herself of so agreeable an appendage to gentility.

"Lord, my dear," cried Miss Charlotte, who visited Mrs. Wallace, "I am astonished so much *good* company as you keep, you do not have a footman; I am sure you can afford it."

Lavinia was exceedingly clever at a hint;—she immediately sent to the register-office for a footman.

The person who kept the office took down her name, and place of abode, and very politely put her shilling in his pocket;—he should soon be able to supply her; he had indeed a hundred names of young men out of employ on his books;—but the man had some liberal ideas, he chose to have an hundred more; and next actually paid three shillings out of his pocket, for an advertisement to supply a lady with a servant, from whom he had received but one:

### "W A N T E D,

"A smart young man to wait on a single lady.  
"Perquisites allowed; good wages, and very little  
"work.—Enquire at the register office."

"Merry,"

## JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS. III

"Mercy," cried Matthew Hudson (who having grown out of all patience at the length of time it took or should have taken our hero, to write him the promised letter, had staid in London by stealth, and had been in the direct road to preferment long enough to spend his hoarded new guineas, and crown pieces) "Mercy, though if I hate Vimen, I wish I could get this place, howsever I'll try;" and away went Matt to the Register office:—many were the anxious applications and enquiries after Mrs. Wallace's place, but Matt having, as the office-keeper very justly observed, an honest countenance, and having likewise very fortunately reserved two Queen Ann's half crowns for a pinch, which he surrendered to this judicious observer; he was not only sent to the place, but furnished with an undeniable character, having lived two years in his last place, with a clergyman *he had never seen*.

Mrs. Wallace knew Matthew the moment she saw him, and hired him out of mere pride and ostentation, not doubting but the splendour in which she lived, and the fame of her beauty and fine cloaths, would be transmitted to Esther;—poor Lavinia!—she forgot, or perhaps had never yet been told, that grandeur, purchased at the expence of honour, is a more severe reproach, than the most abject poverty.

Mr. Gab, with whom she had accidentally met with at the play, was to her a mine of riches; his fondness was excessive, and his purse was ever open to her demands, frequent and extravagant as they were; ; it was therefore of far more importance to her, to retain his partiality than that of the noble lord's;—half an hour reconciled the gallant,—she got the ear rings,—sighed at parting,—and gloried in her address.

## CHAPTER XL.

*Pride will have a fall.*

WHEN Henry left Greek-street, he was very undetermined where to go, or how to conduct himself: Mr. Gab's looks were very unfriendly at their parting; nevertheless, he could not but conclude he would be as glad to avoid any disagreeable retrospect as himself; and as the abhorrence he felt at Lavinia's conduct was real, he believed every other man who was witness to the morning's transaction, would hold her in the contempt he did; and that consequently, when Mr. Gab came to cool on the matter, he would not only be ashamed on his part, but be glad to bury the whole affair in oblivion. When he had made these conclusions, he recollected his engagement to attend Mrs. Gab and her daughter to the ball; and it being then four-o'clock, he hastened to Dowgate-hill to dress.

The ladies were just sitting down to dinner, the friseurs having done their utmost to render them perfectly charming: immediately after the cloth was removed, he retired.

The business of the toilet was soon dispatched by Henry, he was at all times elegant and genteel; and he re-entered the drawing-room full two hours before the ladies were ready;—the interval gave time for reflection “even to madness.”

The end of every illaudable pursuit now struck him, as manifested in the dreadful fate of Lavinia; her address, her boldness and her dissimulation went to his heart; he considered them as the particular consequences of his own vices, and he shuddered to anticipate, the catastrophe of such abandoned

abandoned actions, nor, hardly could he hope it might end with her, while he knew himself to be equally guilty :—once before, he had regretted, he was not still in possession of Mr. Franklin's pecuniary favours ; that was at the moment, his heart expanded towards the honest sailors ; and once also he seriously regretted, that he was not in reality heir to the Dellmore fortunes, which was at the instant he held the soft hand of Clara Elton in his own.

Now, again, he deplored his poverty and dependant state, which afforded no resource for repentant iniquity, even if he could prevail on Lavinia to adopt that character ; but of one there was as little probability as of the other ; no hope of a decent provision even for himself, but in a long West India voyage ; or of reformation in her, but from very adverse fortune, and a series of that distress, which is the general reverse of their gay hours, to ladies who prefer her mode of life.

Mrs. Gab, in a vast flow of spirits, elegantly dressed, in her own idea, that is, as fine as rich cloaths and jewels could make her ; and her daughter in virgin-white, attended by our hero, set off at nine to the London tavern.

The room was crowded with opulent citizens and their families, and the riches of a commercial nation, shone in full splendour, in the brilliant appearance of her traders ; among those (as Mr. Gab was one of the most wealthy, so he was also among the respectable) way was made for Mrs. Gab and her daughter, who, with their escort, were accommodated with one of the most convenient seats at the upper end of the room : she was no sooner seated, than casting her eyes round the assembly, in all the triumph of immense wealth, she commenced a caricature history of the company ; weakly imagining, that by depreciating her neighbours,

she



she should conceal one part of her own history, and adorn the other.

Mrs. Gab had every quality requisite to form a complete satirist, except good sense and good nature; but those trifling deficiencies were amply supplied with a strong memory, a moderate share of envy, and abundance of curiosity, and a tongue that defied every impediment but sleep.

She was gratifying the malevolence of her temper, and as *she* conceived it, wonderfully entertaining to our hero, at the expence of every individual she knew; when a family, whose riches were at least equal to Mr. Gab's, entered, and as the ladies were arrayed in such an elegant stile as to vie with, if not out-shine Mrs. Gab, they became immediate subjects of her discourse; there were unfortunately some anecdotes in this family, which exposed them to the censure of their friends; the wounds caused by the indiscretion of a female near relation, were not quite healed; and they were consequently proper objects for Mrs. Gab to display her talent of ridicule upon;—the father (what was a father's feelings to Mrs. Gab?) sat directly behind her; he *heard*, he *felt*, he *groaned* at her volubility; the ladies coloured, and at length unable to bear so mortifying a situation removed to a greater distance,—but the *amende* awaited them.

A young man approached Miss Gab, whose spick and span new clothes, pretty stile, and smirking manner entitled him, as he fancied, to dance with the greatest fortune in the room; a distinction I beg leave to recommend to every well dressed young man, who having his taylor's long bill to pay, is distressed for ways and means; because the dancing (particularly if like Mr. Peter Martin, he excels in that agreeable exercise) a whole evening with a young lady who has any vanity at all, must be of the utmost advantage to a pretty fellow who

joined

ea  
do  
at  
ex  
me  
the  
dis  
fel  
fee  
asc  
it i  
a n  
the  
the  
qui  
nee  
ly f  
the  
ed  
I  
—M  
thin  
the  
was  
that  
to p  
fore  
he a  
there  
mod  
“  
Mrs.  
her,  
“  
Gab  
pose;  
ple w  
thing

can press a soft, or indeed if it be a hard hand, it does not much signify, heave a sigh, and languish at proper periods; it is indeed, a matter of such extreme importance to those charming young men, who, but for such occasions, might pass their whole lives without a single opportunity of distressing an industrious parent, by bettering themselves in the way of marriage, or of wounding the feelings of a whole family by having the honour ascribed to them, of ruining an innocent female; it is on behalf of those dear creatures, I hint at a manœuvre they would find of great advantage to them; which is, where there happens to be a mother, or aunt, or *chaperone* of any kind, who is not quite so young, or younger than their *daughters*, *nieces*, or *friends*, and are consequently impertinently scrupulous about the *proper* for the partners of their young women, that such may be excluded from a possibility of even entering a ball room.

I hope, Smarts, you will improve on this hint. —No, by no means, I could not suppose the dear thing in question to be, as to his taylor's bills, in the foregoing situation; they were all paid; but it was the opinion of his *papa*, his *guardians* and *himself*, that to dance with a person of large fortune, was to put himself in the way of marrying one; *Therefore* had he selected Miss Sophia Gab, *therefore* did he ask the honour of her hand for the evening, and *therefore* he was vastly disappointed when she modestly told him she was engaged.

"Who is that perdigious smart beau?" said Mrs. Gab, carelessly, to a person who stood near her, and to whom he had bowed.

"He is a young attorney," replied he, —Mrs. Gab bridled; "what, somebody's clerk, I suppose; well, it is really astonishing to me, how people who have any pretensions at all to the genteel thing, can let themselves down so much as to suffer

fer their families to mix with such sort of low folks; it is happy for Miss Gab, that my connections are in a higher *spear*; I should expire to see my daughter dance with any but a *man of fashion*." The man of fashion she alluded to, was not quite so vain of his rank; he would have been glad to have sunk his dignity, and very well contented to be one of the present assembly, and waved every pretension to any thing above it. The eyes of all within hearing of the lady, now directed their attention to Henry, whose feelings ill accorded with the look of superiority with which Mrs. Gab regarded their observations.

Presently a voice, too well known to be mistaken, exerted itself.—

"A man of fashion! why Billy," bawled he, "is not that Mumps?"—

"Upon my honour I believe so," answered the youth, who had solicited Miss Sophia to accept him for her partner.

Henry's confusion at this *dénouement* was inexpressible, and greater, than from his motives, might be expected; he had in changing his name, nothing to reproach himself with, because it was not meant to injure any living creature; as to the man of fashion, that was a character put on him by others, and adopted by necessity, nor, had the discovery been made on any other occasion, would it have been of the consequences it was now; but Mrs. Gab's vain glorious boast of the fashion and quality of her escort, shewed the matter in a light which could not fail of exciting ridicule, contempt, and indignation. True, he had been but a passive instrument of another's folly, nevertheless, the shame of detection was his, and for a moment unmanned him: the confusion, visible in his countenance, gave his enemies courage, while it wholly dismayed

dismayed his friends. In the promiscuous crowds, which are always to be met with at a public city assembly, it is hardly possible for the most respectable, and opulent part of the British empire, to escape the inconveniencies of being crowded with people who have not the least pretensions to such society. Mr. Holcomb had been presented with a couple of tickets by a West India merchant, and he had favoured Mr. Puffardo with one, who, proud of every opportunity of exhibiting himself, and supposing his own consequence increased, by his being seen among his betters, gladly accepted it, and had now the full gratification of revenge, and the happy means of rendering himself conspicuous by the same cause.

"Your servant, Mr. Dellmore," cried he, advancing.

"Dellmore!" answered Mrs. Gab, "the man's mad; the gentleman's name is Conway."

"It may be so," replied Puffardo, "but when I kept him on charity, he went by the name of Dellmore; though to be sure no body can blame him for changing it, for he had no more right to it than I had."

"Charity! cried the citizen," who had found himself much distressed by Mrs. Gab's history of his family misfortunes, and as much incommoded by her *Man of Fashion*, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! a man of fashion, kept on charity! Why Mrs. Gab, how's this?" then turning to the school-master (who, with the echo Holcomb at his side, not only gave, in his own way, the history of our hero's youth, but the circumstances in which he had lately met him) asked if he were clear as to the man.

Henry, in the mean time, had recollected himself; and though the sentiments of any one present were of no importance to him, yet the something implanted



implanted in our nature, that shrinks from general censure, would have dictated to him a vindication of himself from the slanderous, and in many parts, untrue history of him then giving, had his attention not been called off from himself, and his own affairs, by the situation of the lady he was with. Mrs. Gab, astonished as she was at the positive assertions of Puffardo, would have treated his intelligence with haughty contempt, as she protested Mr. Conway's every act was so much that of a person of quality, she should know him for such in the most obscure disguise, had not the young man, as well by his confusion as words, confirmed the fact against him. The ridiculous light in which she was conscious she must now appear, was aggravated by an observation from the piqued citizen before mentioned;—"that he wondered how a lady of Mrs. Gab's knowledge of the world, and acquaintance with polite life, could be so taken in;—now, to be sure as all the fat was in the fire, Miss could not dance at all, as he did not believe there was another man of fashion in the whole assembly."

The shrewd look, and allusion to the fat, joined to her own mortifying reflections, actually overcame her; she fainted away, at the instant Henry was advancing to Puffardo, who disliking the particular cast of his eye, retreated to the other end of the room.

Sophia, shocked at being the object of such public observation, and terrified at the situation of her mother, intreated him to assist in conveying her out of that room, into a private one; he obeyed the amiable girl, and Mrs. Gab very soon revived to a sense of humble pride, that sat very ill on her features; she at length recovered—the first object the distracted matron saw, being the one who had most offended her, she insisted on his leaving

leaving the place, and on no account to presume to follow her, or attempt entering her doors; as the moment she saw Mr. Gab she would not only acquaint him with the imposition put on him, but insist on his punishing such an impostor with the utmost severity of the law.

Few of her fellow citizens esteemed Mrs. Gab; a still less number loved her; but the present occasion was nevertheless interesting to every lady there; they now came in crowds to enquire how she found herself; and Henry, though conscious of the little part he had wilfully borne in her drama, could not stand the inuendos and observations of so large an assembly; he, therefore, very prudently withdrew, leaving the lady to face her numerous friends, or foes, which the reader pleases. He was, it is true, forbid to return to Dowgate hill, but as there only it was probable he might see Mr. Gab, in order to apprize him of the unfortunate discovery, as well as to explain away any doubts that gentleman might entertain from the circumstance of his having changed his name, he now resolved, notwithstanding the prohibition of Mrs. Gab, to go there; and he found so far he had judged right, for Mrs. Gab had arrived only one minute before him.

The brow of distrust, of jealousy, and uneasiness, yet clouded that gentleman's features; he had, it is true, forgotten, in the arms of the siren, all that had disturbed his tranquillity in the morning's adventure, and had continued with her from the time our hero left him to the present moment; but when the animated, youthful, and engaging countenance of Henry met his eye, a thousand fearful suspicions arose in his mind; ill was he disposed to enter into the merits of his case, as a friend, and still less could he venture totally to discard him, lest Lavinia, who from his folly had it fully in her power,

power, should likewise adopt the inclination to support him ;—the West India voyage was, in the idea of both, the only method of making all things easy. It was accordingly settled, that Henry should take his passage in the first ship that sailed ; and Mr. Gab advised him to remove from Dowgate-hill, without coming to any further explanation with Mrs. Gab, to whom he would make a merit of discarding the object of her dislike. He recommended it to him to retire then to rest, and be off in the morning before the family was stirring. He had scarce left the door when a thundering rap announced the fair, or rather red mistress of the mansion ; her tears and sobs were heard distinctly, from the street-door to the drawing-room, and prepared her husband for the storm before she entered ; Sophia too, from reflections very remote from those which operated on the feelings of her mother, was likewise in tears ; and the countenances of both ladies gave omens of inward perturbation.

“ Oh ! Mr. Gab,” cried his spouse, “ What have you done ?—you have made me the laughing-stock of the city assembly.—How could you have the cruelty for to go to *interdoose* that fellow to me ? Oh ! to think how I have been and exposed myself, you base man you ; when you so well know I keep none but the very best company ; and here you go and spend your time, God knows where, yourself ; and for to go for to leave your own wife and child to the company of a sharper.—Oh ! Mr. Gab, shame on you !”

The husband, conscious that his motives for consigning to a stranger the females of his family, would not bear enquiring into, affected to be very angry, and much surprized at what had happened ; he protested he had been himself deceived, that *he* was imposed on, but that he would certainly punish

H  
left D  
relieve  
Vor

punish the fictitious Mr. Conway, if money could do it.

Mrs. Gab was in some degree appeased by this promise, but poor Sophia's tears did not cease flowing; the anguish in her countenance now filled her father, who truly loved her, with jealousy of another kind; he feared Henry had not lost the many opportunities the mutual folly of both himself and wife had given him with Sophia; and the compunction this idea inspired, almost banished Lavinia from his mind. A stranger to delicacy, and totally ignorant of the soft and imperceptible gradation to the confidence it inspires, he, in a passion, demanded the reason of his daughter's uneasiness; adding with bitter imprecation, "if he found the villain had presumed but to think on her, he would put him to death."

This hint called forth fresh reproaches from his lady; but the gentle girl exculpated him from every accusation, with respect to her, and her solemn asseverations, that he had never attempted to inspire her with one partial thought of himself, quieted the apprehensions of her parents; this she could truly declare: but, alas! if Henry Conway was an impostor, what must his friend Charles Montgomery be?—thence sprung Sophia's grief, and thence the tears, that had so highly exasperated her father.

They soon retired—Mrs. Gab to vent her anger, and her daughter to indulge her tears.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### *The News-paper Intelligence.*

**H**ENRY, in pursuance of Mr. Gab's advice, left Dowgate-hill long before the leaden god had relieved Mrs. Gab from the disagreeable impressi-



ons the ball adventure had left on her mind. Morpheus, it is true, had visited her pillow, the moment her head, disincumbered from its daily load of hair, pomatum, pink powder, and black pins, was laid on it; but Morpheus, though a god, could not banish the *Man of Fashion* from her tortured imagination; and the sarcasm of her neighbour about the *fat*, rung in her ears, when all her other senses were in a state of total forgetfulness.—It will be some time before the course of the history will return to this lady; I could not therefore, part with her, on civiler terms (as I have deprived her of her quality escort) than leaving her under the protection of a god.

Short as the time was, which our hero expected to pass in the metropolis, as he had his baggage to remove, and some pecuniary matters to settle, it was necessary he should take a lodging; he was yet young, and yet inconsiderate, which is saying enough to convince our readers, that in seeking a dwelling he turned his face backward.

On Ludgate-hill he met, to his surprize, as it was so early an hour, stalking on his tip-toes, by way of preserving his clean white silk-stockings from a spot of dirt, with his best new scarlet coat, a shining waistcoat, and hair dressed *en gout*, Mr. Peter Martin.

Henry stopped, and enquired where he was going, at that time in the morning, so perfectly well dressed? He answered, that it was his day to attend the office,—that as it would be four o'clock before he could leave it, he should not then have time to dress, as he understood *that* was the dinner hour on Dowgate-hill,—and as Mrs. Gab, who was the politest woman breathing, had given him a general invitation there, he meant to pay his devoirs to the ladies, and take his dinner with them that day;—that as one of *their* gentlemen had

gone

g  
to  
an  
ad  
bo  
fa  
“  
a d  
I  
cof  
giv  
her  
the  
on t  
visib  
usin  
said,  
min  
his f  
ever  
just  
payin  
very  
It  
tance  
fence  
readin  
him;  
per, a  
in one  
with h  
“ Y  
on a m  
Miss C  
good e

gone out on a party of pleasure, he had promised to do what *little* of *his* business there was *to do*; and therefore was going thither thus early, "but," added he, "I shall see you at dinner."

"You do well," replied Henry, "to settle about dinner, before other people have broken their fast."

"Gad so, that's right, said Mr. Peter Martin, "neither have I breakfasted yet;—Shall we take a dish of coffee together?"

Henry assented, and they went to the London coffee house, where, while Mr. Peter Martin was giving directions about the muffins and coffee, our hero amused himself, with a cursory glance over the morning papers. After a very hearty breakfast, on the part of Martin, seeing his companion in a visible consternation, at a paragraph he was perusing in a news paper, he judged it (being, as he said, pressed for time, having exceeded by twenty minutes the hour in which he should have been at his friend's desk) unnecessary, or impolite, or whatever else the reader pleases, to interrupt him, and just giving him the *bonjour*, hurried off, without paying for his repast, an act he attributed to his very treacherous memory.

It must have been a matter of far more importance that could rouse our hero from the total absence of mind, into which the paragraph he was reading, although he now saw it not, had thrown him; he had, with anguish, read in a morning paper, a piece of news that benumb'd his senses, and, in one of the hottest mornings in July, froze him with horror. It was exactly this:

"Yesterday morning Sir James Restive set off on a matrimonial expedition to the North, with Miss Clara Elton, a beautiful young heiress to a good estate, and a large personal fortune."

Over and over had he read the fatal paragraph, and over and over had his eye ran, without being able to read it at all; the thing was past doubt; there was but one Clara Elton; *she* was married; and, in the terrestrial globe there was not another partner for the soul of Henry Dellmore.

He continued an immoveable figure of despair many minutes after Martin left him.

"Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe,

"No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow."

At length the paper dropped from his hands; his sight failed; all nature was as dark to him as his blasted hopes, and he would have fallen on the floor, had not a person, who had observed him from the next box, caught him in his arms; awhile he continued in a state, however paradoxical it may appear, of *sensible insensibility*; since, though he had not power to speak, or even move, he yet remembered he had lost Clara, and his recollection had almost suffocated him, when he was happily relieved by a flood of tears; these he endeavoured to conceal, but did not succeed; they would flow, and they would be seen; he faintly thanked the stranger for his civility, and ran out of the coffee-house, really as forgetful of payment for the breakfast as Martin had pretended to be; one of the waiters pursued him, and he was followed by the person whose benevolent spirit had impelled him to support our falling hero.

"Where art thou going, friend?" said he, as he overtook the man.—

"To make the gentleman pay for the breakfast"—replied he.

"*Thou* canst not *feel*, and therefore dost not know the force of secret anguish; the heart of that poor youth is rent with sorrow; I would he had not,

not, by his sudden absenting himself, defeated my purpose of giving comfort to his wounded mind; I will pay thy demand; *think* friend, in future, before thou disturbest a soul, rendered sacred by affliction.

In the distraction of his mind it was of small importance to Henry which way he went; straight forward, however, his feet involuntarily and with wonderful celerity carried him: he was passing Charing-cross with the same rapid inattention to the path he was pursuing, but was there stopped by the drawing out of a stage coach, the letters on the door of which informed him it was going to East Sheen.

This important intelligence roused him, and he was seated in the vehicle in the same minute that he understood where it was going.

And here, having no fellow traveller, he could indulge in bitter recollections that sunk him to despair.

"Dear lovely Clara, thou art now indeed vanished from hope;—but,

"Can thy dear image from my soul depart,

"Long as the vital spirit moves my heart!

"If in the melancholy shades below,

"The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow;

"Yet mine shall sacred last, *mine* undecay'd,

"Burn on through death, and animate my shade.

The agony he felt in the idea of her being forever lost to him, severe as it was, did not equal the poignancy of those regrets, which filled his heart, for having suffered his own concerns in the first instance, and his idle engagements with Mrs. Gab in the second, to divert his mind from the dangerous situation in which he had left her: he reproached himself for not having immediately acquainted Mr. Franklin of the perils with which she



was environed, and from which that gentleman's interference only could rescue her: he dreaded, yet expected to find she had been as Puffardo said, a victim to the art of the woman, to whose interested views her unfortunate attachment rendered her so easy a prey: he had generosity enough to wish, since she had made any other choice than himself, that she might have given her hand to a person worthy of her affection; his was now

“ The species of love whose excess prevents jealousy.”

His heart sunk with grief when he suffered himself to suppose that (all lovely, all attractive, and all divine as she appeared to him) the symmetry of her form, the beauty of her countenance, and the sweetness of her disposition, were perhaps the least temptation to the happy being who possessed her; and his imagination recoiled from the possibility of finding that her fortune and estate, might be of more moment to Sir James Restive, than the charms, which in *his* opinion, would adorn a regal title: With these ideas, the natural result of what he had heard, what he suspected himself, and what, from the purity of his affection, he feared, his reflections of himself, for the inactivity of his friendship, recurred with double force, and he sunk into an agony of sorrow, which he had an opportunity of indulging for the first two miles, being without a fellow traveller, when they overtook a tall thin lady, who then entered the stage.

Henry endeavoured to conceal the perturbation of his mind, and, by an exertion of that politeness that was natural to him, soon so far ingratiated himself into the favour of the lady, as to be entrusted with her name and circumstances.

This

This communicative person, was already arrived at (nay, some think a damsel of thirty, is past) the mature period of beauty; be that as it may, she was not yet arrived at that discretionary time of life, which knows the propriety of keeping her own secrets; she gave Henry to understand, that his civilities were not absolutely thrown away; for that her name was Perkins, and that she was head teacher at Mrs. Napper's boarding school;—a piece of information of very great importance to her companion, and her subsequent discourse was more so.

Miss Perkins led herself to the subject of the elopement; she asked our hero if he had heard of it? and without waiting for his answer to that question, proceeded to another; namely, whether he knew Sir James Restive; he is, continued she, “a very fine gentleman, perfectly polite, and well bred, Miss Elton's money could not be better laid out: then, he is the most generous creature breathing, always making the ladies at Mrs. Napper's presents, and in such a pretty manner; indeed she wondered Miss Elton could withstand him so long; but poor young lady, she had been disappointed in her first love;—heigh ho!—it was a sad thing to be disappointed; and men were so deceitful, that young women could not be too much on their guard; Sir James, she was pretty confident, knew the state of Miss Elton's heart before he fell in love with her at Vauxhall; but as Mrs. Napper knew what a shabby good for-nothing fellow she had set her mind upon, why, she did all in her power to make up the match; and to be sure, good reason she had, for Sir James had been an unknown friend to the family of the Napper's ever since he first saw Miss Elton; poor dear, she was very loth at last to consent, notwithstanding all the persuasions of her friends, the assiduities of the gentleman, and the

the grand stile Sir James lived in"—A sudden jolt of the coach, by knocking the very head of the voluble Miss Perkins against our hero's, then stopped her harangue; and as she complained much of the pain the accident gave her, he was afraid she had wholly dropped her admired Sir James and his bride: after giving her time to adjust her curls, he took courage to ask, just by way of renewing the subject,

"If the gentleman's fortune and connections were so entirely unobjectionable, what was the necessity for taking a step that on the lady's side at least, implied indiscretion?"

"Oh my head," cried Miss Perkins, "do you know, Sir, I am exceedingly subject to a disorder in my head and a kind of giddiness that"—"I am much concerned, madam!—but pray did Miss Elton?"—

"Oh dear, sir, I beg you will make no sort of apology, for you know, sir, if I had not had the good fortune to run my head directly in your face, I must have fallen against the glass, and perhaps quite disfigured myself."—

"—And that, Ma'am, would have been a general misfortune—Pray, Ma'am, is Miss Elton handsome?"—

"Some people think her so; but for my part, I think her complexion is too fair; and (viewing her own face in a pocket-glass) I think a little rouge would be a vast addition, but Miss Napper never could prevail on her to wear any."—

"Good God," cried Henry, "how much of Miss Napper's kindness has been thrown away on this young lady!—I suppose she was more successful in her arguments for the Scotch journey; I presume *that* was a matter she was easily prevailed on to consent to?"

"Oh,

"Oh, not so easy, I assure you: to be sure (lowering her voice) I believe there was *a little* contrivance between Mrs. Napper and the Baronet."

"As, how, dear madam," (lowering his voice also?)

"Don't you know Sir James? but I suppose you don't; well, then, sir, though I would not have it mentioned as coming from me for the world—Sir James is as poor as a rat."

"And so generous; so liberal in his presents?"

"—Ah, Lord Sir; that's—but however, it is no business of mine."—Henry was stretched on the rack.

"Pray, Ma'am, proceed, I beg, Ma'am; you are so agreeably entertaining."

"You are very polite, sir;—but I detest scandal; if I can say no good of a person, why, I can hold my tongue, that's my way, sir; though to be sure, as to Sir James Restive, why every body knows, so that it is no secret, his is a character better known than trusted; he has made a shift to spend a fortune about three times larger than he ever possessed of his own, and is still pretty comfortably in debt: Sir James, like many others, condescends to commence Patriot at the instant he is a beggar; but Miss Elton's fortune they say is very large, and he has already advanced Mrs. Napper a good deal of money, and promised to settle her affairs entirely, when they return from the north: for my part, I wish he may with all my heart; poor woman, she owes me a year's salary, and I only wait to be paid; I don't much like to leave my property in such hands;—to be sure we were all in a violent fidget to'ther day, the match had like to have been broken off; that shabby fellow I was saying Miss Elton liked so; why dear me, as Mrs. Napper said, talk of being ruined, sure it is much



more to a young lady's honour, put the worst to the worst, and let Sir James be ever so wild, to be ruined by a gentleman, than a poor low born wretch, as he certainly is, and lives entirely among bad women: but do you know, sir, we were like to have been all in the wrong several times; and I firmly believe, if Miss Elton had not met him herself with some of his associates, she would not have gone at last; though, if she had not, poor Mrs. Napper and Sir James might have compared notes together in the King's Bench; but thank God they are gone; every thing conspired in favour of Sir James: the young lady's guardian was on the point of fetching her two months ago; he had long entreated her to leave Mrs. Napper, and his last letter was an absolute command; but, the very morning he intended to set out from Devonshire, he was seized with a fit of the gout; Cupid, as Sir James says, laid an embargo on old squaretoes;—to be sure Sir James has a vast deal of wit."

"Poor! poor Clara!" exclaimed Henry, with an involuntary burst of grief; "Dear, helpless Orphan, where slept the power that should have protected thy innocence, and rewarded the beneficence of thy spirit with felicity as inexhaustible as the softness of thy nature!"

Miss Perkins actually jumped to the other side of the coach; frightened at the sudden alteration in his looks, and terrified at the warmth of his manner, which spoke an interest in the subject of their discourse, very improper for the confidence her volubility had reposed; she asked him, trembling, if he knew Miss Elton?"—

Too much absorbed in grief, to attend to her question.—

"What now," continued he, "avails this fruitless journey? Ingrate that I am! why was it not undertaken before, when the interference of friend-  
ship

ship might have saved the most lovely of women from sure destruction? This, then, madam, was a plan concerted and carried into execution at a boarding school; a place dedicated to the sacred purpose of forming the minds and manners of young females. Oh that Clara Elton's fate was not the one destined to speak to the feeling of those thoughtless parents, who caught by mere outside show, by a speciousness of manners, and an affectation of wisdom, where folly only dwells, consign the morals of their daughters, the honour of their posterity, into the care of women, who have not understanding properly to instruct, or prudence to guide in their own families; who, having prodigally parted with the credit of every thing desirable in their own character, can so little enforce its value to younger minds!"

"Why, to be sure," answered the female, not a little pleased at an opportunity of setting forth the purity of her own principles, at the expence of her employer; poor Mrs. Napper, and indeed her daughter, are too little careful about saving appearances; but to tell you the truth, this marriage of Miss Elton's was the forlorn hope; the school has been dropping off a long while; they are a very imprudent family.—

"Imprudent," repeated Henry, "call them vile, wicked designers, and include yourself in the description, you, who could be a party in so infernal a plot:"—"Open the door," cried he to the coachman, "I will no longer breathe the same air with any part of so detestable a set; but remember, madam, and let Mrs. Napper likewise remember, there are laws—severe ones, against the stealing of an heiress; expect your confederacy will meet a reward;"—so saying he jumped out, leaving a lesson of taciturnity with Mrs. Perkins she never forgot.

What

What he had heard from the teacher, respecting the plan concerted for the destruction of his love, though it planted daggers in his soul, fell short of the anguish it gave him to find, that the dear creature actually loved him: he had now nothing to learn by going to East Sheen, and therefore turned back, after bestowing a few hearty curses on the inhabitants:—in his rage against Mrs. Napper, and his contempt of Puffardo, I am afraid he had not the grace to separate the godly from the ungodly.

## CHAPTER XLII.

*Friendship of the old and new School.*

IT was a very hot day, and now near noon; he was walking on, covered with dust, broiling with heat, and lost in unavailing regrets, when a voice, in which gentleness and harmony were blended, reached his ear, from a plain brown chariot passing him on the road; a momentary shame clouded his features.

He now found it was the amiable Quaker, whose kindness he had so ungratefully forgotten: she desired he would get into the carriage, and invited him to dine with her in his way to town.

To resist her intreaties was impossible, but the remembrance of her former goodness, *often, very often* filled him with confusion: he endeavoured to frame an apology for his neglect, but invention was obstinate, he could think of nothing but Clara; her image filled his heart, and his loss cast an anguish on all his features.

“Hast thou a reason, young man, thou canst assign to me, for rejecting our offered friendship?” said the Quaker.

He

He owned he had not ; one excuse, and only one, there was ; but *that* he could not at present explain.

The fair Quaker forbore to reproach him, but after fixing on him her fine penetrating eyes ; “ I do not like,” said she, “ the appearance of mystery in young people ; what can a heart, unacquainted with guilt at thy age, have to conceal ? If thou hast any distressing cause for secrecy, thou hast acted unwisely.—

“ If thou art in indigent circumstances, thou knowest little of Daniel Burgefs, if thou hast doubted his will to serve those whom he esteemeth.—

“ If, in the hours of youthful gaiety, prudence hath deserted thee, if inadvertence hath misled thee, if inexperience hath blinded and involved thee in difficulties, which required the lenient hand of indulgence to extricate thee from ; why hast thou not sought the habitation of Daniel and Rebecca Burgefs ?”

The soft accents of kindness and humanity that flowed from the mild lips of Mrs. Burgefs, were enforced by looks of sweet benevolence ; and a swimming fluid that, as she gazed on Henry, filled her own eyes, deprived him of the power to answer her.

“ Thou canst not be ungrateful ; thou art unfortunate ;” and the chrystal drops then distilling from her eyes, “ thou art a living image of a friend I loved in my early youth ; thy face, thy voice, thy manner : Ah, how like ! it was that striking resemblance, which opened my heart towards thee, and I have grieved incessantly at that forgetfulness of thy promise, that deprived me of the pleasure of retracing features, long lost, but ever dear to my soul.—

“ Oh,



"Oh, where," thought Henry, "can I hope to find an object whose features will remind me of those so adored—I have for ever lost."

Mrs. Burgefs, after a few moments silence, resumed, "my health will not suffer me to live in London, and my spirits are too weak to support me in much society; there are few things the world can now give that have interest in my wishes; to see thee often and to know thou art not unworthy the kindness of Daniel and Rebecca Burgefs, is now one of the very few things that would please me."—Henry felt himself affected at this address, his heart was on his lips; he could have revealed his whole history to the good Quaker; but the concern of his soul was not at that time for himself.

"Oh! Madam," said he with a deep sigh, and eyes which were averted, to conceal their soft overflowings, "Clara, Clara Elton!" he stopped—

"Thou alarmest me; what of Clara Elton, is she dead?"—

"Ah! no, no, she is ruined,—married to a fortune hunter—for ever bound to a being whose love is to her estate, who sees not, knows not, how infinitely richer she is in soul, than in wealth."

"Well," answered Mrs. Burgefs, "I understand thee: poor youth! why hast thou concealed thy love for this young woman, till it is too late for thy friends to be of any service to thee? We wrote to our friend Franklin, and thought he had sent for his ward to him; he assured us he would: whom has she married?"

The name of Sir John Restive was enough; the good Quaker sighed for the fate of the young orphan; his was a very public character; folly and dissipation marked all his actions: deeply involved in debts, contracted partly by extravagance of living, and partly by a weak and obstinate adherence to

to party, and setting up for a country borough in opposition to ministry, at the end of the contest he had gotten to the bottom of his purse, and lost his election: necessity then pointed out to him a mode of existence which nothing can excuse in a man of honour, though poverty might perhaps a little palliate it in a man of the world; he supported himself by the credulity of people on whom he could impose; in plain English, he lived by his wits.

Mrs. Burgefs deplored the unhappy fate of the poor Clara, nor, gentle as she was, could she wholly forbear some reflections on Mr. Franklin, for his neglecting to remove his ward out of so hazardous a situation, which, she said, might have been done, notwithstanding his gouty attack.

Mr. Burgefs was that day gone to town; he had appropriated it to settling some accounts with Mr. Levifage: and, a thing that seldom indeed happened to him, he had set out very early from Clapham, and meant to dine *from* his Rebecca.

The conversation of our hero with Mrs. Burgefs was therefore uninterrupted; and it became more interesting, as her recollection still reminded her of the strong likeness he bore to the beloved friend she told him of in the chariot.—After a long pause, during which she had fixed her eyes on him, till they were surcharged with tears:—

“Are thy parents living?” said she, in a tremulous accent.

Henry was very much at a loss how to answer her;—if he said they were, the next natural question would be, “Who are they?” And if he told her they were dead, *that* would also lead to particulars he wished to avoid: there was no part in his own life he was so much ashamed of, as the fraud practised on a respectable family by his pretended mother; he blushed whenever she  
was

was mentioned; and her cruelty, in so totally abandoning him, after she had gotten him into her power for so infamous a purpose, left on his mind a disgust, that had entirely eradicated all those emotions of tenderness which, at his first going into the world, had filled his heart with more regret for her loss, than indignation at her duplicity.

He therefore, slightly said, he had the misfortune to be deprived of both his parents, when he was not sensible of their loss; and that he had been brought up and educated by a relation. His answer threw Mrs. Burgefs into a fit of thoughtfulness, which brought on sickness and cold sweats, and these ended in a fainting fit.

Henry was dreadfully alarmed at her sudden indisposition, but he was in some measure pacified, by her maid's saying, she was very often seized in that manner. It was near seven o'clock before she was recovered enough to see him, when she confirmed her maid's account of the state of her health; and the carriage being ordered to town, to fetch Mr. Burgefs, she begged he would make use of it to convey him home, and not again trust to accident for a renewal of their acquaintance.

Henry had engaged to meet Mr. Gab at eight o'clock, and he was yet unprovided with a lodging; indeed, the adventures of the day had been so rapid in their succession, as well as extraordinary in their nature, that they appeared, on recollection, more like a vision than reality; but the sad conviction, that Clara was lost, soon connected his scattered ideas, and he alighted from Mr. Burgefs's chariot at Newington Butts, from whence he walked to his old lodgings at Charing-cross, where having engaged a bed, he then repaired to his appointment with Mr. Gab.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

**S**TILL gloomy, suspicious, and uneasy was Mr. Gab; the sight of his young rival was a basilisk that destroyed him: twice in the course of the day had that amorous personage journeyed from Dowgate-hill to Soho, in order to try whether it was possible for him to be more unhappy, by detecting Henry and Lavinia in an interview together; and, though he did not find his fears confirmed, yet, the certainty that it was possible, and the idea that it was also probable, they would, in spite of all his vigilance, find opportunities to meet, he became every moment more insupportable; his mind was the seat of distrust, and the most rancorous jealousy; he was wretched at home, uneasy abroad, and totally incapable of giving the usual attention to his extensive business.

While he was in this unenviable state, a message from an eminent agent, in whose concerns he was deeply interested, was delivered to him, requesting his immediate presence at his house, on an affair of great importance. He trembled at the idea of being off his watch, but could, by no means, avoid going to the agent's; nevertheless he took coach, and paid a third visit to Lavinia before he went to Crutched Friars. There, however, reluctant as he went, he was furnished with an opportunity of wholly getting rid of a man who was obnoxious to his peace.

Captain Manly was an officer of great worth and honour; he had distinguished himself in several actions with the enemies of his country; and his bravery could only be equalled by his generosity: if to relieve the distressed, and to share his purse with



with his unfortunate brother officers, was not the *real* use to which a brave man should put his money, he was, he confessed, ignorant of any other; the consequence of this ridiculous way of thinking was, that when the war was ended, notwithstanding Captain Manly had taken many prizes, he returned to England crowned with laurels, but not quite out of his agent's books. While, therefore, many more *discreet* officers, were retired to their snug boxes, enjoying the reward of their prudence as well as valour, *he* was obliged to solicit employment abroad, in time of profound peace; for though he had been favoured with the command of a guard-ship in one of the royal harbours, his spirit was too magnificent to be restrained by his power; he found, at the year's end, a considerable balance in his agent's accounts in that gentleman's favour; and a fleet being ordered to the East Indies, he obtained the broad pendant, and was settling his accounts when Mr. Gab was announced.

The Captain's leave of absence was expired; he was going out of town the next morning, to join his ship; his business could not therefore be postponed, and Mr. Gab condescended to wait.

Captain Manly was not remarkable for his patience; he was heartily tired of looking over figures that told so much against him, and sincerely lamented the loss of a young man, who was lately dead, and had for many years been his public clerk, and private secretary, adding to his regret for his untimely fate, the small hopes he had of ever supplying his place so acceptably to himself; "for," said he, "he was not only the most faithful domestic, but the most agreeable and unassuming companion in the world."

"I believe, Sir," cried the provident Mr. Gab, half choaked with his own eagerness, "I can recommend you a young man, whose abilities and education

education will qualify him to answer every purpose you have described."

"But," said the Captain, "I sail the instant I get on board; your friend must, if I approve him, have time to provide for so long a voyage."

Mr. Gab had already surmounted every difficulty in his own mind; he knew there wanted but one thing to compass every purpose in the metropolis, which he possessed in great abundance; and what was money, in comparison of a kind glance of Lavinia? He eagerly engaged for and promised every thing on behalf of Henry; and the agent, being too well acquainted both with his judgment and power, to doubt but that the person he so warmly recommended was properly qualified for the place, seconded his wishes; the Captain therefore gave him directions to his lodging in Suffolk-street, where he desired he would bring his friend, who, if he approved of, he promised to engage.

When Captain Manly took his leave, Mr. Gab could very slightly attend to the business that carried him to the agent's; he was impatient to see Henry, and as doubtful of his acceptance of a place which he was himself conscious was beneath him. But notwithstanding his recent promises to provide for him in so different a manner, the sending him immediately out of the kingdom, to such a distant part of the globe, from whence it must be some months before even a letter could reach Lavinia from him, was a matter of that importance to his peace, that he secretly resolved to carry his point, at any risk or expence, even though he should be obliged to give Henry a sum of money, adequate to his disappointment in the West India affair.

East, west, north, or south, from the burning sands of uncultivated Africa to the freezing shores of the inhospitable Zealanders—seasons, climates, and

and people, were now all equally indifferent to our hero: the wish, so natural to men, of rising in the world, the desire for independence, no longer existed in his soul; Clara Elton, on whom every thought ultimately dwelt—whose image perpetually glided on his imagination—from whom his ideas were never wholly separated—whose gentle graces had first taught him to distinguish between the blandishments of a wanton and the delightful thrills of a virtuous passion—whose face was the index of seraphic excellence, whose voice, whose touch, melted him into rapture—was for ever lost. Hitherto his thoughts had, on every occasion, always reverted to her, as the source of future happiness; when his mind, elated with thoughtless mirth, and all apprehensions of future care lost in the present hilarity, was insensible to pain, even then there was more in view—Clara was a degree of pleasure too great for a mortal to think of with hope, but he *would think* of her nevertheless: when depressed by misfortune, poverty, and sorrow, Clara was his consolation; she was his talisman against grief, and her sweetness and perfection could at any time fill his soul with a delight too exquisite to be overcome by the common occurrences of human life; and though he had never yet suffered himself to think seriously on any means whereby he might obtain the jewel that dazzled him with its lustre, the anguish he felt at her marriage was an incontestible proof of the consequence she was of to his peace.

Sick of the world, and all it now could afford, he was waiting the appearance of Mr. Gab, equally destitute of hope, and void of fear.

Othello himself could not be more frantically jealous than Mr. Gab, save that his Moorship chose to wreak it on his wife, and the citizen felt his ire excited only against his rival; he, however, disguised his sentiments, under an appearance of friendly

friendly solicitude for an object he would have rejoiced to know was no more; he had collected a long string of excuses for the non-performance of his promise, and a variety of arguments to persuade a young man of first rate abilities that it was a most desirable thing to go to the East Indies, as captain's clerk of a man of war.

He had received such accounts from his Jamaica correspondents that rendered it unnecessary to send any person to manage his property there;—*they* had placed a person to superintend his affairs, whom he could not remove, without affronting them; and moreover, as it was one who was very conversant in the business, to remove him would be highly prejudicial to his own interest.

On the other hand, Captain Manly was a man of great interest; could handsomely provide for any person who had the good fortune to please him in his official capacity; and many and justifiable were the resources by which a secretary to the commander in chief might accumulate princely fortunes; as to its being in peaceable times, that was nothing, it was always in the power of the company's servants to set the simple inhabitants of the east together by the ears, which they would certainly not fail to do as often as it concerned either their interest or caprice; and in that case, would a British commander not partake of the loaves and fishes! *No, no*, they knew better!

Mr. Gab, so earnest was he to carry his point, had committed these redoubtable reasons to writing, lest the smallest tittle should escape him; but he was most agreeably surprized, at receiving Henry's ready consent to go with Captain Manly, without so much as asking the reason why the West India plan was given up?

Mr. Gab could not conceal his satisfaction, though he took great pains so to do; it was unnecessary,



necessary, Henry had *that* within him, which sufficiently engrossed his attention ; but he did not forget to thank the citizen for his solicitude to serve him, and immediately accompanied him to the Captain's lodgings.

Captain Manly was exceedingly pleased with our hero ; but so far from concurring with Mr. Gab in his opinion, that it was an eligible provision, he sincerely lamented he could not offer a young man of Henry's appearance and abilities something more worthy his acceptance, than the office of his clerk ; which, however, he engaged to render as agreeable and advantageous as was in his power.

“ Melancholy had marked him for her own ; ”

But Henry was not so entirely abstracted from the world, as not to distinguish, and feel the politeness and sympathy with which the gallant Captain addressed him : never indeed had that gentleman felt himself more interested than on his behalf ; his indifference to his fate, it was easy to perceive, was not the effect of stupidity ; his countenance was the exact herald of his thoughts—what those were the reader knows.

Captain Manly was as poor as his intended clerk, and as thoughtless too ; he had the advantage in years, but his stock of worldly wisdom was rather less than Henry's ; his credit was stretched to its utmost limits in fitting himself out in a proper style for the voyage, and his ready money was barely sufficient to carry him on board his ship.

“ I will advance,” thought he, “ this young man twenty guineas ; he is certainly in distress,”—this was thought the first.

“ But I have not half that sum for myself.”—That was thought the second.

“ I wil

"I will save him his expences down, however," said thought the third;—and accordingly he very politely offered, and Henry gratefully accepted, a place in his post-chaise; an offer that was both honourable and convenient to him; and he promised to attend the Captain at eleven the next morning.

Our hero knew nothing of the necessities fit for so long a voyage; he had a tolerable stock of linen, and some few changes of clothes, all which were ready packed.

When Mr. Gab's private convenience rendered it proper Henry's appearance should be consistent with the character of a gentleman, he had liberally supplied him with means to support that character; but when *that* was no longer the case, the hatred inseparable from jealousy barred every avenue to kindness; he therefore parted with him, without hinting at pecuniary matters, although he had engaged to Captain Manly he would take on himself the care and expence of equipping him for the voyage.

Henry had no home to return to, no relations to take leave of, no friend to weep the parting adieu with; Clara Elton was now in the transports of nuptial enjoyment: she would soon return to England, hateful country! how he detested it! gloom and discontent filled his soul.

He returned to Charing-cross, and at his solitary supper took out his pocket-book to throw away useless papers, and there he found Janet Macdougal's letter, and the duplicate.

"Poor Janet!" said he, "I forgot thee too; I remember every thing too late: I will send to Captain Gab,—if he does not repay part of the money I have lent him, I shall not have enough to take thy little mistress out of pawn:"—a letter was instantly dispatched, to request the Captain would  
favour

favour Mr. Conway with the loan of twenty pounds—the sum he had borrowed was fifty.

Captain Gab was not at home;—the message was repeated;—the Captain was still abroad. Early next morning Henry went himself to the Captain's lodgings, where he had the honour of seeing him and his signora at the window, and of being told by the servant, they were gone to Bath: he flung from the door with contempt; the noble Mr. Gab's breach of promise serving to enforce, in his opinion, the absolute obligation on every man of honour to beware how he gives his word, but when once given, to keep it at all events.

"*I have promised Janet*," said he, as he took the way to the pawn-broker's—

"How much does this picture come to?"

The man looked earnestly at him:—"Five pounds, Sir."

Henry had but three guineas and a little loose silver; he looked vexed, and sighed,—"*Poor Janet!*"

"If the picture is your's, Sir," said the man, "as I think, notwithstanding the alteration in your growth and features, it is"—

"Mine! no friend, it belongs to a poor woman, for whom I promised to redeem it; but I am exceedingly mortified to find the sum exceeds my ability: and it may be never more in my power."

"The picture, Sir," said the man, shall not be sold, if it be seven years years before I hear of the honest Irish woman, I could have sworn it had been your own, the boy's features are so amazingly like; will you walk up, and look at it?"—

Henry's curiosity was raised, and he followed the pawn-broker into his best room; where (imagine his astonishment) he saw a portrait of Mrs. Dellmore and himself, when about twelve years old, which he perfectly remembered sitting to the painter

painter for: " Good God !" said he, starting back, " it is my picture ; how could that woman possibly be in possession of it ?"

All the pawn broker knew of the matter was, that the old Irish woman pledged it ; and that he believed her very honest, and would preserve it for her, as he before said, seven years.

Dellmore's amazement increased, as he endeavoured to recollect every circumstance he had heard Janet repeat of her life : not once had she mentioned her having been in service ; her two marriages, and peregrinations from Ireland to Scotland, and from thence to England, and her uncomfortable life with her husband, she had repeated with that prolixity, and tedious exactitude, natural to old people ; but not a syllable had she mentioned of serving any lady : yet in her letter she called the picture her dear little mistress. But, interesting as was this matter, our hero had no time to lose in developing mysteries, he did not know where to find Janet, nor was he sure, if he did find her, she could acquaint him with what he was now most curious to know, which was who he really belonged to ; and even that was of the less importance, as he thought it but too probable that he was the offspring of penury and vice ; since poverty only could never have prevailed on the most abject of God's creatures to give up their child for such base purposes ; he paid the interest due on the picture, and then returned to his lodgings, from whence he joined his Captain, having sent his baggage to the stage ; with thirty-eight shillings in his pocket, no credit, and few cloaths, Henry Dellmore left London with Captain Manly, to begin a voyage to the East Indies.

In the course of their long journey to Plymouth, which they reached without any remarkable occurrence, both the captain and his clerk's good



opinion of each other increased ; the former indeed considered the latter as a valuable acquisition ; and Henry found in Captain Manly's society a relief from the sadness of heart which oppressed him.

The Captain repaired immediately on board, but left Henry to wait the arrival of the stage, with his baggage, and orders on a particular signal, to go on board at all events, even suppose it should be before the stage arrived, which actually was the case, although his trunks were sent off to the ship before they left the Sound.

The Captain received him in a manner that insured the respect of those young gentlemen with whom it is customary for persons in his station to meet ; but he had not been long introduced to them, before he found he had an embarrassment to get over, of which he had before no conception ; which was, his inability to subscribe his quota towards the stock already laid in ; and the further expenses which would be incurred when the ship touched at the Madeiras.

A certain inborn pride, inherent to human nature, and more particularly predominant over the minds of young people of elevated ideas, rendered this a very distressing circumstance to our hero ; he felt mortified at his poverty, and ashamed to confess it to a set of light-hearted young men, to whom care did not appear to be known. While he was ruminating on his situation, and fervently wishing he had been apprized of the difficulties he had to encounter, before he accepted his present station, the squadron were all under weigh, and the wind being fair, they sailed at a great rate.

Henry had never before been on salt water, excepting only crossing the channel from Dover to Calais in his infancy ; and the usual effect, on first sailing on the briny element, seized him with great violence ;

violence; he retired to his cabin, and continued a week unable to leave it, during which time Captain Manly's servants constantly attended him; and his mesmates were, notwithstanding he had not yet paid his share towards the mess, kindly solicitous to serve and oblige him.

As the sea sickness went off, the uneasiness of his mind increased; the open-hearted civilities of the young midshipmen were so many reproaches on him for obtruding himself on their society, without power to pay his way: the blood mounted into his cheeks at their approach, and his extreme distress of mind affected his health, so that he was unable to attend his duty for several days after the sickness had left him: to add further to his mortification, none of the cloaths he brought with him were suitable to his station; a few fine ruffled shirts, silk stockings, and three coats, with a pair of sattin breeches, and muslin and other gay waistcoats, were not fit for so long a voyage, nor for the appearance of a Captain's clerk.

These were matters that came to his knowledge too late; he sickened at his prospect, and his heart sunk in despair: not one friendly bosom was there in the whole world *for him*, nor among the myriads that inhabited the earth, was there one who felt the least solicitude for him; and if there were, if he could be restored to the fond parental caress—if he could be re-adopted by the man of benevolence—if prosperity and affluence were again to gild his days—the sadness of his soul, the despair with which it was filled the instant he was alone, and could without interruption meditate on his lost Clara, convinced him his peace was for ever ruined. Hopeless in mind, he became careless of his person; his fine eyes lost their lustre; the vermilion, that gave to his manly countenance the appearance of health and chearfulness, was no

more seen; and his fine hyacinthine locks were not only no more the ornaments of his face, but they were totally neglected; in vain were delicacies sent to him from the Captain's table, for they were returned untouched: the despair and anguish of his mind became conspicuous in his figure; and in a very short time the handsome, blooming, and elegant Henry Dellmore sunk into a spectre; a shadow only of what he had been now remained.

The surgeon of the ship reported him to the Captain as a young man whose intellects were disordered; and his opinion met the greater credit, as he had often wondered at such an accomplished person being reduced to accept a situation so much beneath his education and appearance: the Doctor's report was, therefore, an elucidation of the mystery, very little to the credit of the person who had recommended him; but Captain Manly's idea of his insanity did not deprive Henry of his pity, on the contrary, he gave strict orders that every attention should be paid to his unhappy malady; and the notion of his insanity gaining ground from his profound melancholy, he was, by degrees, forsaken by the young Mids, who were too humane to sport with misery; and who all respected the wreck that sorrow had left of so amiable a man.

In this deplorable state, brooding over misfortunes he had no hope that time would relieve, and a voluntary exile from society, he continued a total inattention to his person; his beard had been a week unshaven, and he was sitting, with his eyes fixed on the ground, the slow tear rolling down his pale cheek, when one of the Doctor's mates entered the cabin, with a medicine which had been ordered, and which Henry refused to swallow.

Mr.

Mr. Williams was skilful and good tempered, he felt the sincerest compassion for our hero; and, not quite so positive in his opinion as his principal, endeavoured to engage the wretched youth in conversation; and so far succeeded, as to prevail on him to be shaved, to change his linen, and accept a book, which Henry promised to read; but which he found, on visiting him the succeeding morning, he had not opened.

Mr. Williams again made every friendly effort to induce him to adopt some mode that would at least divert the passing moment; and pointed out some beautiful passages in the book he had lent him. Henry's politeness had not wholly deserted him; in compliance with Mr. Williams's persuasion, he looked over the parts he pointed to; and, in that interval, *the Mate* also took out of his pocket a book;—the subject of *his* study was one much more calculated to engage Henry's attention, in his then state of mind, than Hayley's Poems—it was "The Sorrows of Werter," and was then open at the short note, beginning with—

"I sometimes cannot comprehend how it is  
"that she loves another, how she dares"—

And ending—

"Whilst I think only of her, know only her,  
"and have nothing but her in the world."

It caught his eye, it pierced his heart; "Do me the favour," said he eagerly, "to lend me the book you are reading, when you have gone through it."

"I have already read it through," answered he, looking at the same instant cautiously round the cabin, and adding, "Can you lend me a pistol?"

"Alas!" replied Henry, "I have no such thing; have you not observed I am unprovided with every thing suitable to my situation?"



Williams then thought he might venture to leave him the book.

Dangerous indulgence! poisonous sensibility! How many victims to sin and folly has that one publication produced? The mind, indeed, on whom it can have a baneful effect, must be enervated by passion, it must be lost to virtue; but such there are, and such at this period, was our hero's.

He shut himself up with his new companion—in Werter's passion he read his own, and he even saw his Clara cutting bread and butter for a parcel of chubby-faced children. Whether he envied the German hero the boxes on the ear or not, he certainly considered Sir James Restive as the Albert of his tragedy; and bravely determined on following the example the suicide had set him.

"I have a thousand reasons," said the infatuated youth, "to be weary of existence, which Werter had not:—a thousand excuses to carry with me, to the only father I ever knew, for coming unbidden into his presence; for claiming from him, that protection this world will not afford me.—From my infancy I have been marked with sorrow and misfortune. Werter had a mother, *he* had friends; fortune had not denied *him* a home; he had lost his Charlotte; and there also my anguish is superior to his; he knew she was the betrothed wife of another, at the first *moment* he beheld her; *my Clara*;—*Ah! my God! I*——but Werter, thy voice reaches me from thy grave; and, behold, I follow thee!—

It was by this time midnight; and our hero ascended to the middle-deck, with as much silence and precaution as possible, and passed, without speaking, or being spoken to, to the ship's side, from whence, with Werter in his bosom, he plunged into the sea.

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE Chaplain of the ship was a moral man, and something of an astronomer. The night was remarkably clear, and the stars unusually brilliant; he was also, though a married man, a passionate lover, and he was indulging his favourite propensity of reading the planets, and ruminating on the virtues of an absent and beloved wife; at the same instant, the noise occasioned by our hero's plunge into the water, had nevertheless power to drive his wife and the stars out of the head of a fond husband, and a devout astronomer:—had this gentleman half the time in consideration about saving the life of a fellow creature, that Henry had taken to resolve on his own destruction, my history would have finished at the end of the last chapter; and perhaps my readers may regret that it did not, and condemn the folly of a poor parson, whose young family's daily bread depended on his existence; for the imprudent risk of his own life, in behalf of a stranger, and one, who, for aught he then knew to the contrary, might be one of the most worthless among the crew of an eighty-gun ship of war; but as this was not the first silly act our chaplain had been guilty of, neither, I doubt, will it be found to be the last.

The sea carried our hero directly under the stern gallery, where the chaplain was, as I have said, in alt; he saw the perishing object, and being himself an expert swimmer, which it was evident the wretch, who was at the mercy of the waves, was not, he instantly stripped off his coat, and fearlessly jumped into the sea, just in time to catch the sink-

ing body by the hair of its head, and supporting him till some men from the ship took them both up.

Captain Manley was alarmed at the danger of his Chaplain, who was his great favourite ; and he was soon informed, it was the lunatic, who had acted so perfectly in character ; he insisted on the former going immediately to bed, and ordered the latter, who lay quite insensible, to the care of the Doctor. Williams, as his principal was gone to rest, immediately attended ; and, on stripping Henry, found next his heart a small locket with hair, and *The Sorrows of Werter* ; the latter he unmercifully consigned to the waves, with a seaman's blessing on the author : he then proceeded to the usual remedies ; and after two hours humane and close attention, left our hero in a gentle perspiration in bed.

The next morning, at Captain Manly's breakfast, he mildly condemned his Chaplain, for risking a life of such importance to his family.

The Chaplain pleaded an irresistible impulse, and expressed a desire to see the supposed madman ; scarce had he uttered this his wish, before a note was delivered to the Captain, which he read to the Chaplain ; it was from the maniac ; and contained as follows :

“ Sir,

After an act which was rendered abortive by the humanity, (a poor word to express my idea of the motive, that impelled the minister of God to rush on such imminent danger, to preserve a wretched being from eternal perdition)—how, sir, shall I dare to appear before you, with such a weight of impious folly on my head ; how deprecate your justly excited indignation ; or how gain your credit to my professions of penitence, and promise of amendment ? Alas ! Sir, I have no arguments to  
conquer

conquer the disgust my conduct must have raised ; no apology to offer for the appearance of ingratitude for your kindness ; no vouchers for the sincerity of my repentance .—I am simply an outcast from fortune, the child of grief, disappointment and anguish ;—yet I am convinced, life and health were not bestowed on me for the hateful purposes of indolence and suicide ; I feel my indiscretions ; condescend, sir, to believe them Juvenile ones, and suffer me immediately to enter on that office, and those duties, for which you engaged me.—I have the honour to be, &c."

" I cannot perceive," said the Chaplain, " in that note, any traces of insanity." The writer, however, answered the Captain, is not at this time in apparent deficiency of understanding ;—tell Mr. Conway I should be glad to see him.

Presently a figure entered, that much shocked Captain Manly ; it evidently was the skeleton, but no more, of the fine young man he had brought from London.

The Chaplain, all curiosity, turned half round, as he was drinking his tea.

Henry's languid looks were fixed on the Captain : he had prepared a speech, but the power of utterance failed him ; he stood irresolute, and agitated.

Mr. Manly, pitying his embarrassment, and shocked at his emaciated figure, broke silence, by introducing him to the Chaplain.—

" Mr. Conway," said he, " this was your preserver."

Henry audibly sighed, and bursting into tears, bent his knee.

" Heavenly God !" cried the chaplain, kneeling also, and clasping the poor phantom in his arms, " can it be, and am I then so blessed ? may I indeed say, I have preserved the life of my friend,



my benefactor? have I been so happy as to risk my own life, to preserve that of Mr. Dellmore?"

"Dellmore," cried the Captain, "you are mistaken, Cadogan, his name is Conway."

"Ah! sir," replied the good man, "what ever may have been his reasons for changing his name, he is a witness of those great effusions of my soul, that swell it almost to bursting—the best of men! young as you see him, his virtues have long, long reached maturity: Oh! my beloved young friend! sure I am, I cannot be mistaken,—be he Dellmore, or be he Conway; the victim of sorrow, or the favourite of fortune; my preserver, the preserver of my Eliza, you most assuredly are,—have you forgotten Cadogan?"

"Oh! Cadogan," answered Henry as soon as he could speak, "I am thankful to heaven that I live to say, the blessings of existence are doubly endeared to my soul, by receiving them from you; but where is your wife? I see you here, you are no longer with her, and I tremble to enquire after the welfare of that dear woman and her children:—how do we meet in such circumstances?"

"I am rejoiced we meet at all," said the Chaplain;—"Captain Manly, whatever name you have known this young man by, give me leave to present him to you, as having the best of human hearts."

The honest joy, at this interview, of a man whom the Captain knew to be void of all guile, and a credit to his profession, was a sufficient assurance of the integrity of Dellmore; yet his change of name did not tell in favour of his prudence, and he had great curiosity to know his motives for so doing; but propriety, and the manners of a complete gentleman, were the characteristics of Mr. Manly; he therefore congratulated the friends on their unexpected

pected happiness, and invited our hero to partake of their repast; after which, he had the goodness to request they would retire to Mr. Cadogan's cabin, for their mutual information of those events that had brought them together.

"I have, on my part, sir," said Cadogan, "no secrets; but the recital of what has passed, respecting myself, will not, as you condescended before, to command me to give it you, afford you any entertainment; otherwise, as I could pledge my credit on the goodness of Mr. Dellmore's heart, although I cannot venture so much on his discretion, I could wish you might hear from himself, a relation of those misfortunes, that could work him up to such a degree of frenzy.

Henry modestly begged indulgence to his follies, and declared he was not conscious of an act that would impeach the integrity of his character, one only excepted, which was well known to Mr. Cadogan; "but," continued he, "I am on the rack to know *your* affairs—I tremble for Mrs. Cadogan.

"Go to your cabin," said the Captain smiling, to Cadogan, "and when you have said all the old fashioned things your heart is full of, about that same non-pareil your wife; and Conway or Dellmore has made his confession; you shall then tell me all I ought to know.

Cadogan would have remonstrated; and Henry declared he had nothing he wished to conceal; but they were both good naturedly warned against mutiny, and obeyed the Captain's orders.

The fullness of Cadogan's joy, prevented him from directly gratifying Henry's curiosity, about his own affairs, or answering his anxious enquiries after Mr. Franklin; but when his grateful transports were subsided, he informed Henry, that Captain Manly was the same brave commander

with

with whom he had served in the West Indies, and of whose humanity and charity, he had made such honourable mention in his history: that gentleman had continued an unwearied solicitor in his behalf; and, on his appointment to India, procured the Chaplain's warrant for him; which, together with some private commissions, he had the interest to procure for him, rendered the voyage at once lucrative and respectable; of which he sent him notice, with promise of an allowance from himself, for the support of Mrs. Cadogan and her family.

Ah! interrupted Henry, "How I feel for her! how was it possible you could part?"

The tear of recollection, the sigh of regret, prevented, for a moment, Mr. Cadogan's proceeding. — He resumed his story. —

"My increasing family were, it is true, happily provided for by Mr. Franklin; but the source of our comforts could not be always concealed; and my situation in the cure of Esher, under Doctor Orthodox became on that account insupportable; I am loth to say it, but his envy and avarice were united to destroy my peace; I foresaw that a removal would be unavoidable, but I considered every hint of the grievances of my situation, as an encroachment on the generosity of Mr. Franklin; I therefore concealed my disquiet as long as I could, till at length, the insults my wife and self received from the rector, and through his means from some of the Esher family, and those under his influence in the village, determined me; and I was on the point of once more committing myself and family, to the caprice of fortune, when I received Captain Manly's letter.

"My dear Eliza was convinced; she submitted; I must not remember with what grief; Mr. Franklin was then going to Bath; but an event just then happened, which required the utmost exertion of  
reason

reason and philosophy, to bear with his usual fortitude."

Henry sighed responsively; he could too truly guess what that event was:—after a silence, which served for mutual recollection, Mr. Cadogan called on Henry, for an exchange of confidence; "I have now accounted, my dear Dellmore," said he, "for this meeting on my side; will you not now gratify a curiosity which I confess is very strong? I am no stranger to your reasons for leaving Esher; but how is it, you have never written either to Mr. Franklin, or myself?"

Henry then recounted, without the smallest deviation from truth, every circumstance that had happened to him, since his leaving Esher; not disguising his attachment to Miss Elton, or sparing himself on account of Lavinia.

Captain Manly politely dispensed with Mr Cadogan's company to dinner, and Henry's recital was not concluded till late in the evening; but curious as he was to hear all that had passed at Esher, he was obliged to defer it till next morning, as the chaplain thought it incumbent on him, to pay his evening respects to the Captain.

He communicated the history of our hero to that gentleman, who was so pleased with his character, that he sent for him to supper, and insisted on his considering himself, as perfectly at liberty, and with respect to him, a visitor only. They parted that night on the most social terms; and, as it was as much the wish of Henry, as it was that of Mr. Cadogan, to make him acquainted with the whole of their affairs, he invited our hero to take his place at the breakfast-table, next morning.

Henry's last night's adventure, had cured him of a desire to die, before it pleased his Creator, to call him to his last account: but it had not dissipated the grief that occasioned it; the interview with  
Mr.



Mr. Cadogan made him to condemn himself, for his rash despairing assertion, that he was so singularly miserable, as to be totally friendless; but it had not made him to believe that Mr. Franklin had overtaken Clara before she reached Gretna-green; neither had he any reason to suppose, if that had been the case, that Mr. Franklin would have withheld his consent to their union.

He passed a sleepless anxious night, and at nine repaired to the great cabin.

## C A A P T E R XLVI.

### *Recapitulation.*

**T**H E chaplain's history of Henry's Esher friends, was now delivered in the presence of Captain Manly; he had many things to explain, of which our hero was totally ignorant; and in order to elucidate several matters, of which he had no conception, he was obliged to retrace some of the events that had happened prior to his leaving Esher.

I have before informed my reader, that Mr. Franklin's frequent excursions among the villagers, and his natural good humour, insured him a friendly reception wherever he appeared; and I have also hinted at his partiality, for the landlady, of the Bucks-head, where he took his egg and wine at eleven every forenoon except Sunday: Mrs. Hudson's loquacity increased with the importance that those visits gave her, which, if the constant countenance of so rich and good a character is considered, must be supposed to be great: she was the fountain of all intelligence, and the dread of all those who wished to keep a secret in their families, a wish that was very seldom gratified in Esher; for such was

Mrs.

Mrs. Hudson's penetration, and such her industry, in developing mysteries, that her knowledge of facts often preceded the facts themselves: of all the occurrences of the rectory she was fully informed, and to the visits of the militia officers, and their consequences, she was no stranger; but although few women exceeded Mrs. Hudson, in loquacity, when her own interest was not at stake, she could be equally silent when it was; and I am now about to give an instance of her extreme penetration in a circumstance the reader may or may not have foreseen.

At the assembly, set on foot at her house, the observant dame had made some discoveries, not entirely consistent with virgin modesty, though perfectly in character with the honour of our modern sons of Mars;—but, as it was no business of hers, and as the Misses from the rectory absented themselves, would hurt the assembly, though Mrs. Orthodox was her very particular friend, she did not chuse to meddle in family matters, by dropping a hint of such her discoveries.

Lieutenant Downie indeed was not quite so tenacious, he had many confidants, to whom, in friendship, he revealed *his* triumph, and *Lavinia's* dishonour; and tho' the secret had never transpired at the rectory, or the manor, there were many in the village who imputed Lavinia's faded cheeks, to a very natural effect of a natural cause; and the landlady, at the Bucks-head, having taken particular notice of the alteration in her looks, kept a reckoning for her: before Henry's return from Oxford, of this matter among others, she acquainted the squire; on the very day Mrs. Orthodox made her the *confidante* of his intentions in her favour.

Mr. Franklin's affection for our hero was truly paternal; the numerous issue left by his father were all, but the sister who lived with him, dead; excepting

cepting her, he knew not of a single relative: he was likewise very fond of Clara, and, fancying he saw a mutual attachment growing up between them, he formed a plan for their future happiness, by uniting them, and making Henry the heir to his immense wealth; but, anxious to see them really happy, and that they might consider it as their own choice, rather than his, he kept in his own bosom his intentions, not revealing them even to his sister.

When, therefore, Henry professed his attachment to Lavinia, and proposed to marry her, his grief and surprise may be conceived to be great; more especially as Mrs. Hudson, who seldom erred in her judgment of such matters, had assured him, that the young lady was one whose modesty would never stand in the way of her preferment; and the native simplicity and goodness of heart, the open, unsuspecting, guileless disposition of our hero, convinced him it was easy for an artful woman to impose herself on him in any character she chose to assume.

Lavinia was never a great favourite with him, although he had been so liberal in his favours to her mother, when the poor woman, was so anxious to give her *larning*; therefore Mrs. Hudson's last communication was the most acceptable he could have received; and he concluded, that the only way to cure Henry of light impressions, and to convince him of the impropriety of his conduct, was, first to make him smart for his indiscretions, and then reveal to him the falsehood of his mistress; he was confirmed in those resolutions by his observations on the behaviour of Henry and Clara, during her visit to the manor, as it was visible to any interested by-stander, how very partial they were to each other.

Mr.

Mr. Cadogan was the 'squire's confidant and adviser in this affair, when Lavinia's pregnancy was not only announced, but acknowledged, and communicated to him by the curate; Mr. Franklin then thought proper, as I have related, to pay her a private visit, and to tax her with the infamous duplicity of her conduct: she at first persisted to lay her seduction to our hero, but being told, that a particular account of the time would be kept, and that Dellmore would not be suffered to see her till after the delivery, and finally, that as her father would undoubtedly in that case desert her, she would then be totally friendless, if an imposition on her part was proved; that on the reverse, if she would be ingenuous in her confession, he, Mr. Franklin, would be her protector; that he would be at the expence of her removal to a distance from Esher, from whence it would not be probable any intelligence could arrive that would injure her reputation, and support her, till she was again in a condition to return to the rectory.

At length, she confessed what was the real truth, that Lieutenant Downe was the author of her present shameful situation; and, that he had on pretence of indispensable business, left the village, as soon as she had reason to fear her indiscretion could not be concealed, she was in despair, when Henry's return gave her the opportunity of practising on his easy disposition, by persuading him *he* had been her seducer.

Such dissimulation, such art, in so young a creature, could not fail of exciting abhorrence in a mind so ingenuous, so much above disguise, as Mr. Franklin's; he however concealed his disgust from her; and with the assistance of the curate, removed her as before related to her aunt's in Derbyshire, who dwelt in a little hut on Lord Belvoir's estate, where he saw her; and, as that nobleman

will



will hereafter appear in a more respectable light, than he did when we first introduced him to our readers at Lavinia's lodgings, we beg the Chaplain's pardon for interrupting his story, by giving some anecdotes of a noble family.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

*In which the History rises.*

**T**HE Earl of Belvoir was a nobleman of distinguished rank and abilities, his antient family was honourable in point of rank, and famous for the valour and virtue of its several chiefs: the blood that now flowed in the veins of the Belvoir family owed its origin to regal dignity; both Lord and Lady Belvoir descended in a regular line, from one of the most valiant of the Hibernian Kings.

The Belvoir estate in Ireland, was originally very large, and upon an inter-marriage in the last century, a very respectable addition was made to it, by the acquisition of several estates in Derbyshire and Lincolnshire.

The present earl succeeded to the family honours and possessions, unincumbered with a single mortgage or legacy; his sister, Lady Margaret Macnamara, having her fortune settled on her, from her father's property in the funds.

The dowager Lady Belvoir, early saw, that with all the fine qualities of her son, he had a dissipated turn; and the extreme honour of his own principles, laid him open to every kind of fraud and imposition: In an excursion to England, where he was a member of the British senate, and where in public he was adored for his integrity, and respected for his abilities, he became the prey of sharpers, and the dupe of a celebrated courtesan, to whom

he

he was so attached, that as gallantry was not at that time held in such respect as it has since been, and consequently a young nobleman could not presume to carry his ostensible mistress, under the eye of a virtuous matron, whose heart would be wounded by such an instance of depravity in her son; he chose rather to continue in England, and establish his suite at Derbyshire house, than part with the adorable Fanny.—The dowager remonstrated, and grieved at his conduct, but her letters did not convey maternal tears; they only spoke to the honour and dignity of her house; and what were those to the sole possession of a gem, for which a nation envied him: the gem, however, had a roving quality in it; the wild of Derbyshire was not the place to confine its splendor in: and one fine moonlight night, it was attracted by a smart colonel, and wheeled off to the metropolis in a hired chaise and four.

The earl stormed, swore, and did every thing that a young deserted lord *could* do, and more than many *would* do, in such a situation, for he sent the baggage of the inconstant after her, one morning, and the next set off for Ireland on a visit to his mother.

Lady Margaret, his eldest sister, inherited a sufficient quantity of pride from her ancestors, but she was unhappily, not attentive to those qualities that would attract personal esteem; her temper was sour, reserved and contracted; her large independant fortune, made her so much her own mistress, and her disposition was so very different from that of her noble mother, that she also thought proper to establish her own house; and left Lady Belvoir, while her son was in England.

Sweetness, affability, and dignity, were blended in Lady Belvoir: having lost what had been the solace and comfort of her life, the endearments of  
a husband

a husband she adored, and the company of children she tenderly loved, "I have now," said she, "but little to take off my attention from those duties that will enable me to follow my dear lord, with the animating hope of a reunion, but my mind requires some social intercourse: Hortensia Montgomery is a lovely, amiable girl; her father's fortune is extremely narrow; I will see, if kindness will not make a greater impression on her heart, than filial duty has had power to do, on those of my own children.

When Lord Belvoir returned to Ireland, Hortensia Montgomery was the companion of his mother: the beauty of her person, which was not inferior to his admired Fanny, struck him with admiration the moment he saw her, but the captivating graces of her mind, forbade the libertine hope her charms inspired; and his heart was at once a slave to her beauty, and a convert to her virtue.

Lady Belvoir saw with pleasure the progress of a passion, which, she believed, would insure the future felicity of her son: she hoped, a laudable attachment to a sensible virtuous woman, would be a means of rendering him happy at home, and that the interest of an object so dear, would caution him, respecting his connections abroad. Miss Montgomery had no expectation from her family: her father, Lord Montgomery, was a nobleman whose estate was barely adequate to the support of the mansion where he dwelt. Hortensia was his only daughter; he had many sons, all of whom were differently provided for in the state, church, or army, except the eldest, who was doomed to the drudgery of supporting a large stock of family grandeur, with a very narrow income.

But, although Hortensia was destitute of the gifts of fortune, Lady Belvoir knew her intrinsic value; and, her son's estate being very large, she approved

plauded the disinterestedness of that love which was centered on an object so deserving. At this period, Lady Margaret, having formed a friendship with the family of a Duke, where there was a daughter, of her own age, proposed to her brother a match with her friend: she had the mortification of hearing, by the messenger, who carried her proposal, that her sister, the future Countess, was already fixed on in the person of Miss Montgomery.

Lady Margaret, incensed at the little regard paid to her wishes, as well as at her brother's choice, of an indigent maid of quality, for the partner of his rank and fortune, immediately disclaimed all connection with her family; a matter, that then excited the mirth of her brother; but Lady Belvoir was very seriously displeased at a conduct, she called presumptuous and undutiful.

The marriage was celebrated with great magnificence; and the dowager Lady Belvoir had the felicity of leaving her son, when she died, one of the happiest of husbands to a virtuous woman, and father to two lovely boys: her death, which happened in the third year of the Earl's marriage, so affected the Countess, that he judged it expedient to remove her from a place, where every object renewed her grief, by bringing the kindness of her lost friend and parent to her memory.

They accordingly removed to London, where, destitute of a fond mother to admonish, and with a very little prudence to guide him, the Earl renewed his acquaintance with those sharpers of quality, who had before made their advantage of his simplicity; and, again meeting the enchanting Fanny, took her under his protection.

Lady Belvoir was then far advanced in her third pregnancy, and she had been promised by her husband, that she should return to Belvoir, in time  
for



for her *accouchement* ; but that promise was made in the delightful gardens at Belvoir, and it was forgotten in the environs of St. James's.

The Earl was yet very young, and the company he kept, by no means rigid in their notions of morality :—for a nobleman to play deep, live, not magnificently, *as* all his ancestors had done, but profusely, keep a mistress, and neglect his wife, were matters that fifty years before did not raise wonder, although, perhaps, they did not, as in these liberal times, meet applause.

Lady Belvoir was a terrestrial angel, she adored her lord, and gratitude for his generous conduct towards her, united with her love for him, rendered him, in her opinion, too perfect for error. She sighed to return to the sweet banks of Killarney; but the Earl preferred the Mall in St. James's Park. The court at the castle, was perhaps, not so numerous, or so brilliant, but it was *home*, and she fancied the balls and entertainments there, had more princely elegance in them, than the unmeaning *routine*, of going up a pair of stairs, to receive a mere how d'ye. In short, she pined for her native country ; but, esteeming it her indispensable duty to make *that place*, where her lord chose to reside, her delightful home, she grew more satisfied; and, by degrees, became naturalized to the country which was more agreeable to him than his own.

The union of marriage once broken, without the least repugnance, another charmer supplanted Fanny, and a fresh face soon rivalled her; one excess is sure to succeed another ; so true it is, that “ it is much easier to suppress a first desire, than to satisfy those that follow ;” and Lord Belvoir, who had, as his mother fondly hoped, seen the errors of his youth, and abandoned them, became more callous in his relapse, by a series of imprudence and dissipation; the natural consequence of  
which

which was, that the Earl was gradually diminishing his fortune, as his family was increasing. Four fine young men, and two daughters, were approaching that period in their lives when prudent fathers begin to think of providing for their children, before *he* had given up his pretensions to the character of a young buck of the first head. He resolved, it is true, to retrench, and look into his affairs, but his resolutions were constantly deferred by one important engagement or other, till all his ready money was expended, and mortgages had been granted on the greatest part of his estate. Lord Crespigney, his eldest son, was at this period entering his twenty-second year, and deprived, by his father's extravagance, of the liberty of choosing for himself, was then married to the heiress of a rich bishop, whose wish it was to make his daughter a wit, and to see her a Countess. The first part, he thought a liberal education would attain, and, he had too just an opinion of the value of riches, to doubt, but his iron chests contained what would ensure the last.

Lady Crespigney's history the reader is acquainted with, as well as with some memoirs of her husband and son.

The honourable James Macnamara, second son to Lord Belvoir, was bred to the church; and, as the paternal estate had many great advowsons in its gift, and the family had interest to procure dispensations, he rose to be a prelate, with every requisite to render that dignity respectable, except humility, which was beneath the consideration of a prelate of quality.

Augustus Macnamara, the third son, was a soldier; he had been so unfortunate as to succeed in an affair of gallantry with a young damsel, on whom his elder brother, then a collegian, had also cast the eyes of affection, which caused such rancour  
on

on the part of the son of the church, that the Earl, in order to separate two very fiery spirits, sent the soldier abroad, where he was killed. The youngest son died an invalid, having unfortunately contracted a lameness, while in the hands of his nurse, which never could be cured.

Lady Belvoir, who was, as I have said, a most amiable and worthy character, from being the first toast in her youth, was an example of wisdom and prudence in age; her dislike of her daughter-in-law, was the first thing that drew from the Earl a confession of his reduced circumstances; and the death of Lord Crespigny, and her third son, which happened nearly about the same time, confirmed her in the adoption of a plan, which Lord Belvoir did not oppose, of retiring, with her daughters and grand-daughter, to Derbyshire, in order to lessen those expenses which their fortune could no longer support, the young ladies choosing rather to be buried in retirement, than to live in the world, deprived of those appendages to grandeur, to which their birth and rank entitled them, and to which they had hitherto been used, but which their circumstances could no longer afford.

Lady Selina and Lady Emily Macnamara were both handsome, but their sentiments were formed by their mother, and the idea of considering their natural charms as a snare for a rich husband, vapoured away in disdain.

The Earl of Belvoir had passionately loved, he yet esteemed, and respected his lady; but though she had been a perfect beauty, he had in her days of youth and bloom been inconstant; his mistresses were then innumerable; time and extravagance had confined his powers; he could not now afford to support a first-rate courtesan, but though he had never been at the trouble of seduction, a mistress was still an appendage of his rank, he could as well

cease

cease to exist as give up; and, a misfortune, very common to elderly gentlemen, particularly attended his choice; the older he grew the younger were his mistresses; and he still frequented, with insatiable pleasure, the scenes where he had in his former days delighted to shine.

The ladies lived wholly in Derbyshire; but it was only in summer that he accompanied them, his lordship still residing during the winter season in St. James's-square.

Accidentally he passed the hut where Lavinia's aunt resided, just as she was recovering from her lying-in; her beauty was a temptation he could not resist, and secrecy was beneath a man of his rank. If gallantry were a vice, he considered it as sanctified by his dignity; when, therefore, he chose a saltana, he always did it publicly; and not having once in his life been troubled with a hint of his infidelity from the countess, he had long ceased to expect it.

Lady Belvoir was a woman so truly respectable in her character, and mixed so justly the dignity of the woman of fashion with the undeviating tenderness of the most affectionate wife, that no tatterer had hitherto temerity enough to wound her peace, by tales they knew would only be rewarded by her displeasure, and the Earl's resentment; so that her ladyship remained in happy ignorance of her lord's constant infidelities, nor had the least suspicion that his summer excursions had supplied him with a new favourite, who was to follow him to London.

The Miss Macnamara's were better informed; they knew, and felt the folly of their father, and the conviction, that while their bloom was wasting in a remote solitude, the same vices, which had reduced them to that necessity, were still supplied out of the little that remained of the splendid fortune to which they had a natural right; their



conviction, I say, that the money, which would have rendered the Countess happy in seeing it bestowed on her children, was on the contrary lavished on young women, who could not be connected with him but on the most mercenary terms, greatly lessened their affection and respect for their father; but their care and duty to their mother were, in proportion to the excellence of *that* example, and *those* instructions she had always given them.

They were, indeed, extraordinary characters, being, at the time their father fell in love with Lavinia, spinsters of forty, sensible, good natured, and candid, readier to censure their own actions than those of their neighbours, and in perfect charity with all mankind.

They were proficient in music and drawing, and contrived to fill a long summer's day, or winter's evening, by an agreeable variation of female amusements, in which both their bodily and mental faculties were employed, without a murmur at the tediousness of time. They were great readers, and accessible to misery at all times, let their engagements be ever so important. This history of a family, with whom it does not appear our hero can be in any degree connected, will, I fear, appear tedious to my readers; but as I shall have occasion again to introduce them, and as Henry is at present in rather an inactive state, I hope the digression will be forgiven.

CHAPTER XLVII.

*A Descent from Nobility.*

MISS Franklyn's attachment to Henry defeated every plan concerted between Mr. Cadogan and the Squire for his advantage, by sending him from Escher in search of adventures: but notwithstanding the object that caused such commotions in the bosom of wisdom was removed, and although Dr. Orthodox was still a regular and constant visitor, and the history was resumed, not all these considerations, aided by the classics, could fill the vacuum which love had left in her mind.

The sly urchin only proved the fallacy of human wisdom in a female breast, when opposed to the more potent effects of passion; Dr. Orthodox was too far advanced in life, to accompany his consolation with much energy, and his own conduct was a very poor support to the arguments he so vainly used; neither history, ancient or modern, nor the sublimity of the Greek, the beauty of the Latin, or the softness of English poetry, could now reconcile Miss Franklyn to her closet amusement; it was in vain her learned tutor expatiated on the excellence of her history, of the noise it would make in the world, the envy it would create, and the fame it would ensure.

Those were not the gratifications our woman of letters sought after; dissatisfied with herself, and every thing about her, her long acquired philosophy had only power to point out the ill, without suggesting a remedy. Disorders, to which she had hitherto fancied herself superior, now found their way into her constitution; she had often ridiculed

the complaint of vapours, and weak nerves: If they were real infirmities of human nature, would she exultingly cry, how were the ancients preserved from them? We hear of no such disorder in the Horatii or Curiatii, or during the long Trojan war, are we told of a single being, male or female, who was afflicted with them. No; she would add, it was when Roman virtue expired, when learning and bravery were on the wane, that the soul, having sunk into a degenerate languor, found out its own littleness, and fancied its guilty supineness was the effect of natural disorders: then, added she, came weak nerves, hypochondria, and all the train of horrors with which little minds are affected.

Whether those were the causes with Miss Franklin, or not, I will not say, but the effects were tiresome and vexations to every creature at the manor; and her wisdom was making rapid strides to the gulph of folly

Peevish and discontented herself, she could not bear any other person should wear the brow of tranquillity; and Mrs. Marsh, at her return from her matrimonial expedition, found her father's natural ill-humour constantly kept up by his friend at the manor, who would not allow an inch for female frailty in others; the latitude she required herself had no effect on the severity of her sentiments towards the daughter of her friend; he continued inexorable as to pardon, and as to portion, his choler rose at the mention of it: the old story was repeated, with additional acrimony;—he was infirm, and could live to want all the little he had been able to save himself; let the disobedient wretch work or starve for him; he forbade his wife to name her.

Mrs. Orthodox, rendered more conformable than ever to his will, by a dread of his finding out the

the debts she had contracted, and her anxiety about the possibility of paying them, echoed his sentiments; and, as Captain Marsh was too much of an officer to care sixpence for his lady, the poor girl would have found herself miserably situated, but for the private goodness of Mr. Franklin. March had a plausible manner, which, when he pleased to exert himself, might impose on a more penetrating man than Mr. Franklin, who, in order to open a way for a family reconciliation, often invited him to dine; he soon became a kind of favourite at the manor, and perceiving Miss Franklin's weak side, gratefully took every opportunity of inveighing against our hero, and indeed hinted, that as the means by which he was enabled to carry off Miss Orthodox to Scotland were well known, that Henry had also been the adviser of that step, and there not being any one present, who could contradict that assertion, the odium of the elopement was good-naturedly attributed to the absent fugitive.

Mr. Orthodox must either often meet Captain March, or give up a good dinner; he would have wished to avoid the former, but when its inconveniencies were put in competition with the enjoyments of the latter, what was Captain Marsh to him—true, he had married his daughter, without his consent; but neither for that daughter, nor her dearest concerns, would he have given up a good dinner.

Habit reconciles every thing, and Doctor Orthodox finding the insurmountable hatred he bore our hero constantly gratified in the continual sarcasms thrown out against him by the noble captain, as well as seeing Miss Franklin's features began to be re-illuminated at his appearance with something like a smile, the *partie quarrée* was pretty sociable.



In the mean while, Mrs. Orthodox heard with secret anguish from her sister the ill conduct of Lavinia ; all her hopes of her favourite's good fortune by marriage, being destroyed by her own imprudence, she became, notwithstanding her husband's prohibition, more affectionate to Mrs. Marsh, and while the above party were solacing at the manor, she entertained her truant child at home.

Care and disappointment are excellent tutors ; no mind so rude and uncultivated, but bends to their precepts, none so well informed, but finds benefit from their unwelcome convictions : Mrs. Orthodox and her daughter found infinite advantages from the consequence of their folly ; and having experienced the misery attendant on one mode of conduct, they, with the assistance of Mrs. Cadogan, earnestly set about adopting the other ; in short, what evil communication had effected, the force of good example, and mild precepts, in a little time destroyed. Mrs. Orthodox entirely dropped all her junketting parties, and though she still continued the habit of echoing her husband's sentiments to his face, she was entirely reconciled to her married daughter, and contented herself with her society, and that of Mrs. Cadogan, when he was absent.

Things were in this situation in the two families, when Mr. Downe having accidentally seen Lavinia in public, and learnt from her situation, that a return to Esler would not be attended with the consequences most disagreeable to him, namely, that of being urged to repair the injury he had done an innocent female, arrived in high health and spirits at the house of his father.

Old Downe loved money beyond all things but himself ;—then came Mrs. Betty, and then his son ; if he could serve the latter without parting with

with his money, it was well, if not he might go unserved.

Miss Franklin's folly had not the advantage of entire concealment; Mrs. Hudson, the indefatigable Mrs. Hudson, had found it out, and as Matt was her favourite, and Henry his, her abhorrence of the folly of that lady was too great to be concealed; she inveighed against her to every creature but the squire; and his sister was the object of her ridicule, in all companies but *his*.

Now, said old Downe, if Miss Franklin can like one handsome young fellow well enough to play the fool with, why not another?

"Jack," cried he, "how do you live?"

It was a matter he did not before suffer to disturb his quiet; it surprized Jack,——what, thought he, has the old fellow found his bowels at last!

Jack put on a dismal face;—"why faith, sir," "I find it very hard, money is so scarce, creditors so impertinent, and my income, *as you know*, so small."

"Lookee, Jack," interrupted his father "if I put you in a way to get at least ten thousand pounds, will you give me poundage?"

Oh, I thought it could not be, said Jack to himself!—to his father he was full of gratitude, and abounded in promises.

Old Downe then repeated all he had heard from Mrs. Hudson's communication, which was about ten times as much as was true, and concluded his tale, with injunctions on his son, to fall desperately in love with the learned lady of the manor; "your uncle Gregory," continued he, "attends her; she is sick of the megrims, you must have him in your interest; I must not be seen in the affair, the old squire would soon smoke me; let him prescribe a young fellow, and do you offer connubial medi-

cines in the nick, and it may be the making of us."

"Us," thought Jack,—“Hum!—the thing has a face, and the old Tabby will certainly be heiress to the squire; but if I have not profited by your example, and learnt to keep an eye on my own interest, I ought to be hanged.”

Doctor Gregory was consulted; Miss Franklin's vapours continuing, he was called in very frequently. Doctor Gregory was a man of sixty years standing in the world, he was a prodigious favourite with all female patients; his visits were doubly acceptable from the news he always mingled with his enquiries, and those particularly flattering from the compliments with which they were interlarded, as thus:

“I hope, Madam, I have the pleasure of seeing you much recovered to-day; if I may take it on the evidence of your eyes, the draught operated to my wish, they are amazingly brilliant, though really one must not depend too much on those kind of things; for would you believe it,—give me leave, Madam, to feel your pulse, *low, still low*, wants a *fillup*, must think of something,—and, Ma'am, as I was saying, Mrs. Whistle with her bright eyes, is actually seized with a vertigo.”

Miss Franklin had not indeed been open to that kind of flattery; she cared as little about the beauty of other females, as she did about her own before her attack upon Henry: the penetrating Doctor, however, was at no loss; whenever he had been heretofore called to any of the family, he knew how to mingle his humble admiration of her learning and wisdom; with the common salutations of good breeding and politeness, he would ask, with great apparent solicitude, when the world was to be favoured and instructed by the produce of her elegant pen? and lamenting there was so little attention

tion paid in general to the education of the females of the present age, more especially as, in his opinion, there was a vivacity, an alertness in their capacities, men could not boast, he rejoiced that he could congratulate himself and the world on her abilities and acquisitions; the Doctor had likewise heard, since Miss Franklin had become his patient, to what cause it was that he was favoured with her commands; it required little art to see that Miss Franklin's disorders were of the mental kind, and that inward discontent occasioned outward complaints; he had therefore lately put more of the woman into his compliments, and embraced with no little eagerness the proposals of his nephew, first, however, stipulating, as the father had done, for a share in the fleece.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

*Stability of the Passion of Love in the Heart of a Woman of Letters, with a Variation only of the Object.*

THE plan of operations for an attack on the heart of a woman of letters being fully agreed to by Mr. Gregory and his nephew, about twelve at noon the Doctor having received a summons to attend his patient, set out with a wig remarkably well powdered, the head of his cane fresh brushed, and all the appurtenances which formerly distinguished the sons of Galen in the metropolis, and which still continues to have that effect in the distant parts of the kingdom, in high order, accompanied by Lieutenant Downe in a new scowered suit of militia regimentals, a smart cocked hat, fresh stiffened with small beer, a good leg and large buckles,



with broad shoulders and full chitterline; and thus accoutred they entered Esher Manor.

The Doctor made a thousand apologies for taking the liberty of introducing his nephew; who, he told Mr. Franklin, was just returned from the wars.

Little did Mr. Downe think how well Mr. Franklin knew *his* honourable conduct at Esher; he was perfectly well acquainted with his martial abilities, and his talents for gallantry were exemplified in the case of Miss Orthodox, and taking him all in all, his character was too glaring for the modest approbation of such a man as Mr. Franklin. He had, nevertheless, as I have before observed, an indolence of sentiment, that except brought into action by benevolence, often suffered him to remain a silent, inactive spectator, where the same opinions would have called forth the indignation of a person of more vivacity; cool, but not rude, therefore, was his reception of Downe—not so the lady; her ideas, a vast deal more reconciled to the male part of the creation, particularly the younger ones, than they had been, rendered her more polite; and the Doctor, on one hand, blending the physical advantage of connubial connections, with lamentations at the ravage that sickness had already made in her charming complexion; and his nephew, on the other, plying her with delicate flattery, and well-timed compliments, both on her person and understanding, gave wings to the hours, and hilarity to her features, a pressing invitation was given, and accepted, to dine—and Doctor Orthodox had again the extreme mortification of seeing the smiles of his pupil pass from him to a younger object.

This sudden and visible partiality did not escape the observation of Mr. Franklin, but, deeply wounded as he knew his sister had so lately been,  
by

by the charms of one young man, he could have no suspicions it was possible she would so soon suffer another to supplant him; he was rather pleased, than otherwise, to see her natural good humour returning.

The gloom Dellmore's rejection spread on Miss Franklin's countenance, extended its baneful influence over the whole house, from the master to the stable-boy, and the real unaffected gentleness of heart in Mr. Franklin, had suffered inexpressibly from the moment his sister lost both her peace and good nature; he was therefore so exceedingly pleased at the effect this visit had on her, that the coolness of his first reception insensibly wore off, and every face at the table beamed with pleasure, except that of Doctor Orthodox.

Mr. Franklin, I have said, had no suspicion of a fresh attachment in his sister; it was a proof of weakness and degeneracy, nothing in his own heart could point out, but with Mr. Orthodox it was another matter in *his*, he learnt such a thing was more than possible, it was probable.

From the moment he found his pupil began to make the human being her study, he lamented he could not, from his engagement, be the object of it himself, and preposterous as well as unlikely as it was, he fondly built on two things equally out of his reach, namely, burying Mrs. Orthodox, and marrying Miss Franklyn; if, therefore, when that lady suffered her eyes to be arrested by any of the Captain's all-powerful attractions, he had been possessed of the basilisk's power, a speedy end would have been put to the hero's triumph, as it was, as vengeance on the object of his ire was denied him, he had recourse to one usual, and to him one very unusual method of shewing his disgust; the first was, offering every possible slight and sign of dislike to Downe, contradicting and thwarting all he said;

said; and, the other, letting inward vexation spoil his appetite—the hunting pudding, tho' of the beautifullest yellow-brown colour ever seen, he did not taste.

Captain Marsh was present, *he* soon understood how matters were to go, and knowing how irascible Miss Franklyn had been in his affair, rejoiced in the prospect of retaliation, as well as in the hopes of payment of some trifling debts of honour due to him from Downe.

From this period Doctor Gregory and his nephew became frequent visitors at the Manor; and exercise being part of the Doctor's prescription, Miss Franklyn often rode out, attended only by Mat, and condescended to call in those excursions some times on old Downe, and often at Dr. Gregory's, when Downe had the honour of attending, and as the old man said, making things agreeable to their kind visitor.

Mrs. Hudson soon became acquainted with this matter, but though she might entertain the Squire at his morning's whet, with many sort of subjects, the frailties of his sister were of too delicate a nature for her to venture on, and his known affection and respect for her, likewise kept his village acquaintance silent on the subject. Mr. Cadogan had, now Dellmore was gone, and the Manor subject to guests very little to his goût, few opportunities of private conversation with the Squire, and little inclination to disturb the peace of his family; in a short time, however, the affair was past a whisper, for Miss Franklyn set off to London, attended by Mat, and escorted by Mr. Downe, from whence she wrote to her brother under signature of his affectionate sister—Mary Downe.

The effect this amazing stroke had on Mr. Franklyn, can only be conceived by a heart equally virtuous and equally affectionate; he knew the libertine turn of  
Downe,

Downe, he was certain he could be influenced but by one motive, to marry a woman old enough to be his mother—he felt, therefore, the strongest concern at the tie there now was on him, to receive into his family a man he despised: but as he abounded in wealth, and as Mr. Downe had given such incontestible proof how ardently he desired to attain it, Mr. Franklin comforted himself in the certainty of keeping him in tolerable order, by the desire he had evinced of becoming heir to the Manor, but though this was a point settled without the help of logic, it was not so easy to reconcile the conduct of his sister, to reason, female delicacy, or fraternal affection—disgust at her headstrong passions, and resentment at her ingratitude, were at first too strong for the harmonized disposition of a virtuous placid man; but Mr. Cadogan, to whom he again applied for consolation, exerted that influence over him, his own forgiving nature forcibly seconded, he pardoned the offence and received the offenders to his favour, who soon returned in triumph to the Manor. Mat, however, who had accepted the post of her attendant to London, in a fit of impatience at his disappointment, in not hearing from Henry, not chusing to immure his bright parts again in obscurity, staid in London, where having spent all his money, he was obliged, as I have related, to take up his abode with Lavinia.

This unpleasing and mortifying occurrence, renewed in Mr. Franklin's mind all the affection he had felt for Henry, and the time that had elapsed since he left the Manor, appeared on the retrospect a most tedious interval; he had contented himself with general enquiries of his acquaintance, and comforted himself under the disappointment at not hearing of, or from him, by hoping to see his sister's tranquillity restored, and that when reason should



should resume its sway over her mind, she would then coincide in his opinion of her error, and join him in the wish to recover the fugitive.

All hopes of future happiness with her was now at an end, she had rendered herself more conspicuously ridiculous by her pretensions to immaculate wisdom, she was become an object of contempt to the world, and there were times when her fond brother viewed her with disgust; but he yet felt so much solicitude for her peace, that he took care to gratify her husband's passion for money, by making him continual presents; and his pride by giving him consequence at the Manor; but as his own private gratifications were not now at Esher, he conceived himself justified in taking every possible step to poach them elsewhere, and his veins again reverted to their first favoured object, which was that of uniting Henry Dellmore and Clara Elton; to that was subjoined another equally as strong, which originated in the disgust he could not help feeling towards his present companions at Esher—to end his days with his young favourites.

It was about this time that Mr. Franklin received the first letter from Mr. Burgess, respecting the ineligibility of Clara's situation, he was by no means pleased with her residence at East Sheen, but, mean as his opinion was of Mrs. Napper, as mere imprudencies in giving into parties of pleasure, in company more suitable to her own rank, than that of Miss Elton's, was the principal charge alledged against her, he could not help allowing, she was yet a more proper guardian for a girl of eighteen, than a woman who had forfeited all claim to a prudent character, in acting as Mrs. Downe had done, and having no other asylum to offer, had very slightly hinted his dislike of the governess, and rather left it to her choice than insisted on her coming to Esher.

But

But a second letter from Mr. Burgefs, who had, by some means, heard of Mrs. Napper's arrest, roused him into a peremptory design of removing her; but, as Miss Perkins informed our hero, he was seized with a fit of the gout that prevented his fetching her at the appointed time, and when he was recovered sufficiently to travel, Miss Elton had set out on a different route; a third letter from Mr. Burgefs arrived, at the moment he was reading in the news-paper the paragraph that so affected our hero, and Mr. Cadogan having, at the same time received his appointment from Captain Manly, they set out the same morning on their different routes.

The 'Squire was grieved to his soul for the occasion that called him from Esher, although the Manor was by this time become so hateful to him, that he had engaged Mrs. Cadogan, with her husband's consent, to accompany him in an excursion he meant to have taken to Bath, as companion to his young ward.

Miss Franklin's vast and refined ideas of the rapture and felicity of the marriage state, received a most mortifying set down, long before that period was expired, which is commonly distinguished by the name of the honey-moon, in the indifference of her young husband, who, on his part, conceiving himself undoubted heir to Esher, and its hereditaments, assumed an authority which cost Mr. Franklin so much pains to oppose, that he at last left the usurper master of the field, and contented himself with being the third in command in his own house. Doctor Orthodox, having been informed by his wife, in her anger, at Downe's marriage, of the ruin of his daughter by that gentleman, told it immediately to Mrs. Downe; who fired with jealousy, reproached her husband with his libertine actions, and he forbid the Doctor the Manor; as  
soon

soon as the 'Squire set out for London, thus perforce obliged to content himself with staying at home, he wreaked his incessant ill-humour on his wife. Mrs. Hudson having lost the 'Squire, became less communicative, and more scurrilous. Captain Marsh left his wife, and Mr. Cadogan left the village of Esher.

## CHAPTER L.

*Return to England with a new Acquaintance.*

THIS history, which Mr. Cadogan furnished our hero with, partly from his own knowledge, and partly from good authority, gave rise to a variety of ideas. Poor Clara! her elopement was confirmed; well, he had nothing but his prayers, and those should be for her. As to Lavinia, the dupe he now found he had been to her artifices, gave him no sort of concern, all that he now regretted, on her account, was, that the discovery was made to him of her infamy, at a period, when the only advantage he would have made of his liberty was for ever lost. Mr. Cadogan joined him in deploring his misfortune of losing Clara, but as that was an event no regret could now recall, he advised him to look forward to the happiness actually in his power to enjoy, assured him of Mr. Franklin's continued affection, said he knew he would be received with open arms, and declared the 'Squire had repeatedly told him, he meant to leave him the bulk of his fortune. There are, my dear Sir, said the good man, two indispensable reasons why you should return to England by the first opportunity, one of them I have just acquainted you with, the other, and a far more forcible one, I know it will be

be to you, than your own interest, is, that Mr. Franklin, vexed with his sister, disappointed in his ward, and uneasy at the place where he delighted to diffuse happiness to all around him, stands in need of consolation; your attendance on him will probably prolong his valuable life.

Henry's heart bounded at the thought, even Clara was forgot in the seducing prospect,—What *he*, the discarded, unfortunate Henry, might *he* be admitted to add to the felicity of his benefactor, his friend! Were then his prayers heard; oh, he was impatient to throw himself at his feet.

Captain Manly coincided in opinion, that he ought to return to England by the very first conveyance, and it was agreed, the wind being unfavourable for them to touch at Madeiras, as they intended to have done, he should go on board the first homeward bound sail, they fell in with.

These were new and elevated prospects for our hero—in despair and anguish he quitted his native shore, for a cause that left him hopeless, and his griefs were increased by the poverty and distress to which he was exposed; these were now, he had reason to believe, vanished; affluence, friendship, protection, and favour waited but to be claimed, yet but two days back he was ungratefully rushing into eternity, to the presence of that Being who had preserved him in his orphan state, and guided him to the arms of Charity and Benevolence. Overwhelmed with shame and contrition, he hastily returned from the state-room to his own cabin, and prostrated himself before that God whom he knew he had offended, and then returned to enjoy the sweet delight he had so long been a stranger to, the society of a virtuous man who loved him.

Captain Manly furnished him from his own wardrobe with clothes, and gave him a letter of credit on his agent; money, we have informed our readers,



ers, he had not, nor will they suspect the parson of being over-burthened with gold or silver.

But the resolution to return to England was easier formed than put in execution, for Captain Manly being sent out with particular dispatches, and the wind being favourable, he continued his course without falling in with a single sail bound to England, and it was two months before they anchored at St. Helena.

From thence, however, he had a prospect of getting home, as three of the East-India Company's ships were there on their way to England, in one of which he took his passage, having taken leave of the friendly Captain, and being charged with a thousand fond remembrances from Cado-gan to his wife. They both advised him, as he was known by the name of Conway on board the ship, to defer resuming his own till his return to England. They parted with mutual regret, and he saw them set sail the same day he himself went on board the homeward-bound Indiaman.

He found this ship carried many passengers to Europe, who had been so fortunate as to accumulate riches in the East, and among the rest a Mrs. Nesbit, who it struck him (Mr. Benwel having told him her name) might be the sister of Montgomery, and he impatiently waited her coming on board.

The ship was detained, from one cause and another, six weeks after the British fleet sailed; and Mrs. Nesbit being in an ill state of health, he had not the opportunity he so eagerly desired of seeing her, till they were weighing anchor, when that lady made her appearance.

Henry tried in vain to trace a likeness in her countenance to his friend; indeed Mrs. Nesbit's sickness was a visible disguise to her features, as she appeared,

appeared, although these were regular, a very plain woman; she was very tall, thin and yellow, and excessively marked with the small-pox; whether from a consciousness of her immense wealth, or any other cause, she had a haughty reserve in her manner, that was very disgusting to a by-stander; she retired to her cabin scarce taking notice of her fellow voyagers, and her indisposition continuing, Henry did not gain a second sight of her several days nor indeed was he very desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of a woman, whose pride, or whose ill disposition, rendered her an object of dislike to all the rest of the passengers.

He was, however walking under the awning one evening, when she condescended to go on deck; and presently unexpectedly joined him, the politeness of her address, and good sense of her conversation, surprised him the more, as her forbidding manner had given him an impression so extremely opposite to the disposition she now discovered.

She understood his trip had been short, and asked him various questions of England, and, among other names, enquired if he knew that of Benwell?

Being now convinced she was the Mrs. Nesbit, who was sister to his friend, he answered her question by another: did she know that of Montgomery?

The smile which accompanied this question was changed to a look of astonishment, at the effect it had on the lady to whom it was addressed.

Mrs. Nesbit's complexion was not the most favourable to exhibit female blushes, but it nevertheless disclosed the disturbance in her mind, as she, faltering, asked Henry if he knew her?

The agitation visible in her whole frame, and the tremor of her voice encreased his surprize;  
so

so that without knowing why, he became nearly as much agitated as herself.

He answered he did not, but that an accident had made him acquainted with the enquiries of a Mrs. Nesbit, after a particular friend of his, a Mr. Montgomery, and as Mr. Benwell was the agent in these enquiries, he concluded she was the lady, he begged pardon if he was mistaken, and if he was not, hoped he had not offended her by the liberty he had taken.

At this her countenance brightened up; she acknowledged he was right in his conjectures, and heard the character of her brother, which the goodness of Henry's own heart painted in a most amiable light, with extreme satisfaction; the manner in which they met had something very singular in it, and Mrs. Nesbit expressed great pleasure in the acquaintance of so warm a friend of her nearest relation.

From this time Mr. Conway was Mrs. Nesbit's constant companion, frequently would that lady fix her eyes on him with a peculiar earnestness, and interrogate him respecting his family connections; again Henry cursed his assumed name, it was continually plunging him into difficulties; without recounting every particular of his life he could not acknowledge it *was* assumed, and the more he saw of the world, the greater shame he felt at recollection of the base purposes for which he had been adopted by Mrs. Dellmore.

He was now entering on his twenty-third year; the inconsiderate conduct that first involved him in difficulties (though the guilt of seduction was removed from his mind) pointed out the real evil of immorality by the subsequent distresses, and mortification which succeeded his first deviation from honour; he felt it the more poignantly, as he found he had, by those means, lost the amiable girl, on whom,

not-

notwithstanding the step she had taken, he yet doated.

The early impressions he had imbibed for Clara, in the days of childhood, would have evaporated perhaps, but the time she spent at Esher, the recollection of her engaging sweetness, that delicacy and simplicity of her attachment to him, which he always thought of with grief and regret, the beauty of her person, the gentleness of her manners, could all stand the test of cool dispassionate reason, and ever left a gloom on his mind which it was very difficult to remove.

Severe fits of melancholy accompanied the idea, that she was not only lost to him, but miserably united to a man unworthy of her; in company he was often absent, and out of it wretched; the cheerfulness of his natural disposition, the hilarity of his countenance were seldom seen to advantage, nor had his complexion recovered its bloom: yet his new friend grew more and more partial to him, notwithstanding those disadvantages, she was indeed scarce ever easy out of his company.

The pride and reserve of Mrs. Nesbit's character occasioned remarks from the other passengers on this great condescension, little to her advantage; indeed a woman, at her time of life, taking a violent liking to a young fellow was not so strange a thing now to Henry himself, as when Miss Franklin first made him overtures of a tender passion.

But whatever appearances might say, Mrs Nesbit was innocent of an improper wish towards Henry, she certainly liked his company, approved his conversation, and thought his person a very handsome one, but the scenes of life through which *she* had passed, had effectually conquered her passions, and the reserve and pride of which she was accused, were merely the result of habit.

She



She had lived remarkably private and retired, during Mr. Nesbit's life-time, never mixing, in the amusements, shew, or splendour so captivating to the ladies of the East, nor did his death make any alteration in that part of her conduct.

She was left a very rich widow, too old she said, to play the fool, and too young to be wholly engrossed by a love of riches; she told Henry she was returning to England in quest of her relations, and of some other persons, who had just claims on her affluence, out of her own family.

There were debts, and she acknowledged to owe them, more binding than pecuniary obligations, which she must discharge before she could look round the world and enjoy her independence.

This hint drew an observation from our hero, that real felicity was out of the reach of purchase.

The sigh which accompanied the observation was echoed by Mrs. Nesbit, who added, she knew of no felicity superior to conscious innocence, nor any misery equal to the anguish of conscious guilt.

A starting and involuntary tear proved her feelings were unaffected, and Henry very readily owned, those were the two criterions of mortal happiness and misery; his heart reproached him for forfeiting, by his own imprudence, all his peace, nor did that of the lady speak very differently to her,

As they drew nearer the part of their destination, Henry began to think of the manner in which he should return to Mr. Franklin, and rummaging his memorandums found Janet's letter which he shewed Mrs. Nesbit; the instant she beheld the name, and heard Janet was yet in existence, she threw herself, in a transport of joy, on her knees.

"God be praised, blessed be the Almighty," cried she, tears flowing down her cheeks. "Oh, Mr. Conway, you know not of what importance to my eternal welfare that poor old creature is; all that

that I can call my own, all the wealth I am mistress of would I have given to know she yet lived; from the first place we touch at I will now go to Dublin. Oh, I little thought when you named M'Dougal it was my old Janet! Amiable young man; sure Providence now guides my steps after so many years, *now* my penitence will be accepted, *now* I shall make atonement, and *now* I shall be suffered to expire in peace.

Henry stood aghast; he had a high opinion of Mrs. Nesbit, her understanding was above mediocrity, her sentiments refined, and her manners always marked with strict propriety, but her own mouth condemned her—what could those crimes be that so many years hung heavy on her heart which required such atonement? He viewed her with astonishment!

Something more composed, she added, “you wonder, Mr. Conway, at what you hear; I think I can see you are not ready to believe me a very guilty creature; some time or other I may muster resolution to give you a history of my unfortunate life; I have been very culpable, you think me an oddity, the world thinks so too.” “Oh,” continued she, laying her hand on her heart, “*here it is*, here the mystery lies, could I clear up, could I expose to view all that is here, I should begin to live.”

Although curiosity was not Henry's foible, he had, in this instance, his share of it; but Mrs. Nesbit's exertions of spirit, and the violence of her emotions brought on faintings, and those were succeeded by that general relaxation of nerves she was subject to, which prevented its being gratified, and they arrived in the Downs before he again saw her.

Most of the passengers, eager to get on English ground, were in a hurry to land; among those was  
Henry;

Henry ; he however sent to ask permission personally to offer any service in his power to the lady.

She received him with great professions of regard, asked delicately if his circumstances stood in aid of friendship, if so, her purse was at his service.

Henry modestly declined any pecuniary favours, but added, her acquaintance was an honour he should give up with great regret.

Tears filled her eyes—"Give me your address, Sir—if my fate will suffer me to appear in England, you will see me, if not, I will write to you, you shall be acquainted with the history of a woman who will cherish the remembrance of the time she has so agreeably beguiled in your society, as long as she exists. I have now hired a packet ; I proceed directly to Ireland, if I return,"—she paused—"but where is your address?"

Henry was very much embarrassed at this question, he could not certainly say how he should be disposed of ; but after a moment's recollection, concluding he should be at Esher with Mr. Franklin, or that that gentleman would know his address, he wrote Esher Manor, Devonshire, on a slip of paper, and the packet which the captain engaged for her coming along side at that instant, he assisted Mrs. Nesbit and her attendants in their removal from the ship ; and then, with the other passengers, reached Deal, and thence to London the same evening.

## CHAPTER LI.

*Plenty of old Acquaintances, but a great Scarcity of friends.*

**I**T was about five o'clock in the evening when Henry was set down at his old lodgings, the Golden Cross ; he had, as he supposed from cold, a little head-

head-ach, and a faint restlessness about him, which if he had acted prudently, would have induced him to have gone immediately to rest—But who, on their first return to their native country, after having been absent from it, could do that? Not Henry Dellmore; Mr. Franklin might possibly be in London, he might be that very night received to his affections and friendship, and how could he devote to sleep an hour that might be so delightfully employed?

He dispatched a messenger to Great St. Helens, to enquire if Mr. Franklin was in town, who returned with a verbal answer (not one of the family being at home) that he was not, nor did they know when he was expected.

As those circumstances which had induced Henry to change his name were now entirely altered, and as the kindness shewn him by Mr. and Mrs. Burgess was constantly in his mind, he formed a resolution of going to Clapham in his real character, the next morning, and the evenings being (as it was then winter) too long for a young man to think of passing them alone, he ordered a chicken for supper, and though much indisposed then went to the play, and, for the first time in his life, seated himself in the pit; at the end of the act, on looking round the house, he recognized his old acquaintance Mr. Peter Martin.

Henry had too much good sense himself, and too just an estimation of it in others, to feel any particular regard for a person of Mr. Martin's turn of mind, but he was a somebody he was acquainted with; and there is that inexpressible affection, that desire for society implanted in the human breast, which, among strangers, renders a rencounter with the most despicable beings we remember to have known, in some degree pleasing.



Henry was under no apprehension of ever being again in want of money, the change, therefore, from pit to boxes was a matter of trifling import to him; on that account indeed I must confess he was seldom so attentive to pecuniary affairs as prudence required, as all his acquaintance, and Mr. Martin, in particular, could with great truth declare.

At the end of the second act he had made his way into the box where Martin was, and was advancing to him with equal warmth and familiarity, when he was struck with astonishment at the extraordinary reception the genteel Mr. Martin seemed disposed to give him.

A cool contemptuous look, a half bow, slow, solemn, hope you are well, with eyes suddenly turned another way, and a stately draw-back of the whole body, was the quality airs he chose to assume.

"Why, Martin," said Henry, "Don't you know me?" suspecting his memory.

"Oh, yes, that is, I have seen, but—but really I must beg to be excused keeping you company."

"You will easily obtain an excuse for that," returned Henry, his colour rising, "but you will please to assign, before we part, reasons for such impertinent behaviour, and I will then consider whether I will not break every bone in your skin."

The looks of our hero were not to be jested with, and the beau exhibited certain tokens of dismay, but the attention of the company near them being excited, and Martin, possibly concluding, that in the multitude there was safety, ventured to put on an air of consequence, and wondered at the fellow's assurance, to presume to accost a gentleman in public, when he so well knew he had it in his power to trounce him.

Henry's anger, the while it lasted, (he was very warm) gave way to mirth at the prodigious bluster  
and

and consequential air of the poor clerk—"As how, pray," said he, laughing, "How is it in your power to trounce me?"

The manly handsome figure of our hero, his engaging countenance, where good humour and an honest carelessness were visibly blended with undaunted courage, contrasted with that of the emaciated person, unwholesome look, and finical manner of Martin, were not to the advantage of the latter; the laugh was caught from Henry by the bye-standers, and so provoked the beau, that losing in his wounded pride all fear of personal danger, he jumped upon the seat, and in a voice, between a shriek and a squall, protested Henry was a swindler, a rascal that passed himself for a man of quality, and went by many names, a pretender to fortune, when, in reality, continued he, he is as poor as a church-mouse.

This harangue was unfortunately confirmed by a gentleman taylor, who, having the honour of a player's name on his book, was sometimes favoured with orders instead of payment, and now sat in a green box by virtue of one; he also was taylor to Mr. Gab, and had furnished our hero with some clothes for which he had not been paid.

The knight of the shears joined the knight of the quill, in vilifying Henry, though as the former was used to a great deal of forbearance, his accusation was in an humble strain—he protested as how, that was the very Mr. Conway, as Marchant Gab recommended to him, whereby he had trusted him with three suits of superfine broad cloth, and, to be sure, he thought as how Marchant Gab wud see him paid, because, as why, he tuk him on his credit, he did not oft work at hap-hazard, because, as why, there was good pay enow for a good workman, but since he found Marchant Gab cou'd puff as well as poor folks, and that Mr. Conway was not gone

to be a nabob, vy he would go an see what was to be done, and out ran the knight of the shears.

A female voice now assailed our hero from behind, too familiar and well known to be mistaken—it approached—Henry, my dear Henry, by G—d I am glad to see thee—His appall'd eyes met those of Lavinia Orthodox ; no longer was the sprightly eye that allured, that sent its tender glances into the soul of desire, no longer was the sweet down which outvied for colour and softness the beautiful peach, or whatever is more lovely in nature, visible on her cheeks ; her eyes, indeed, sparkled, but it was with the effect of liquor—her cheeks yet glow-ed, but it was with carmine ; her voice, once the gentle herald of innocent gaiety, was changed into a hoarse roughness that shocked the ear ; she was thin and haggard, and already her late beautiful and blooming figure wore the sad appearance of diseased prostitution.

Compassionate to an excess, tender and sympathising in his nature—what, at that moment, were the feelings of our hero ?—“ Lavinia ! ” exclaimed he, in a voice of astonishment.

“ Dellmore,” answered the poor wretch in a trembling accent, all her false spirits forsaking her, and bold, as she was—shrinking with shame from his scrutinizing look.

“ There,” said Martin, “ that’s another of his names—” he was proceeding, when a bustle in the stage-box opposite divided the attention of the spectators ; a lady had fainted away on the curtain’s drawing up ; and in that instant, a general clamour for silence ran through the house.

But, Martin, elated with his fancied victory, still, however, continued his attacks on our hero ; who, at length, rushed forward, seized him by the collar, and dragged him out of the box, where he would

would have been certainly paid for his liberty of speech, had not his vociferous outcries for help, brought to his assistance some of the constables of the house.

Thus supported and defended, his adversary, Martin, being filled with contempt for a being who was, as he supposed, poorer than himself, and furnished by Mrs. Gab with anecdotes not to be doubted, of his destitute situation, reproached him with his low birth, the deception put on the Dellmore family, his being brought up on charity, running away from Mr. Franklin, palming himself on a merchant for a man of fashion, and under that sanction obtaining credit from different tradesmen, like a scoundrel as he was.

I have told my reader that Martin was a clerk in office, but I have yet to tell him, he was one of the numerous young fellows so frequently met with in this metropolis, who make shift to let the pay of their office answer their running expences; depending on marrying by dint of their extraordinary merits, some inconsiderate female, whose little fortune is just sufficient to pay off their debts, make a show for a year or two, and then sink into obscure poverty. Such a woman, for the rest of her life, suffers the reproaches of the pretty fellows who have ruined them, the burthen of bringing up a family born to wretchedness, and the contempt of pitiless world!

Well; but how comes Mr. Martin, then, so inveterate a foe to Dellmore, when he must be conscious his principles and actions laid him so open a to equal censure?

Sons of experience! men of the world! answer for him. I would spare ye.—Can ye spare yourselves?

Many of the people who were seated near, had followed our disputants from the box, feeling more



interested about the transactions of two strangers in real life, than those of a dying heroine, although the Siddons was the performer.

As Henry in voice and looks continued to denounce vengeance against the still abusive, tho' frightened Martin, the latter very gallantly charged the constable with the former, and vowed he would swear his life was in danger; he, however, changed his mind in the certainty he should be protected from present outrage by the second assistance of Mr. Buckram, who entered the passage with the very Mr. Trap beforementioned, as a person who had a particular knack at stopping the travels of his fellow creatures.

Again Henry saw himself very familiarly coupled with John Doe and Richard Roe; and Martin slipping something which served as a discharging fee into the hands of the constable, they both thought proper to retire, leaving our hero in the custody of his old acquaintance.

"Well, Sir," said Trap, "Are we to walk or ride, how stands cash now?"

"I have rode a few miles to-day, already, I will walk if you please"—answered he.

"If it is the same thing to you, I had rather ride," replied Trap.—

"It is not the same thing, I had rather walk!"

"Same thing over again, I see that, I wonder how such poor devils gets credit," quoth the follower.

The moon shone very bright, it was near ten o'clock when they reached the lock-up-house, and Mrs. Trap was at supper eating of sausages, of which she invited our hero to partake.

"The Gem'man don't love sausages," said Mr. Trap, in a tone of voice, the lady perfectly understood—

derstood—she was accordingly hurrying away her supper.

“I do like sausages,” cried Dellmore, “and with the good woman’s leave, will accept her offer,—are there any more to be gotten?”

“The fellow is almost starved,” whispered the follower.—“To be sure there is,” said Trap, “for money—but if you had not enough to hire a coach, how are you to pay for your supper?”

Mrs. Trap set her pan with fresh sausages on the fire, the head of Mr. Trap was uncovered, and the follower slunk out of the room at the sight of a handful of money, gold and silver mixed, which our hero took out of his pocket.

The parlour door was thrown open,—“would not he be pleased to walk in there?—The kitchen was so close, and, oh, dear me, what a dirty table-cloth, why did not her husband tell her he should bring a gem’man home?”

“Why, my dear, how could I tell you what I did not know myself? I happened to be at Lawyer Monk’s, when Mr. Buckram came in for the writ.”

“How much is his bill?” asked Henry, “Poor fellow, he should have been paid, I am ashamed of leaving the kingdom in his debt.”

“Why, Sir,” answered Trap, “If I was you, I would offer him half.”—

“Half what?” said Henry.

“Half what you owe him, and if he would not take that, he should have nothing.”

“There will soon be an Act of Grace,” continued orator Trap, “and then you will be cleared without paying a shilling, you may live like a *Lord* in the *Rules*, on less than you will pay your debts—and then, you see, Sir, you may begin again when the *act* is passed.”

"What! To contract fresh ones, is that *your* way, Mr. Trap?"

"Mine! Sir, no, I could not live by that,—it's the way of the world though—ay, and a very genteel part of the world too, lords, ladies, 'squires and parsons do it; the very last gentleman I arrested, carred his girl, two footmen, and a man-cook to prison with him—and Parson Cleary, you know, my dear, his lady a mortal good clever woman—minds money no more than dirt, invited you to dine.—"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Trap, "Madam Clearey never sets down under five things. Poor dear Lady!—There is but the Doctor and her, and she has a monstrous nice stomach—so has the Doctor—he eats a chicken every day throughout the year.

"Aye, it was the poulterer's bill I arrested him for—eighty-seven pounds, I think," rejoined the husband.—"Yes, continued the wife, but, Madam said it would come home to him, so it has, sure enough, for he is in jail now himself, starving on the common-side; as to Madam Clearey, it makes no difference to her, the Doctor never stirred out while they lived at the great house, and they live every bit as grand, and keep a mort of company in the rules."

"Then," said her husband, "there is the parliament-man's wife, what's her name?"

"Oh, dear! I can't think of her name, but I know whom you mean, the lady with the great jointure, twelve hundred a year, a woman of quality, keeps her routs, and lives like a queen. But then, the Colonel, and the little Lord that I saw at Madam Clearey's a paying a morning visit; dear me, how costly they were dressed, and keeps their footmen and grooms, and all term time visits

sits about in their carriages to t'other end of the town."

For God's sake! Good people, what are you talking of?" cried our hero, in the utmost amazement, "would you persuade me such people live, and such things are done, in the verge of a prison?"

"If you would take my advice," said Trap, "you'll see, for 'tis certain an Act is to come out this sessions, and then old Buckram may whistle for his money; every syllable I tell you is true, you may depend upon it, our prisons are worlds in miniature! To be sure, there *are* some poor there, but that's *their* own folly, they that pay, and pay and part with their valuables to put off the evil day, till all's gone, why what can they expect? But, people who know better, Lord, they may enjoy life *there*, as well as any where else; there's every thing, there's cards and dice, women and wine, lud! they're as merry as grigs; it often makes me laugh to read the fine long speeches in Parliament about relieving the poor debtors; when, at the same time, there is no poverty near them, the poverty is only to be found in the *heartfelt distress of the tradesmen who having given credit, till their own is gone, are entitled only to the common side.*"

## CHAPTER LII.

*The Hero's Intelleſts again ſuſpected, and a capital Operation prevented by an officious old Man.*

THE shock which the generous soul of our hero sustained at a recital so repugnant to every idea of Justice and Humanity, would have been sufficient to pall his appetite, had it been far more keen than



it was, in the present instance ; his principles were unvitiated notwithstanding the indiscretions in which he had been engaged, and if he thoughtlessly bespoke clothes, and other articles, without following Mr. Gab's directions of paying ready money for them, it was, because not knowing the fatal consequences of disappointment to tradesmen, in the promised payment of their bills, he had actually been cozened by Captain Gab, out of the money he received from Mr. Gab for the purpose of paying his debts.

But, when once his integrity was alarmed, when from Trap's animated account he found how much he had himself contributed to the delineation of both the characters he had so ably drawn, the delicacy of his principles was alarmed, and the trifling supper he had ordered, was in his then opinion, an innovation on the rigid law of justice ; how could he bear to indulge himself in superfluous gratifications, when, perhaps, the poor taylor who trusted him, might be rapidly advancing to the common side of a prison ; and when the sum then in his possession was the deposit of friendship and generosity, the hard earnings of bravery and valour, from a man, who though he had fought a good fight, and was covered with wounds, as well as honour, two things that do not always go together, was far from being in affluent circumstances ; during the time he was thus moralizing on what he had hitherto thought very little of, the enormity of contracting debts, without a certainty of being able to pay them, Mrs. Trap had laid a clean cloth on the table, and having begun to fry a fresh cargo of sausages, asked her husband whether the gem'man would choose a glass of wine or punch, after supper, which question was answered by Mr. Trap with a side wink, and a desire that the gem'man mought not be hurried.

Mrs.

Mrs. Trap thought it was proper she should know what the gem'man would choose to drink, not that she was in any hurry, but she would get it ready, while the gem'man was roominating.

Depressed by his own unpleasing reflections, his head-ach growing intolerable, and extremely indisposed; he could neither eat, nor drink, but retired supperless to the same bed, which he had before occupied.

Mr. Trap's mansion, it is true, was not much calculated to lull the senses of the involuntary guests, who from time to time made him their reluctant visits.

Sleep, notwithstanding Dellmore's fatigue of mind and body, did not visit his pillow; he continued very unwell, the disorder in his head was attended with an acute pain in his back and limbs; he grew very thirsty, and before morning, had every symptom of a violent fever.

This indeed was a dreadful night to our hero, the anxiety of his mind was no less grievous than the pains of his body; he bitterly reproached himself for having by his thoughtless folly, while at Mr. Gab's, added to the number of the dissipated, on one hand, and the distressed on the other, which Trap had so unfeelingly described; he resolved no longer to be the dupe of his own pride and inexperience; Mr. Franklin was rich, and riches were, in his hands, a general benefit to mankind, the poor never solicited him in vain, and so far was that good man from rejecting the applications of the indigent, that his chief happiness was centered in the relief afforded them, nor was he ever so entirely pleased, as when by his means the tears of anguish ceased to flow.

Mr. Cadogan had assured him he should be received by Mr. Franklin with open arms, and he resolved to apply to him as soon as day appeared,

peared, and make an ample confession of all his errors.

The disorder of his head, was however, so great, and the pains about him increased to such a degree, that he was glad to give way to a drowsiness which seized him in the morning, and from which, (though it could hardly be called sleep) he did not awake till noon, and then still extremely indisposed, inasmuch, that it was with great difficulty he could be gotten up, to have his bed made, and having drank a basin of tea, he was obliged to lie down again immediately.

Finding himself grow much worse, every moment, he scrawled a note to Mr. Burges's, directing it to be sent to Clapham, and then fell into a doze, but was soon disturbed by Mr. Trap, with the agreeable intimation, that detainers were lodged against him to the amount of ninety pounds.

Henry had no doubt of being enabled to pay the whole of his debts, as soon as Mr. Franklin was informed of his situation; he was, therefore, very little alarmed at this intelligence, and Trap knowing he had money enough to pay for civility, ordered his wife to take care the gem'man wanted for nothing.

Late in the evening the messenger returned from Mr. Burges's, very much in liquor, with such an account, as his inebriety only could excuse; he said, Mr. Burges was out, and his lady would not open the note.

Henry very peevishly, and still more indisposed, ordered another messenger to be procured by the next morning, and then wrote on the out side of the note to Mr. or Mrs. Burges's.

A violent fever was now encreasing very fast on his constitution, and Henry most ardently, but vainly wished to procure the attendance of some person, who he knew; he felt his disorder was not  
to

to be trifled with, and requested medical assistance might be sent for.

An apothecary, as they were pleased to dub him, was introduced by Mr. Trap, but his appearance was not at all calculated to inspire our hero with confidence in his skill; and his manners, so opposite to what learning and education generally enforces, he looked at him with disgust, and answered his enquiries with contempt.

The doctor, as Mrs. Trap, was pleased to call him, was dressed in a ragged brown coat, and an old blue satin waistcoat, black stockings, sewed rather than darned, with worsted of a different colour, an old grizzle wig and very dirty linen, he took a great quantity of snuff and talked very fast.

After the first questions, and an unprofessional manner of feeling the pulse, his care of the patient was wholly lost, in a prodigious and fawning respect to Mrs. Trap, who very kindly asked him to drink a glass of som'at, desired he would name his liquor, and handed him what he chose to drink, which was humble gin.

Henry, disgusted as he was with the doctor, was yet in such intolerable pain, that after listening with great impatience, to an uninteresting detail of the scandal of the court, where he found this practitioner of physick resided, he asked whether any thing could be done to relieve him.

"To be sure," the doctor said, "he would send him some draught, he would bleed, and blister him, and that he was sure would set him up again;" fortunately his lancets were at home, and, he said, he would defer that part of the operation till evening; but before then Henry was light-headed, and so exceedingly ungovernable, that the judicious apothecary swore he was mad.

A straight



A straight waistcoat was immediately procured, and the threatened phlebotomy just going to be put in execution, when, a venerable figure, who was so unhappy as to have been brought into Mr. Trap's territories, half an hour before, begged leave to be present at the operation.

On his entering the room, where Henry was, a sight perfectly new to him presented itself; on the bed, bound down, lay a fine youth, whose crimsoned face and fiery eye, betokened a disorder more dangerous than a distempered brain; on one side, Mrs. Trap held a large brown pan, her maid was hiding her face behind her mistress's chair, and Trap's follower in readiness to hold the patient's arm by force.

The apothecary was stripped, his ragged coat released from the drudgery of concealing a more ragged shirt, lay on the floor, a greasy night cap had taken place of his old grizzled wig, and Henry's pockets being far from empty, the room and every person in it smelt most delightfully of British compounds.

"Give me leave to examine your patient, sir;" said the intruder, advancing to the bed, when having felt his pulse, "good God, sir," exclaimed he, "what are you going to do?"

"Bleed a madman;" was the answer.

"A madman, friend, by what accident came the life of your fellow creatures in your power? Madam, as you value your own safety, (to Mrs. Trap) do not suffer the poor young man to undergo the operation, his disorder is a putrid fever, bleeding will be instant death to him."

Mrs. Trap threw down the pan, and running out of the room, a putrid fever," repeated she, "oh, I shall catch it, and lard have mercy on me, I shall die!"

The servant girl immediately advanced, "I thought," said she, "you was madder than

the gentleman, poor dear soul, he burns like fire."

British compounds, ignorance, and a lust after Henry's gold, were too potent to admit of so easy a conquest, and the situation of the doctor being equally as convenient for boxing, as bleeding, he maintained, that the patient was mad; that he would bleed him, through all opposition, and, that any man who attempted to interrupt the operation, should fight him; putting himself in a posture of defence as he spoke.

The old gentleman was too conscious of his own skill, too attentive to the poor object before him, and too humane to suffer himself to be overruled, when the life of a fellow creature was at stake; and the maid, who was a rosy country wench, siding with him, the man followed her example; with this reinforcement, by mere power of strength, all arguments being ineffectual, he turned the quondam doctor out of the room.

The old gentleman, and his auxiliaries, then proceeded to business; they unbound the sick man, and the gentleman who was an apothecary of more skill, than eminence; and more true worth, than fortune; wrote a prescription, and sent it for medicines to a neighbouring chymist's; he then insisted on a nurse being engaged, declaring, that it was at present but too probable the young man was *now* in his last temporal prison.

When Henry's message was sent from Trap's to Mr. Burgefs, that wary man had considered, that as Mr. Dellmore had plenty of money, there could be no reason for him to be hurried, it mattered not whether his friends came to him immediately or not, it was, indeed, better he should take time for reflection; these sentiments were understood by the messenger, who received the half crown for a journey

a journey he had never taken, without a single qualm of conscience.

The messenger, who was sent the second day to Clapham, had actually found neither Mr. or Mrs. Burgess at home, and not knowing, as he said, better, had returned with the note.

The third day, Henry growing still worse, he had no longer a sense of his situation.

When all was done, that could be of efficacy in his disorder, by the good Mr. Oldham, he enquired if Trap's people knew the connections of the young man.

Trap answered, he believed he had nobody belonging to him worth seeking after, for that he was but a shabroon sort of a gem'man; a bite he believed; he had twice arrested him, and each time under different names, and between you and me, added the communicative officer, he was now going to prison, in order to cheat his creditors.

"I am extremely sorry to hear it," answered Oldham, "but it does not follow that humanity should not feel, even for the most abandoned of the human species; if this poor young man's principles are so depraved, as you represent them, it will be the greater charity to prolong his existence, that he may have time for repentance.

"Repentance," repeated Trap, "Lord love you, he has plenty of money."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of two gentlemen, and an attorney, who, greatly to the disappointment of Mr. Trap, after he offered his advice unasked, came to bail the good Samaritan.—Mr. Oldham would not depart till he had obtained directions to Henry's creditor, and left particular orders with respect to his treatment, and further engaged his voluntary attendance.

Mr.

Mr. Oldham, was in every endearing sense, the father of a large family; a dutiful and affectionate daughter, with her numerous offspring, were all impatiently waiting the moment that would restore to them, the best of friends, the tenderest of parents; and his own heart beat quick, in the fond expectation of being received by them with transports of joy; but nevertheless, instead of going immediately home from Trap's, the charity of his mind led, and he cheerfully followed its dictates, to Buckram's, in hopes to soften him, on behalf of the sick stranger.

The taylor, though warm in the possession of an independency, the produce of his labour, and ostentatious of his riches, was not an ill-natured man, he was surprised and shocked at Mr. Oldham's account.

"Far be it, from Joe Buckram," said he, "to persecute any man, thank God! I don't want the money, and if the man can't pay, why he can't, that's all; going to law with a beggar, is what I call saving of shreds and wastings of remnants; not but what I think Marchant Gab, *of'te* for to pay me;" this hint led to the intelligence Mr. Oldham wanted, and by Buckram's direction, he went to Dowgate-hill.

It being now near seven o'clock in the evening, an hour when visitors were expected by polite people, he was admitted into Mrs. Gab's drawing room, where were assembled the gentleman and lady of the mansion; Lord and Lady Crespigny, late Miss Leverage, and Miss Sophia Gab.

Mr. Oldham apologized for the liberty he was taking, but trusted his motive, which was simply that of charity, would be his excuse.

Mrs. Gab from this unfavourable introduction of his business, notwithstanding Oldham's gentleman-like appearance, immediately set him down for one  
of



of those bold beggars who force their way into the presence of people, whose benevolence they solicit; but a liberty of that kind was seldom suffered on Dowgate-hill, and as it seldom succeeded to the wish of the unfortunate, she took on her the office of spokeswoman to the intruder.

"As to charity and all that sort of things, truly, she did not know what the feller meant; people were obliged to be charitable in spite of their teeth, did't they pay poor's rates enough, indeed she would give him nothing."

Lord Crespigny judiciously observed, those were not proper objects of charity, who, notwithstanding their affected distress, could appear so well.

Lady Crespigny hated gentlemen beggars; and Mr. Gab ringing the bell, asked if that were really all his business; the gentle Sophia advanced, and told him her mama wished him gone, while she slid a guinea into his hand, and casting her eye on his white hair, twinkled off a tear as she returned to her seat.

Mr. Oldham's astonishment kept him silent, till the servant entered, and he was repeatedly ordered to be shewn to the door.

The apothecary had pride, he had also a great share of understanding, he ironically begged pardon for the ambiguity of his apology, which he owned must be great, since it could occasion such a mistake; bowing, he assured Mrs. Gab, he should not have taken the liberty of asking from her a favour, he was sure could not be granted, and as to Lord Crespigny and his lady, he would, he said, have paid them the highest respect, if when they had described those objects of charity *they* disliked so much, they had also been so good as to inform him of those they relieved; he silently bowed to Miss Sophia, and then frankly opened his business

to

to Mr. Gab, and after describing Dellmore's situation, begged to know if he had any relations.

"Dellmore," said Lady Crespigny, whose nuptials and the preceding preparations for that important event, had so wholly engrossed her attention, that Mrs. Gab, who was not over fond of the subject, had not informed her of the deception of her man of fashion, "What Henry Dellmore?"

"His name is Henry, Madam," answered Oldham.

"He is not in England," said Mr. Gab.

"He is at the spunging-house in——Court," answered Oldham.

"No matter where he is," said Mrs. Gab in a rage, "he is a villain."

"He is dying," replied Oldham.

"So much the better," answered Madam.

"He is a very foolish idle young fellow," said Mr. Gab, "he kept a woman, and was very extravagant while he was here."

"Don't name him," interrupted Mrs. Gab, "I would have him taken up for a vagabond."

"Oh!" said Lady Crespigny, "I assure you, if old Franklin knew he wanted any thing, he would soon be supplied; he will certainly be heir to that old fool.——"

"And where is Mr. Franklin to be found, Madam?"

"At the Spa, Sir."

"What the German Spa?"

"Yes."

"That is really too far off, Madam," said Oldham, rising to take his leave.

"I will see you down, Sir," said Gab, accompanying him to the door.

Mr. Oldham returned to Trap's, and again, very much against the opinion of that personage and his lady, took an account of what valuables were

were yet about the delirious patient; his money was considerably lessened, the spurs were gone from his boots, and had it not been for this prudent step, in all likelihood a few hours would have left him without any kind of support.

The fever continued raging and increasing with great rapidity. Mrs. Trap, terrified at a disorder she dreaded, tired every body round her with her anxiety to have him removed, and having at last convinced her husband, who bore her apprehensions for her own safety, with great philosophy, that it would hurt his house to have a person die there in a putrid fever, he went to Buckram's, and through him prevailed on the other creditors to withdraw their actions, promising, that he out of charity would remit his fees to have him removed; from thence he went to the apothecary's, in order to consult him on what steps he thought most expedient to be taken, to procure the patient's admittance into an hospital, he did not find that gentleman at home, and therefore returned to—Court.

The disorder of Henry's intellects, with the fears of his wife and the carelessness of the nurse, had saved all trouble on that head.

Mrs. Trap, I have hinted, had no dislike to the consolation to be derive from a glass of right coniac, the nurse would have been a phenomenon indeed, in her profession, had she been averse to the partaking of Mrs. Trap's offered kindness, and her charge lying quiet in a seeming dose, she descended from his chamber to the kitchen, for the pleasures of a social pinch of snuff, a little chat, and a glass of comfort.

Poor Mrs. Trap was in such grievous apprehensions of the fever, she could not avoid having a constant recourse to the most probable means of rendering that disorder fatal, if she caught it; one glass succeeded another, and when her husband returned, he

he found his wife and the nurse insensible; the maid was in a back kitchen in private conversation with his follower, and the prisoner liberated, without bail or mainprize.

In fine, Henry had got up, dressed himself, and walked out of the house without being perceived.

Astonished at this event, Trap began to consider, as he always did, on every occasion, what part of the matter would turn most to his interest, for as to the situation of the poor delirious wretch, who in the frenzy of his illness had left the house, *that* was no part of *his* consideration.

That he belonged to somebody, was possible, notwithstanding the disadvantageous light in which his character stood, from the change of his name; and he was thinking, whether he should, or should not send to Mr. Burgess, when his attention was engaged, and his resolution fixed, by the sight of a small red pocket-book, which belonged to our hero, and which had, by lying under a table, escaped Mr. Oldham's inventory, it contained a bank note for ten pounds, being the remainder of the change of a draft sent him on Captain Manly's account from his agent, on Drummond's bank, which he received before he went to the play; very contentedly therefore Mr. Trap recommended our hero to Providence, burnt the book, and pocketed the note.

The next morning, when Mr. Oldham visited Trap's, his indignation at the negligence of the woman who was called nurse, his grief at the situation of the poor wanderer, and the uncertainty of what might be his fate, deprived him of speech; he was followed by a physician of eminence, whose humane feelings were likewise extremely interested on the occasion; while they were consulting on the steps proper to be taken in the cause of Charity and Benevolence, the nurse, affronted at the freedom



dom of Mr. Oldham's rebukes, was clamorous to be discharged, and Trap knowing Henry's money which had been taken out of his pocket, and sealed by Mr. Oldham, was more than sufficient to answer all his demands, was also urgent to be paid his bill; having, as he said, a great deal of business to do, which would not brook delay, one solitary guinea was all that was left, after the several rapacious claimants were satisfied; and that, Trap did not choose should entirely escape him; he recollected his friend, whose attendance had been called in, although he said Doctor Spilman's opinion, did a little vary from that of Doctor Oldham's, yet as doctors would differ, that was no argumentation why the gem'man should not be paid; and therefore he thought, as how the money might as well be left for him.

Mr. Oldham's circumstances could not be thought to be in a very flourishing state, by the accident that introduced him to our acquaintance, but he had a soul not allied to poverty, it breathed the noblest sentiments of philanthropy; it taught him to relieve as well as feel, the distresses of his fellow creatures; it had made him all his life so entirely regardless of self-preservation, that now in his seventieth year, he was obliged to labour in worsted stockings through those streets, where roll'd the gilded carriages of many of the less skilful, and less worthy sons of *Æsculapius*; his bill for medicines, attendance, &c. was not thought of by himself, it was therefore the less likely it should be remembered by Trap, who received the last guinea for his friend Spilman, with the most perfect indifference, protesting he had himself lost a great deal of money by the disagreeable event.

The physician's soul happened to be nearly related to the benevolent one of the apothecary, they agreed to advertise the poor fugitive, and what the poverty

poverty of Oldham could not effect, Doctor Littleton undertook ; he sent an advertisement to the Daily Advertiser, and offered a handsome reward for any intelligence concerning the insensible runaway, and promised to support him, if found, till he was in a situation to provide for himself, or till a provision was no longer necessary ; as they were quitting the apartment, the Doctor happened to cast his eye on the note, which should have been sent to Mr. Burgess's, the direction surprised Doctor Littleton, who was himself a quaker, and was as well acquainted with the integrity, and innate worth of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, as the world was of their wealth ; this discovery increased his anxiety for the person he was called to visit ; he immediately ordered his carriage to Clapham, where he very frequently visited Mr. Burgess, whose own health was in a very precarious way, the note which he delivered to Mr. Burgess was as follows :

*Dear Sir,*

THE young man so highly favoured on his application to you, on account of Miss Elton, and who being no longer under a necessity of concealing his name, begs leave to convey to you that of Henry Dellmore ; he requests, if his dear friend and benefactor, Mr. Franklin, yet retains his partial sentiments of him, it may influence you to suspend all unfavourable ideas, from the circumstances under which he now addresses you, till he can at once confess his follies, and relate some incidents he presumes will palliate them, which he trusts, the goodness of your own heart will induce you to give him an opportunity of doing, in case Mr. Franklin should not be in town ; but if he is, he intreats you will give the bearer directions where to find him.

Mr.

Mr. Burgefs was pleased, and his wife was in transports, once more to hear of her favourite ; Mr. Franklin had always lived with those good people on terms of the strictest amity and confidence ; he had revealed to them what he was ashamed to think on himself ; his sister's conduct both astonished and grieved Mrs. Burgefs ; the purity of *her* ideas could attribute such a change in a woman so *wise*, and *learned*, to no other cause than forcery ; she could scarce be persuaded it was otherwise possible.

With Miss Franklin's history was naturally blended that of Henry Dellmore, and she was prepared to esteem so great a favourite of a man, whose worth she so well knew ; when therefore he came out to be the very person she had felt so much attached to, without power either to conquer her partiality, or explain the cause that inspired it, her satisfaction was extreme, and was expressed with the utmost warmth ; but a dismal part of the story yet remained untold ; the favoured object was lost, he was, perhaps, and too likely, no more. Tears and hysterics followed Doctor Littleton's relation, on the part of Mrs. Burgefs, and an instant resolution on that of her husband, to set off directly to town and join his research with the Doctor's to recover, him ; once before, said the good man, accident threw him in my way ; if we meet again we will not so easily part.

All enquiry, however, was ineffectual, and Mrs. Burgefs, who from a variety of circumstances became more and more interested in his fate, gave herself up to such grief and despair, that her life was, in a few days, in the utmost danger, she

“Had that within her, that passeth shew.”

Mr.

Mr. Burgefs sent an exprefs to the Spa, where Mr. Franklin was really gone, and they waited his return with the utmoft anxiety, though hopelefs now of ever more recovering the object of their enquiries; on the hour Mr. Franklin received Mr. Burgefs's letter, he fet off for England, and arrived at Clapham, accompanied by his ward, not Lady Reftive, but the lovely Clara Elton, ftill a fpinfter, and full as much interefted in the recovery of Henry Dellmore as any of her acquaintance, not excepting Mrs. Burgefs herfelf.

## CHAPTER LIII.

*Another capital Operation prevented by a filly old Man.*

CLARA Elton, the reader is but flightly acquainted with; we return to her at a grievous period of her hiftory; her fate fhould excite the tear of fenfibility, and (as it is not fiction) fpeak to the hearts of thofe parents and guardians, who from choice or convenience, confign the improvement of the minds and morals of their children to women, whofe only recommendation is, that they have happened to fix on a pleafant fpot, where they keep a boarding fchool.

Miss Elton, with a ftrong fhare of fenfibility, had a fine natural underftanding; left at fo early a period in life, heirefs to a large fortune, unallied, and very unfortunately placed by her father, merely on an œconomical principle, with one of the laft women on earth to whom fuch a truft fhould be confided, it was no wonder the art of Mrs. Napper, and her daughter, was fo fuccefsful as to unite to their family and intereft, the affectionate heart,



that, when it lost its parents, panted for a resting place.

Clara was formed of the most harmonized materials ; her heart melted at distress ; it voluntarily surrendered itself to kindness ; and gratitude was, with her, one of the first duties of humanity.—Her face was oval, and her mild blue eyes were the heralds of her amiable disposition, which was gentleness itself : her features were regularly pleasing ; her complexion was remarkably clear, and her form was an assemblage of elegance, grace, and ease.—Her wit at once sparkling and rational, was of the unobtrusive kind. You might see Clara Elton an hundred times, without discovering any thing in her understanding superior to the common run of females.—Her voice was melodious and fascinating, she was early taught humility. The distressed circumstances of her father had awed her spirits, so that it influenced her happy prospects, and she wanted that confidence in herself, that sense of her own dignity, which would have protected her from the artifices of the designers, in whose hands she unhappily was left.

Henry Dellmore, who was placed by accident at a school in the same village, distinguished Clara Elton, when her little heart beat with transport at his preference ; her plain frock and unadorned head-dress, could not conceal from him, that she was the sweetest girl in the school ; his attention and politeness, his little presents, his choice at the balls, were all for Clara.—Gratitude and affection were the innocent returns of her heart to his early partiality, and the sudden change in her fortune came very much clouded to her knowledge, when she found Henry Dellmore was to be the sufferer. Mr. Elton's rage at the fraud put on the family, admitted not of compassion for the innocent impostor ; he was very angry with his daughter for

mentioning

mentioning him as an object of charity, nor would he hear from her a word of his good qualities ; but they were, nevertheless, in no danger of being forgotten ; the innocent Clara treasured them in her heart, and firmly resolved, whenever it should be in her power, to reward them.

These sentiments grew up with her ; and it was not Mrs. Napper's cue to teach her saving knowledge, the difference in their circumstances was never hinted at by any of her family ; they were unanimous in the opinion, that it was their interest to pay their court to Clara, through every indulgence to her humour. As she approached maturity, and became more acquainted with her own sentiments, conscious of the purity of her attachment she formed no design of concealing it, but went to Esher with full hopes, that the partiality, on Henry's side, was at least equal.

The disappointment she met in his engagement with Lavinia, greatly affected her, and a concurrence of circumstances convinced her, Henry's honour was pledged to Lavinia ; she, therefore, conceived it criminal, any longer to attach herself to him. Miss Franklin was a woman she could respect, but not love. Mr. Franklin, though he was an indulgent guardian, and a worthy man, could not be the object of her tenderness ;—so that, without any other tie or connection, her affectionate disposition naturally led her to unite her love to those who appeared so fondly to value her ; she insensibly considered their interest her own, and had Mrs. Napper's necessities and rapacity suffered her to wait till she was of age, she and her family would have shared her fortune.

Sir James Restive was informed of the poor victim, by a Jew, with whom both himself and Mrs. Napper had dealings ; with her connivance, he contrived an interview, and it being a matter

on which depended the mutual interest of both parties, it was consequently soon settled. Sir James was, by *accident*, so polite as to offer Miss Elton his box, on a very full night at Vauxhall Gardens, and was so struck with her beauty, that he entreated to wait on her at East-Sheen.—Clara was silent, but Mrs. Napper's permission could not be refused to so polite a gentleman.

From this period, Sir James was dying for love of Miss Elton; he knelt—wrote—swore—and sighed;—no effect had it on Clara, she would never marry, *that* she was resolved.

But Clara Elton's resolutions were too weak to withstand Mrs. Napper's imprisonment, and Jemima's tears; at the very time when the sight of Lavinia, hanging on the bosom of Dellmore, was fresh in her view, she could have stoutly resisted the love of the Knight; but *that* recollection, aided by the sight of two bailiffs, who were dragging her dear governess to prison, conquered her.—Henry was, if not married, not only engaged by every tie of love and honour, but he was, according to the account she received from others as well as from ocular demonstration, lost to virtue and morality; her heart upbraided her for a fondness that was an infringement on the right of another; and her pride revolted from the idea of wishing to blend her image with the companions she had seen in the memory of a libertine; yet the resolution to give up her first and only fond impression, overwhelmed her with sorrow; tears gushed in torrents from her eyes, and at that moment the distress of Mrs. Napper, (who was again arrested) the protestation of disinterested love from the Baronet, the grief of Miss Napper, and the anguish of Jemima, assailed her; and the gentleness of her disposition, being thus worked upon by her own feelings, and the art of others, she gave a silent,  
slow

flow consent, and the chaise, and four, which was in waiting, ready for the fatal conquest of design and treachery, even ingenuity and candour, had carried her, and her young friend, attended by the enraptured Sir James, from East Sheen, before Clara had time to recollect the importance of the step she had so precipitately taken; and, when reflection overtook her, it was too late to retract.

I have now told my readers the motives that prevailed on the young and thoughtless heiress, to elope with Sir James Restive, who, with his golden prize, and her companion Jemima Napper, reached Berwick without any accident. Miss Elton's heart misgave her during the whole journey, she was self-condemned, and wanted the animation of passion to gloss over the indelicacy of the act she was now guilty of, as well as her ingratitude to a guardian, who, she well knew, would not withhold his consent to any measure in which her honour or happiness was concerned.

Her dejection was intolerable; it affected her nerves, and, together with the long and rapid journey, and unavailing regrets, so disordered her, that, before they crossed the Tweed she was incapable of proceeding on the matrimonial expedition.

This untoward accident almost deprived her lover of his senses; and Jemima, with less tenderness for her friend than solicitude for Sir James, lamented incessantly the delay.

Still more repugnant to compleat the purpose of her journey, Clara was miserable in the impossibility of retracting.

The distance between her and East Sheen, now lessened the distress of Mrs. Napper's situation; and Reason bid her recollect, the imprudence of that woman, to which her embarrassments were owing; it also reminded her, how near she was to coming



of age, and the ease to herself, with which she could render the family, to whom she was so partially happy, without binding herself for ever to a man for whom she had no predilection but from vanity.

But inconsiderate as this step had proved her, Clara did not want understanding to distinguish, the ridiculous figure she should cut, in the censure she would incur, by changing her mind; no one gloom of pleasure now offered to her view, that could compensate for the sacrifice she was about to make, yet on she must go.

The pain of those reflections was too potent for the power of medicine, and their anguish was increased by the conduct of Jemima, who was so out of temper at the delay, and so strenuous an admirer of all Sir James Restive said or did, and so warm an advocate for him, that the usual openness with which Miss Elton had always hitherto communicated her sentiments to her young companion, was entirely repressed; and she became a prey to the most uneasy sensations.

Conscious, however, that there was no retreat with honour, she at length resolved to exert herself to overcome prejudices that *should* have had weight *before*. Ill therefore, as she continued, while preparing on the second morning for her journey, Sir James was rapturously hurrying the horses, and Jemima warbling an Italian air, when a noise in the yard of the inn alarmed them; Jemima ran to the window, and full only of the accomplishment of her own scheme, screamed out,

“O Clara, we are undone!—Sir James is taken up, I am sure he is, that black ugly Chancellor has certainly sent after him; see they are carrying him away, and O Lord! I shall be prosecuted as an accessory!”

“An accessory—to what?” cried Clara, greatly agitated.

“Stealing

"Stealing an heiress, my dear, stealing an heiress; pray, dear Clara, protect me!" A rap at the door added to her fears—Clara, though hardly able to move, opened it.

A venerable white headed old man entered; the traces of grief were on his countenance, and a flood of tears, which he endeavoured to hide, ran down his furrowed cheeks.—"Ladies, your servant—I am grieved, indeed I am, at the intrusion my misfortune obliges me to be guilty of, and at the disappointment I occasion; but you have perhaps, parents, though you are so eagerly running from them; if you have not, you will one day know a parent's feelings."

"Lord," interrupted Jemima peevishly, "are we to wait till then for an explanation of *your* conduct."

"Pardon me, young lady, pardon me," replied the stranger, "I had forgotten how very young you are; may I crave to know which of you was the one destined to be the bride of a villain, of Sir James Restive?"

Clara blushed—she had recourse to her salts—Jemima fired up—"you are a very rude old fellow, and if Sir James heard you call him a villain, he . . . ."

"He has often heard it," interrupted he, "heard it with the most impenetrable cruelty, heard the sorrows of a wretched father, heard a weeping parent bemoan the miseries he created, with fortitude that might have honoured a better cause; but, madam, are you the intended bride?"

"Perhaps I am," said she smartly, and what "then?"

"Ah!" cried the old man shaking his head, "then I fear, madam, I shall not preserve you from ruin; you appear to have too much courage,

to fear infidelity and ill-treatment from a husband, who, in marrying you, breaks every sacred engagement, murders a woman who adores him, abandons his children, and brings the white hairs of her father with sorrow to the grave."

"Can it be," said Clara, almost choaked with her emotions, "can Sir James Restive be this man?"

"Yes, gentle lady;" answered the weeping father, turning from Jemima, and evidently surprised at Clara's agitation, "and it is you, I fear, whose heart must be wounded by a recital of sorrows his crimes have occasioned; I see, in your countenance, your interest in the bad man; I could have told my sad story to that young lady, with no sense but that of my own misery; I thought she had not the feelings of disappointed love; but *you*, madam, how shall I add to the languor of *your* look? How destroy the hope of delicacy itself?—yet it must be—how else will you know the precipice on which you stand, or how feel what little right the ceremony, *mere temporal ceremony* can give a virtuous woman, to a betrayer of innocence?"

The mind of Clara, though much agitated, was perfectly free from the anguish to which the old man attributed her looks; she indeed felt a joy she was ashamed to express, at the possibility of retreating with honour, from an engagement which had not the sanction of inclination to plead for its indiscretion; she was, nevertheless, much affected at his sorrow, and besought he would, without a fear of wounding her peace, say all that could add to his own.

## CHAPTER LIV.

*A common Story and an uncommon Resolution in a runaway Heiress.*

IT was some time before he could recover himself from a fresh flood of anguish, when he gave the following history of himself:

"I am, ladies, of a genteel profession; I was left, eighteen years ago, the sorrowing widower of the best of women, who died in the bloom of youth and perfection of beauty; she left two girls, the dear pledges of her love; those were all my care and all my hope; the youngest was the darling both of her sister (who is seven years older) and myself. I am a catholic, and in order to have my children educated in the same faith, sent them early to a convent in Paris; the eldest I sent for home to superintend my domestic affairs, before our mutual darling had compleated her education. My daughter soon married; my own circumstances being easy, I was the less solicitous about obtaining a rich partner for my child; she chose an honest man, and I was satisfied.—He was in the same profession as myself, and as age was creeping on me, we received equal benefit, my affairs were better managed by a younger man, and it was of advantage to him to enter on an established business.

"When Maria returned from her convent, we found her personal charms improved beyond our expectations; her mental ones were no less perfect, but clouded by a melancholy that distressed and surprised us; she endeavoured to make us easy by assuring us it was habitual, and we consoled ourselves in the hope of changing it by our affection



and attention. After a few months the sweet creature begged leave to visit the convent where she had received her education, with such earnestness my heart was not proof against her entreaties; I suffered the blossom of beauty to encounter the danger of an early blight; mistaken indulgence! ill-fated Maria! Whom, dear ruined girl, didst thou deceive! Why should I thus affect your feeling heart? My child, my dear lovely blooming child, had been seen by the reptile Restive; he did not flatter her with riches, rank, or power, for *she* was superior to those common art of seduction. At a banker's, where only she visited, he was introduced to her as the son of sorrow, as a *poor ruined man*; Maria had learned of the holy sisterhood, the calm pleasure of administering comfort to the distressed; it was the first precept of religion she had been taught; the language of consolation was her's — artful and dangerous, he affected to find happiness only in her society; — she, he said, gave him acquiescence to the Divine Will; she consoled him under his misfortunes: *he*, oh villain, villain! led *her* to destruction; a marriage fabricated for the black purpose of destroying innocence, was the bait by which he tempted her to make her first excursion; and deceived the most guileless and unsuspecting of the creation. All hope of retrieving his circumstances, he said, depended on the will of a morose old uncle; on that plea, he bound my child to a secret, from which her father was excluded. A pretence to visit the convent a second time answered the purpose of bringing to light the miserable victim of his inhumanity; my indulgence was so far from conquering her melancholy, that after every excursion, it encreased.

At length Sir James returned to England, and accident disclosed the fatal secret to a wretched father: *Now*, said my child, I am absolved of my  
vow,

vow, my father's heart is the seat of honour; I that am his child, the darling of his age, will not plant there the dagger of shame; to him we may safely reveal our marriage, and the reasons for concealing it. Behold, oh! my father! a daughter whom love has betrayed into an act of disobedience, but whom no temptation could seduce into one dishonour; with the irresistible ornaments of truth and sincerity, did the unsuspecting sufferer reveal the story of her love.—True, his lips did not confirm her tale, but neither did they contradict it, and I thought his silence was a sufficient proof of her veracity. Fond, foolish, credulous old man, I took him to my heart, to my confidence, consented to conceal the marriage, suffered my child to lye-in in my house, and bore the contempt of the world which supposed me privy to her undoing—”

A gush of grief stopped the venerable man for some moments, Clara's tears flowed, nor was the insensible Jemima wholly unaffected—He resumed:

“ His circumstances were constantly embarrassed; but he soon should be, he swore, in affluence; soon in circumstances to reward Maria's love, and repay every obligation to her family.—My eldest daughter's husband was in partnership with me in my business; too honest himself to suspect complicated villainy in another, he became joint security with me for a large debt contracted by Sir James at an election business; but, lady, I dwell not on *this*, nor the various stratagems by which he drained me by degrees of my little all; had he left me and mine beggars, time might have mellowed our distress; but my child's honour, her peace of mind, oh! —

“ Last week we had an execution put in our house for a sum for which we were his securities,  
and

and which he assured us he had paid; I wrote to him; *there*,"—said the old man, trembling, and the colour mounting into his pale cheeks, while flashes of indignant fire dispelled a starting tear—" *there* is his answer.

Clara received it with eager curiosity and read,

*Sir,*

I CAN only say in answer to your's, I am very sorry for the trouble I have involved you in; the best amends I can *now* make, is, to deal ingenuously with you; and I beg you will break the matter to your daughter in what way you think will least affect her—she is *not* my wife; *happily* I may say *for her* she is *not*, for I am worse than a beggar.—I have no uncle, nor ever had one, on whom I had any dependance; when you are sure of that, I need say no more to convince you, the story of the marriage was an invention of love; but I own, I feel great compunction for the distress in which I have involved your family. I am at this instant setting off for Scotland with a young lady, infinitely too good for the purposes of retrieving my shattered fortune; my resolutions towards *her*, are, to make what amends will be in my power, for the deception I am practising, and towards *you*, to repay you amply for all your kindness, to settle, on Maria and her children, a comfortable sufficiency; it is all I can now do.—Poor Maria, she deserves a better fate.

J. R——.

Clara returned the letter. "I shudder, Sir, but, pray, go on."

"I was out when the letter was brought; my dear girl, she had not seen him for a longer period than he had ever yet left her; his hand and seal was *too—too* well known; her impatience opened  
it

it—Ah! my God! I was sent for—what a sight for a father

“ My Maria was fallen senseless on the floor, she had struck her head against a piece of furniture, the blood streamed from the wound with an alarming rapidity, *that* was the only evidence that she yet existed; her face was the emblem of death, and her breath totally impenetrable—the proof of *her* shame, of *my* dishonour, yet in her hand.

“ Convulsions first, and then delirium succeeded; twenty-four hours her gentle delicate frame, was, by the agonies of her mind, rendered too powerful for our strength, we were obliged to tie her down; that outrageous phrenzy at length gave way to a grievous sadness—Father, my father, beloved, most honoured parent, groaned the poor girl, stop this fatal marriage, rescue unsuspecting innocence; I am indeed his wedded wife, soon will the barbarian be at liberty, soon will my eyes lose the power of weeping, for the sorrow I give the best of fathers. —Oh, prevent this last cruel stroke of guilt; follow him, save a virtuous woman from destruction. —Faintings that intervened did not weaken her entreaties; she continued urging me; my other daughter, her honest husband, their infant family (although this marriage was the only means that could preserve them from ruin) united in calling on me for compassion to the destined victim of his villainy, and vengeance on *him*. But oh, cried my dying child, let not my father break the commandment of God, let him not embrue his hand in human blood; God preserve my father from the guilt of murder—pursue the callous destroyer, do justice, but love mercy.

“ I consulted an attorney, who shocked at the villainy my sad heart too justly painted, accompanied me here; I have arrested Sir James for the various sums he owes me; and you have now,  
madam,



madam, my most miserable history; I know you have wealth enough to relieve him, you may yet marry him, if"—

"Stop, Sir, for God's sake—I marry him! I unite my fate to a destroyer of innocence! Clara Elton add a tear to weeping age; inflict despair on a sorrowing mother, and rob her children of their real father? *Nor* this journey, disgraceful as it is to me, will teach me a lesson of many years experience, if you, Sir, can point out a way how I may express my compassion for you, and your daughter? How testify my gratitude to you as the means of my narrow escape from shame and misery? I shall rejoice to hear it from you. Here on this spot end my *Juvenile Indiscretions*; from hence will I instantly set out to my good guardian's, nor ever more tempt Misfortune by trusting my own wisdom, till it has received the sanction of his.—Jemima, if you will adopt my sentiments, as I have long adopted your's, my guardian is the fountain of benevolence, *he will* be a much more honourable resource than Sir James Restive; I will try my influence with him for your mother, but I am now so convinced of his judgment, and so doubtful of my own, that what he forbids I will not do—I leave you to consider;" and, hastily rising, she ordered a chaise and four, gave the old gentleman her address, and the bill having been discharged by Sir James—"Now, Jemima, in an instant resolve," cried she, with an alacrity which agreeably surprised the stranger.

Jemima considered, and re-considered; she well knew the conduct of her family would not bear the scrutiny of Mr. Franklin, and, conscious they did not merit it, she could hardly hope for his favour; however, it was the last resource; Clara's eyes were opened; it was in vain to hope they could

carry

carry such another scheme into execution ; but though her judgment was no longer to be imposed on, she had yet her weak side, and Jemima knew it ; the compassion of her nature was unblunted by experience, she therefore gladly accepted the offered kindness ; and the same hour that brought Mr. Franklin to London in consequence of her elopement, carried the young penitent to Esther in pursuit of him.

The fair travellers were received with great politeness by Mr. Downe, and a proportionable quantity of reserve by his lady. Clara's heart bounded as she entered the room, where she had spent so many happy hours with Henry ; and it recoiled, when she recollected they were for ever passed, and never to be renewed.

Mrs. Downe always loved Clara ; she soon conquered her aversion to handsome young women, in her favour ; but nothing could prevail on her to treat Jemima with common civility ; very impolitely, she would only suffer Clara to sit with her in her dressing-room, whose taste she consulted on the ornament of her toilet, the study of which, as in affairs of more moment, if we dare call it a luxury, wholly supplanted the histories both of Greece and Rome ; it did not, indeed, destroy her Oliverian spirit ; for, as it happened, Mr. Downe chose to be of the Jacobite party, and the contradicting him was one of the greatest pleasures she could enjoy ; her avidity, after every proof to support her own side of the argument, kept up some inclination for reading ; though the history, the produce of all her study and learning, lay by unfinished.

In those unsocial intervals, what could poor Jemima do with herself ? Mr. Franklin had a fine library of books, but they were horridly chosen, hardly a novel in it ; walks there were in abundance, but not a creature to see, or what was of  
more

more importance, to be seen by ; it signified nothing going abroad, one might as well stay at home to hear a married man talk nonsense, as to work ; her eyes were weak, and of all earthly things Jemima hated it.

Mr. Downe was very polite, he was always at the command of a fine woman, and being the only person, within reach of saying a civil thing to her, he was on the point of commencing Flirt to Miss Napper.

The true Oliverian spirit could not suffer that ; her great original only had spies in all parts of the world ; his copy had also her's in all parts of Esther Manor.

Clara hinted to her friend, that Mr. Downe's particular attention to her displeased his lady ; but Jemima declared she had no notion of humouring such old frumps ; she deserved to be tormented for her folly ; setting her ridiculous head, first on one handsome fellow, and then another ; dressing the old ewe lamb-fashion, stalking into the dining parlour like the fore horse of their own team, adorned with all their gew-gaws, except bells ; frightening every body with her spiteful looks and disgusting manners ; indeed, the old woman might fume, but she should divert herself ; what else was there in that hideous mansion to prevent the horrors.

Clara looked grave ; but even *she* could say nothing in vindication of the lady's hospitality or politeness.

The truth was, Mrs. Downe, though very jealous of her husband, was too *wise* to be rational ; instead, therefore, of endeavouring by good humour and indulgence, to render the matrimonial yoke easy ; (which considering *his* mate, must be a little galling to a young man) her rage, at him, who could not write legibly, and hardly spell a syllable, presuming to know any one thing as well as her,

her, whom he had flattered with being a paragon of wisdom and learning, was only to be equalled by her contempt of a man who would have such a jewel in his possession, and be so pre-eminently insensible of its value.

That she had raised him from a state of indigence and dependence, to one of ease and affluence; that she had made the son of her brother's steward to be master of his house; was a part of his obligations to her, she never remembered; her heart was really, above all mercenary ideas, and the only ties, which would have power to bind *him*, were those on which *she* set no value; bickering, discontent and jealousy on her part, were continually answered with contempt, ill-humour, and neglect on his; so that never was learning and wisdom yoked with youth and folly, with more disadvantages, and less prospects of felicity.

Her dislike of Jemima, without any real cause, was a stimulus to that young lady's pride to give her one; and though she knew better than to suffer herself to become the dupe of the folly (begging Mrs. Downe's pardon) of either the amorous husband, or his learned wife, she suffered the vanity of one and the suspicions of the other, to feed on her conduct; which, as extreme delicacy was not her foible, it was sufficient for her, was not essentially guilty.

The hurricane this behaviour raised at Esther, greatly distressed Clara, who knew no one being in the neighbourhood but Mrs. Marsh; the disagreeable scenes at the Manor, often (while she waited for Mr. Franklin's answer to a letter she had written him confessing her folly) drove her and her fair companion out; they would sometimes call at the parsonage, and oftener at Mrs. Marsh's, where they met Mrs. Cadogan.

That



That good creature, who had just parted from her husband, with great modesty invited the young ladies to take tea under her humble roof, where the elegance of her sentiments, and the propriety of her behaviour, with the benevolent disposition she displayed, gave Miss Elton a pleasure she had not conceived it possible to meet with in a country female.

Miss Elton owed every thing that was amiable in her composition to nature ; it is true she was taught by the first masters, French, music, dancing, drawing, and geography ; she excelled in each of those polite accomplishments, and she found, in the admiration they excited, how advantageous those were to a beautiful person ; but it was not in Mrs. Napper's *power*, it was still less her interest, to attend to the expansion of her mind ; and Mrs. Cadogan was astonished to find a young lady apparently accomplished, so very deficient in that mental knowledge ; which was, in her opinion, an indispensable requisite to a well bred woman.

Clara had not read much, and lucky it was, that the books at Mrs. Napper's were so little to her taste, that she seldom saw more of the half-bound volumes from the East Sheen library, than the titles and mere *denouements* of the few matters of facts they contained.—The tiresome pedantry of her guardian's sister, had given her a general dislike to all other sort of reading ; but one evening's conversation with Mrs. Cadogan inspired different sentiments, and opened a new and delightful discourse of amusement.

Without the least appearance of affectation, that good woman displayed the advantage of reading that world, where young ladies could not be conspicuous, without great dangers ; and she repeated, with inimitable grace, quotations from some of her favourite

favourite authors—and added many sentiments and maxims, entertaining as well as important in themselves, and consistent with the delicacy of her sex.

Clara blushed at a deficiency she had been insensible of before, and, at her return to the Manor, flew to the library, where (she had taken it on the word of Jemima) there was not a book worth looking into—She soon found the authors Mrs. Cadogan had mentioned; and, fired with emulation, greedily commenced a pursuit of knowledge.

There was no time that wanted filling up—no time would she willingly lose from the library, but that devoted to Mrs. Cadogan, to whom she ingenuously acknowledged the obligation she owed to her society:—a new world was opening to her view, and sources of pleasure, she had not thought of, appeared within her grasp.

Mr. Franklin's knowledge of her return to Esher, was protracted by his following her to the North; he traced her at every stage, and, to his infinite surprise, heard at Berwick the arrest of the gentleman, and the return of the lady; from thence, to his unspeakable joy, he likewise traced her to Esher, where, when he arrived, and heard from her modest lips, a confession of her imprudence, and a solemn promise of being in future wholly governed by him, the excess of his joy is not to be conceived.

Miss Elton was as good as her word; she urged Mrs. Napper's interest so warmly, that though Mr. Franklin felt himself exceedingly enraged against that family—he very readily sacrificed his own judgment to her will, and sent immediately orders to his attorney to call on Mrs. Napper, advance her what money would settle her affairs, and enable her to go on with her school; and, incredible as it may seem, it is an actual fact, that  
though

though the affair of Miss Elton, and the governess's share in the transaction, was publicly known; though her extravagant imprudence was the talk of all who knew her, she and her daughters had it no sooner in their power to dress, and be seen in gay company, than she became a proper person to educate young females; her school filled—she renewed her acquaintance (which had been wholly dropped) with Puffardo, and became of the utmost importance among the quality of East Sheen.

To Jemima Mr. Franklin was very generous. "I will try," said he to himself, "by gratifying this girl's darling passion, *pride*, to make her, whose influence over Clara I most fear, a friend to propriety."

New clothes, plenty of money, a pad for her own riding, and every wish gratified—one would suppose might satisfy Jemima; before she had them, the idea of the happiness they conferred on those who were in possession of such things, was rapture; but there was something more wanting—*what* to the mind of a young girl can possibly be of more importance than dress, money, and pleasure, in possession?

Simply, a lover out of possession.

Jemima Napper, having nothing else to trouble her, took it into her pretty head to fall in love. Ensign Wells was the object of her charming passion—how Ensign Wells came by such an abundant piece of good fortune nobody can tell—as he was neither handsome, witty or rich, but,

"The lover sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt."

Besides, he wore a red coat, and a cockade, and finally, was the only single man in the parish, Mr. Franklin excepted, who had the least pretensions to put gent. to his name.

Terri-

Terrible havoc, indeed, was the little god making at the Manor ; what was sport to the gay *Jemima*, was death to poor *Downe* ; a handsome young girl was an object of too great danger to be sported with, by a young man, who was yoked to an old woman whom he hated—he seriously liked *Jemima* ; and, at the time she became enamoured of *Wells*, he had settled the point within himself—that a trip to the continent with the lovely *Jemima* in one hand, and a full grasp of old *Franklin's* riches in the other, would be no bad thing.—The jealousy of his wife was a subject he better understood from his observation on *Wells* and *Jemima*, which poisoned all his other enjoyments—this was the consequence of one sort of love. Some of my readers, though, perhaps, not all, may know there are two ; *North* and *South*, good and evil, or any of the most opposite things in nature cannot be more different than the effects from those two different causes, and Mr *Downe's* jealousy was of that sort which *Roche-foucault* describes as having

“ Less love than self-love in it.”

*Clara Elton* became more and more a favourite with Mrs. *Downe* and her brother ; the latter again took delight in the Manor ; *Clara* read to him, walked out—sung—played—and, in short, Mr. *Franklin* one day folding her to his heart, could not help giving a sigh to the memory of poor *Dellmore*.

“ Oh, my dear ward,” said the good man, “ there was once a youth whose heart was worthy of yours—one whose generous, noble disposition, ought to have been united to *Clara Elton*—poor *Henry*”——*Clara* started.

“ But he is married, Sir.”

“ Mar-



"Married!" repeated Mr. Franklin, "to whom?"

"Why, sir," answered she, blushing, "had he not your sanction to marry Miss Orthodox?"

This question opened a subject to which Clara was a stranger, and gave fresh life to hopes that were almost extinguished.

With great delicacy Mr. Franklin slightly hinted at Lavinia's ill conduct and deceit—and tenderly touched on his sister's madness—as he called it; but when Henry was the subject, then he was eloquence itself; the genuine virtues of his soul were, he declared, too sublime for mortality—it was necessary there should be a small alloy, he would else be too dazzling for human nature. The fondness of his affection had treasured up every commendable act in his memory; with what pleasure did he repeat the several instances of a noble and ingenuous disposition, that had endeared him to his heart, while, parent like, all his faults were buried in a partial oblivion.—The story of the Curate was confirmed by Mrs. Cadogan; and Clara, though she was far from losing her newly acquired relish for books, found, in the willing tribute of gratitude, which that good woman was ever ready to pay to the memory of Dellmore, more wisdom, more sentiment, and more sterling wit than all that was ever said or written on any other subject.

But the delight of recalling to her idea the first pleasures of her imagination, being attended with the most anxious wishes for the recovery of the object of her affection, Clara entreated her guardian to make fresh enquiries after him; and as she had seen him in London, to take that opportunity of enquiring after the unfortunate old gentleman to whose interference she was indebted for her preservation from ruin.

Clara

Clara could not make a request that Mr. Franklin would refuse ; he went to London at her desire, but returned without the least success in his researches after Dellmore ; he was more fortunate in the other matter—he found the old gentleman on the point of ruin—a verdict had been just obtained against him and his son-in-law, as securities for Sir James Restive, for a large sum which he was totally unable to pay ; I presume, I need not say Mr. Franklin advanced the money.

He did—and not only that, but gave his attorney orders to assist them in case of any future trouble on the same account—he found that the love of the daughter, which in her dying moments had surmounted all sense of the injuries she had suffered, and prevailed on her father to liberate Sir James, who was sailed for India on an appointment from government, leaving, however, as his last act, a power of attorney in behalf of Maria's children.

Clara heard of Mr. Franklin's goodness to her deliverer, as she always called him, with thankful pleasure, but as she had given way to hopes, which were too sanguine, not to hurt her in their disappointment, she grieved in secret, and tired of every thing about her, or within her reach, she vainly flattered herself that a change of scene would beget a change of sentiment, and she took advantage of a disorder which seized Mrs. Downe, to persuade them to comply with Doctor Gregory's advice, and go to the Spa.

Mrs. Downe would not go if Jemima was of the party.

Mr. Downe would not leave Jemima.

Those were the secret resolutions that each of these personages chose to keep to themselves, but which each were resolved to persevere in ; so that the journey to the Spa would have dropped, had not

an alteration in the looks of Clara visibly to the disadvantage of the roses in her cheeks, determined Mr. Franklin to change the scene—his authority had great weight at Esher Manor—interest bound its inhabitants to obey him; but the influence of love, was still greater, it surpassed even interest.

Mrs. Downe, indeed, having in a very short period, as is customary with all eager appetites, sufficiently satisfied her curiosity, in the enjoyment of matrimonial delight with a young man, was less determined—spite towards the man who was continually sending mortifying truths home to her feelings, was *her* motive—and it would have been done away easier, had not the sudden resolution of her husband to stay at Esher on particular business, instantly followed Jemima's wish to take that opportunity of visiting her mother, and rendered her as obstinate from opposition, as her husband was from a still more blameable motive.

Mrs. Downe would finish her history; and Doctor Orthodox, prodigiously well qualified for her biographer, by the almost total loss of his own memory, and for her assistant, by the rapid decline of every sense but one, namely, that of tasting; being again established at Esher by the kindness of the Squire, and backed by Mrs. Downe, he firmly resolved not to suffer the self-dubb'd authority of the upstart Downe again to prevent him from enjoying the sweets of good living—not that the Doctor stinted himself in that indulgence at home, but

"Light in the dance and doubly sweet the lays;

"When for the dear delight another pays."

And he rejoiced in again returning to the labours of the closet.

Jemima's

Jemima's wish to remain in England did not now affect Clara, as a resolution to deprive her of her society would have done a few months back; she was, from mere habit, fond of her company, but the state of Clara's mind was not now so well adapted to that of Jemima's—she was sensible of the time she had lost, and very eager to improve the present, but ideas that she could not resist, constantly crouding themselves betwixt her eyes, and the books she most wished to be acquainted with, and a perpetual habit of sighing, reminded her of the something necessary to her happiness; that something ever appeared to her wishes in the form of Henry Dellmore—so that the benefit of Mrs. Cadogan's precepts and example was nearly lost in the inquietude of her mind, while the simple, flighty, inconsiderate Jemima's utmost efforts could not amuse her.

But though Mrs. Cadogan's understanding ceased to fill her with emulation, there was still a something in her that rendered her a most pleasing companion to Miss Elton, and that was, a disposition, the instant he was mentioned, to run out into the most extravagant encomiums on Henry Dellmore; his person—understanding—pleasing manners—and, above all, his goodness of heart, were themes on which she spoke with almost as much delight as Clara heard her; now Jemima never having herself found out any of his good qualities, except his fine eyes—hair—teeth and handsome figure, all of which was, in her opinion, surpassed in Mr. Wells, she could not possibly point them out to Clara—consequently her conversation became insipid, in the same degree as Mrs. Cadogan's grew interesting.

When therefore, to so many other objections to the Spa journey, was added, the want of a proper companion for Clara, she begged Jemima might be indulged, and since her guardian was so good as to



take the journey merely on her account, as Mrs. Downe, for whom it was first intended, would not go, she asked his permission to engage Mrs. Cadogan.

The pleasure this requisition gave Mr. Franklin, was in proportion to the affection he bore his ward; he rejoiced in the hope of weaning her from an attachment to the frivolous object that had hitherto engrossed her friendship; and he was too well acquainted with Mrs. Cadogan's good understanding, to doubt but her accompanying them in their trip to the continent would be of the most serious advantage to Clara.

Mrs. Cadogan's maternal feelings on leaving her children, very properly gave way to the request of her benefactor, and the Spa excursion was made without the person for whose health it was prescribed. But change of scene had not the power over the mind of Miss Elton, that Mr. Franklin wished and she expected; a short residence abroad served to raise her anxious expectation from England—her trembling eagerness was at last, as her fond hope foreboded, gratified by news of Henry.

But what news—the situation of mind in which they found the amiable Quaker, her tears and lamentations, and the solicitude of her husband to discover the lost youth, rendered it impossible to keep secret from them, the cause of her distress, had it been rendered necessary by any lapse from virtue in the former part of her life—but that was happily not the case with Mrs. Burges.

## CHAPTER LV.

*Juvenile Indiscretions of a fair Quaker.*

REBECCA was the daughter of one of the most rigid of her sect, so incruſted in the formality, and ſtrict adherence to every the minuteſt part of their cuſtoms and religion, were Zephaniah Fry and Rebecca his wife, that they held common converſation with the profane, as they termed thoſe of every other faith, in the ſtrongeſt abhorrence, as a breach of their own purity, and as a deviation from the ſanctity they avowed. Zephaniah was very rich, and perfectly contented with his lot——although for many years he was not bleſſed with a child; in the decline of their days, however, his wife, who was very earneſt in her prayers for an offspring, to inherit their wealth, had them answered in the birth of a daughter, who was named Rebecca after her mother.

They had now an object on which it was hardly poſſible for an uninterreſted perſon to look without pleaſure, that filled *them* with thankful rapture, and that bound to the world their wiſhes and their hopes.

The young Quaker grew up beautiful beyond deſcription; ſhe was admired by all people, and all ſects who ſaw her; the frigid diſpoſition of her parents relaxed in their love of their beautiful child; and though they continued the ſtricteſt puritans in their religion, they ſuffered their darling to receive a liberal education.

The gentleneſs of her nature—the ſoftneſs of her diſpoſition—and the ſimple elegance of her manner, rendered the young Rebecca a favourite; with thoſe who could view her beauty with the coldneſs

of a stoic, she was universally beloved, and as universally admired.

The tenderness of her parents was returned by her with the most grateful affection, and dutiful adherence to the religion they professed; and as she grew to years of maturity, their indulgence left her the free choice of her heart, with one only restriction, which her own inclinations would themselves have pointed out; for though she was not quite so rigid in her notions as her father, she was from principle a strict Quaker; when, therefore, her parents told her, if she swerved from their principles, or endangered the purity of her own heart, by yoking with a mate of a different religion, that such her deviation from the faith of her forefathers would end their days in sadness, and bring destruction on herself, she would assent with smiles to their sentiments, and secure in herself, affirm she was in no danger.

Their residence was at Pennsylvania; their acquaintance and conversation were among their own people; but the fair Quaker was too lovely to escape the notice and admiration of the whole province.

When a stranger arrived, or at the return of any who had been carried to Pennsylvania by business or pleasure, the first and constant question was—have you seen the fair Quaker? The fame of her beauty excited general curiosity, and which does not often happen to celebrated beauties—the gratification of that curiosity was sure to be succeeded by sincere admiration.

“ Here was the naked beauty and the living grace,  
Which needed neither gold nor ornaments.”

And under the pure unsullied robe of innocence, her plain brown dress appeared elegance itself.

Zephaniah

Zephaniah Fry had a country house a few miles from the capital of the province; one bias, and only one he had, towards what some very abstruse persons would deem a luxury; he had an ardent passion for the cultivation of flowers, and next to the fame of his daughter's beauty, that of his garden was an object that attracted general notice.

Every beauty of Art and Nature was blended at the Oatlands (the name of his seat); Order and Neatness were seen as handmaids to the Naiades, and Woodland Nymphs; the pleasure grounds exhibited, at one view, the bloom of spring, the full delights of summer, and the ripened plenty of autumn. How, indeed, could the Oatland gardens fail to reach perfection, when the lovely young Rebecca was her father's constant companion in the walks, and when her taste was added to his judgment, and experience. Summer months were always passed at this delightful retreat, from whence they seldom returned, to their warmer dwelling in town, till the cold became too intense for the weak constitution of Mrs. Fry.

Rebecca was in her seventeenth year, when her father was for the first time in his life, taken with a fit of the gout, which, as it happened in June, interrupted his favourite amusement, but his daughter still continued her attendance on the opening beauties of Nature.

She was one morning viewing a plant she herself set; and, thinking it wanted pruning, called to a person who was at work near her, and bid him bring her a small pair of garden shears, which had been made for her; he obeyed. The extreme whiteness of his hands drew her attention, her eyes were rivetted on a face that appeared pale and languid, and surprize succeeded curiosity; as she observed, he studiously tried to avoid the scrutiny of her glances, and resumed his labour, although his



trembling hands could with difficulty hold the pot with which he was watering a parterre of flowers.

"What aileth thee, friend?" said she, after having taken notice of his continued trembling, as he presented, at her command, a rose that he gathered—"Why art thou thus kept to labour? thy looks are sorry recommendations to thy abilities? I wonder if Jasper will employ thee—here, take this"—offering him money.—"get thee a habitation, retrieve thy strength, and when thou art able return to labour." To her further astonishment, the gardener rejected, in silence, the offered money.

"Nay, art thou offended?" continued she, struck at his manners, and the expression of grief in his countenance—"I meant not—why wilt thou not accept my proffered kindness?"

The garb in which the young man appeared was in character with her religion, coarse and plain; but his expressions and gestures, while he spoke, had something more than common in them, and his eyes, still more expressive than his words, filled her with astonishment. The approach of Jasper called the young man to his work, and Rebecca returned to the house, her mind filled with an uneasy kind of curiosity that kept her silent. The day appeared much too long, every hour passed with leaden wings, and the next morning she went earlier than usual to the garden.

Again a flower was commanded; again the obedience of the labourer, was accompanied with an ague fit; the most indifferent question from the fair Quaker brought passion into his eyes, and the colour into his cheeks; her curiosity continued; it increased with the observation, that the object of it was one of the most perfect creatures she had hitherto seen—Morning after morning Rebecca received her flowers from the same hand; soon the bloom of health re-animated his features, and soon

Rebecca

Rebecca learnt the language of his eyes, though his tongue was ever silent, except in answer to her questions.

The pleasure the fair Quaker felt in those interviews, was all that for a time occupied her thoughts; morning was to *her* the season of delight; the fragrance of the opening flowers, the bloom of carnations, the sweet scent of the blown rose, were ever pleasant, and were now infinitely more so; and if there was one that had any particular beauty in its scent or form, the young gardener was sure to mark it for *her* observation.

That those attentions were highly pleasing to her, that the services of so handsome, so engaging a servant, were far more acceptable than those offered by Jasper, Ephraim, or John, was a matter she did not think required secrecy; but it was not, as every other sensation of her mind had always hitherto been, revealed to her parents.

For this reserve she would have been puzzled to assign a cause, but the feelings of her heart were soon elucidated.

One fine morning Rebecca went according to her now constant custom to the garden, there were only Jasper and Ephraim, her friend was not to be seen, every walk was explored, all the green-houses and hot-houses were looked into half an hour longer than usual, she wandered in search of the something wanting—the morning was extremely fine, but there was a heaviness in the air that affected her breath, she retired to her chamber and burst into tears.

The day—Oh, what a day!—It at last passed with the morning light, Rebecca visited the garden, her heart palpitated, her eyes were stretched, vainly stretched in search of what was not to be found; again her stay exceeded the usual time—

neither on that, or any succeeding morning, was the young florist to be seen.

At last her distress inspired her with courage—  
 “What, Jasper, hast thou done with the young man who managed the flowers?”

“Verily, I know not, answered Jasper, what has happened to him, he hath absented himself, and moreover hath not received the money due to him—I fear he is sick.

“Was he one of our people,” asked Rebecca?  
 “Nay, nay,” replied Jasper, “but he was skilful in labour among the flowers.”

“Well, but can’st thou not enquire after him, if he be sick he may need his money, he is a Christian—he may be in want.”

“Yea, and for that reason, I have laboured to find him, but he is not to be found.”

Poor Rebecca walked in at the conclusion of this dialogue, and again wept her disappointment.

The garden became more dear to her from the recollection of him who was but too constantly the object of her thoughts, morning, noon and evening; her body hovered where her spirit constantly was. Ten days after she first missed the young gardener, walking at moonlight by a canal shaded with cedars, alarmed by a noise behind her, she started; an elegant figure approached, it had scarlet cloaths on, and it glistened with gold, it was arrayed in the raiment of the workers of vanity, she was hastening away, it pursued her, it kneeled at her feet, it called her its fate, its voice was that of the young florist; but alas! it was no Quaker.

What a tale did it unfold to a girl of seventeen! whose soul, pure and white as the snow from heaven, melted at his words—He was of English parentage, a soldier of family, he had been wounded in an engagement with the French and Indians, had come to sick quarters at Pennsylvania, had fol-  
 lowed

lowed the croud to see the beautiful Quaker—had looked—loved—and despaired—yet eager to feast his eyes where his soul's treasure was fixed, and having from early youth been fond of the cultivation of flowers, he had taken on him the habit of a labourer, and in that disguise long watched her steps before *she* had observed him;—he now came to take a parting look; the army was again under marching orders: he might not survive to return, he did not indeed wish it; since, as he was acquainted with her parents inexorable sentiments, as well as hopeless of her favour, life was a misery to him.

She wept as he uttered the last sentence; he was kneeling—humbly kneeling—her garment only did he venture to touch—"Oh, thou, my soul adores," continued he, looking up to her face, "what is the difference of common forms—are we not all children of the same father, and oh, that I could say, victims to the same passion."

Tender and fond the tears streamed from Rebecca's eyes—they dropped on the face of the young soldier.

"Dost thou then pity me, cried he, are those thy tears—say, dost thou pity me?"

Rebecca could not answer with her tongue, but the soldier was encouraged—he could soon change his question—"dost thou, Rebecca, dost thou love?" With extatic transport, with rapture inexpressible, he saw she did—nor did the guileless creature seek to deny it; unconscious of guilt she confessed he was the world to her, would her parents but consent.

Death was in the thought; full well the lover knew it was impossible—the cold sweat stood on his forehead, he implored her not to venture his senses on that risk—if they but suspect—if it is but hinted, I know I shall see thee no more. Rebecca



hesitated, she reflected on her duty to her parents, her religion and her principles; Reason painted them all in too forcible a light to be easily overcome, but they were still less potent than her affection for the amiable soldier—unable to resolve on parting, she agreed to another meeting.

The influence of duty lessened as that of love encreased, and every interview with her lover added to her affection: in the course of a few days, positive orders arrived that the soldier must join his regiment——what distraction now rent his breast, what anguish hers——he dreaded the gentleness of her nature——her sense of duty, her obedience to her parents, had their objections been vincible, had they depended on honour, on wealth, or on glory, hope would have warmed his heart——but here he had mountains to level, bigots to convince, religious zeal to overcome, prejudices almost born with them to remove from the bosom of age——well he knew it was not to be done, and should they, during his absence, espouse the interest of one of their own sect—should they urge their gentle child—how would her sweetness oppose their obstinacy.

Rebecca started, burst into tears, affirmed she would see him no more.

The soldier threw himself at her feet, implored pardon, was forgiven, and offended again.

What could love and poor seventeen do? Rebecca was united to her lover in the presence of a female friend, a Quaker, by the Chaplain of the regiment, under a solemn vow on the part of the husband, not to claim his bride, during the life of her parents—in a few hours after the ceremony they parted.

The female, whom Rebecca intrusted with this important secret, was her second cousin, and sister to Mr. Burges, who was then passionately in love with

with his beautiful relation; thro' her medium all letters were to pass from the husband to the bride—wretched Rebecca, she was not destined to receive one.—In a skirmish through a wood in their way to the army, the party he commanded was cut to pieces by the Indians—her husband was killed, and his scalp carried to the enemy's quarters.

The agony this news gave to Rebecca threw her into a fever, from which she was not expected to recover; but its violence, contrary to the opinion of the faculty, gave way to her youth and excellent constitution—she was restored to sorrow as unceasing as it was unavailing.

"This," said Rebecca to her cousin, "this is the reward of disobedience—this is the consequence of a deviation from our principles of religion—but, oh! my dear, my beloved husband, that I, instead of thou, had been the victim!"

A short period convinced her the marriage could not without great difficulty be concealed—she was pregnant—her good cousin, who was under an engagement to an English merchant, delayed her voyage but till the painful moment was past.

Daniel Burges's, the brother, was at that time making proposals to old Zephaniah and his wife for their daughter; he procured their consent, but the ill health of the young friend obliged him to defer making his application to her—he had a house in another province; change of air was ordered for the unhappy bride—her friend proposed inviting her there, but then it was necessary to make the brother a confidant; Rebecca consented, and Daniel had the misery of hearing that the object of his love had been the wedded wife of another—but Daniel's heart was filled with the "milk of human kindness;" her misfortunes added to those charms which were before seraphic—he engaged his service,

vice, and received the idol of his soul with every appearance of brotherly love.

From his house, they continued to follow one excuse with another, till Rebecca was delivered of a fine boy, which her cousin kept concealed till she went to England, whither she took him with her, and at her arrival placed him under the care of a faithful honest person, in the vicinity of the metropolis.

Meanwhile Rebecca's father and mother, being very far advanced in years, had but one wish—it was to see their darling settled. Daniel Burgess continued on terms of friendship with the fair Quaker; but while he cherished an unconquerable affection for her, the sacredness of *her* grief prevented his saying a syllable of *his own*, till called on by Zephaniah for the reason why he did not prosecute a suit to his daughter, which had received his sanction.

A person less delicate, less generous than the beautiful Rebecca, might have construed this backward address of her lover into want of affection—but *she* saw the struggles of his heart—he was in possession of her only secret—the sensibility, the friendship he had shown her in her sorrows—the care with which he had guarded her fame—his faithful love, and the respectful manner in which he had repressed his own wishes, called for her gratitude, yet her heart was too firmly fixed on her first choice to be soon changed; she hesitated, and delayed till her mother and father in one day took to their beds; and joined in entreating her to let them depart in the pleasing certainty of leaving their only child secured from the wiles of an evil generation, which they could not be assured of but by seeing her united to their friend Burgess.

She obeyed the dying injunctions of her parents, and they survived the event they desired, Zephaniah four days only, his wife three weeks—and very soon after

after Mr. Burgefs's removal for England was accelerated by a summons for him to succeed his uncle in London.

Mrs. Burgefs was impatient to see her infant; she had received from her friend the most flattering account of him, he was the image of his father, and the loveliest of children; four years were elapsed since the death of her husband, and she determined, with Mr. Burgefs's consent, to introduce him to his father's family as soon as she reached England; the riches Mr. Burgefs inherited from his uncle, were very considerable; her's from her father beyond his expectations; whether they had, or had not a family, there would be abundance more than enough to provide for the child, in case his father's relations objected to receive him.

With all a mother's anxiety for the offspring of the man she doated on—with all the impatience, of ardent maternal love, Mrs. Burgefs reached her sister-in-law's in London.

The good woman's face was clouded with grief—tears gushed from her eyes the instant she saw Mrs. Burgefs; instead of meeting her embrace, she retreated from it, concealing her face in a handkerchief.

The mother's fond enquiries were answered with sighs; and the agony this conduct inflicted, increased by an explanation of the cause.

I have said that the child was placed at a small village, under the care of a faithful dependant, and that he was doated on by his protectress and her husband, who was enquiring for a school fit to send him to; but their care was frustrated, and the lady's heart broken (as she never had a day's health after) the villainy of some designing person, who stole the child from the door of its nurse, and had done it with such secrecy, and precaution, that no possible trace could be found where it was carried,  
altho'



altho' every step was taken that human invention could suggest for that purpose; different sums were offered for recovering the child; the last, a thousand pounds; but not one circumstance transpired that could give the least satisfaction.

This was a thunderbolt to the poor mother—tears, hystericks, and faintings were followed by a constant hectic habit, a continued fever on her spirits and weak nerves. The search was recommenced with fresh vigour, but attended with no success. Mrs. Burge's sister died in less than a year, and gratitude only could have induced Mrs. Burge's to wish to live; she did, indeed, exist, but equally dispossessed of health and peace.

The day the young officer parted from her, he wrote to his mother, in confidence, an account of his marriage, with the restrictions his wife laid on him not to claim her during the life of her parents, in order, if he did not return among the living, she might if she chose it, be acknowledged by his family:—the lady, on hearing of her son's death, wrote to the young Quaker, and Rebecca rejoiced in the hope of presenting her with the likeness of her lamented son; but deprived of that power, she had never wished to see any part of the family.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### *A Wife's Reproof.*

ON comparing the time when Mrs. Burge's child was kidnapped, with the proofs of the death of Mrs. Dellmore, and the description of the two children adduced on the trial, though by the escape of one evidence the impostor could not be identified; and on recollection of Henry's remarkable likeness

ness to her husband, Mrs. Burgefs once more flattered herself she had found her son—found him, and in the same moment, more irretrievably lost him than ever—hope had always hitherto animated her bosom, anxious as it was, still it was hope; but a wanderer, delirious in a high fever—where could he be concealed; every means had failed to discover him; was it not likely, most likely he had fallen a victim either to the phrenzy or the fever? it was no longer in her power to support her fate—she sunk under her sorrow, and saw her approaching end with the calm resignation of a fatigued traveller.

The tender grief of Clara Elton endeared that young lady to her heart, it was a sweet, a melting proof of the merit of the youth, whom she persisted in believing was her son, to see him sincerely lamented by so amiable a young woman; and it was to Clara an inexhaustible source, both of transport and grief, to hear from her the avowed tenderness, the delicate regard for her honour and peace, which filled the heart of Henry Dellmore, his sentiments in her favour, to which she had been hitherto a stranger, gave additional strength both to her passion and regret. It was some consolation, however, to be a comfort to his mother, to mingle tears and sorrow with so amiable a woman, and to feel her partiality for Henry confirmed by the approbation of so many respectable characters.

Mrs. Cadogan, eager to see her children, set off for Esler as soon as they arrived, but she left Clara at no loss for a companion, for although Jemima was not entirely banished from her affections, she enjoyed a melancholy pleasure in the attachment she felt to Mrs. Burgefs.

Mr. Franklin, who received a pressing request from his sister to return to Esler, had not yet learnt to put a negative on her wishes; and as Clara's  
society

society was become so dear to the unhappy Mrs. Burgefs, he consented to leave her behind.

Change of air was the last prescription the worthy Mr. Littleton could give the dying Quaker; it was of no importance to her where she was carried; not the lively grief, the heart-bursting sorrow of her husband, not the unbounded possession of wealth, nor any of the world's enjoyments could banish from her mind the last sad disappointment; but though in a state of the utmost weakness, though it was painful for her to move even across the room, she consented to the prescription of the Doctor at the request of her husband, not because she was herself desirous of life, but because his life was wrapt in hers.

Bristol Hot Wells was the place fixed on for their invalid, and Clara went to East Sheen to see her old friends, previous to her leaving Clapham. The first person she saw, on entering the parlour, was Mr. Downe, very gallantly entertaining Jemima; there was also on a tea visit Mr. and Mrs. Puffardo, with the accomplished Billy Holcombe and another gentleman and lady. The first compliments were hardly passed when Mr. Puffardo recollected a monstrous clever thing that had happened to him at the city assembly.

"You must know, Miss Elton," said the educator of young gentlemen, "that I and Billy Holcombe obtained tickets, and so I thought it was a very polite place, and none there but people of character—none of your what d'ye call'm doings—none of your Bachanalians, or them sort of things; nor none of your shabroon vulgar creatures, none but substantial people like myself---we'd go. For, you must know, Miss Elton, though I keep a school, I don't care *that* about it (snapping his fingers); I only keep it for my divartion, nothing in  
the

the world else, and being an independant man, as I am, may be a gentleman as soon as I please."

"I wonder you don't please, Mr. Puffardo," cried Jemima, "I think it the pleasanter thing in the world to be a gentleman—I wish any body would make a gentlewoman of me, see whether I would set a foot in a school."

"Why, as to that, Miss," answered Puffardo, "every body to their fancy, as the old woman said, many men, many minds, what's one man's meat is another man's poison; I can take my friend by the hand when and where I please; what of that, I must have my diversions, I must unbend, I might be introduced among the great, but Lord as I say, what service can that be of to me; a certain friend of mine says to me, Puffardo, says he, you're losing your time in this here low way, says he, you are a man, says he, of that sense and abilities, says he, and says he, I know you are rich; why, I denied it, but, Lord, he knew better; you are, says he, I know you are, and says he, I mentioned you yesterday to a certain great personage, and he was surprised to hear of your talents—and I assure you, Miss Elton, I might have had an illustrious visitor, but I did not like it, for as I said to my friend, what service can it be of to me?"

"Well, Mr. Puffardo," cried Jemima, "but did all this happen at the city assembly?"

"O I beg pardon, no; what I was going to tell you was a piece of assurance of that beggarly fellow Mumps."

"Who?" cried Miss Elton, colouring.

"Who?" said Jemima, eagerly.

"Why you remember him, Miss Elton---Mrs. Napper, you recollect the fellow I kept out of charity, Sir Henry, as we used to call him." Well, Mr. Puffardo, from every mouth. "Well, as  
sure



as you are alive there, had he got into the family of a capital merchant, one Mr. Gab, and was on the point of marriage with his daughter, to be sure, we popped on him rather unexpectedly---eh, Billy—some how or other the feller had good cloaths, and did not look amiss, but we took him down—there he had got a quality name, indeed—I believe I shou'd not have known him, only Billy wanted a partner, so I makes a few enquiries, and Miss Gab being pointed out as a city heiress—I says, Billy, says I, now's your time, but Miss was engaged, her mama said, to a person of quality. I thought I knew most of the people of quality, so up I goes to take a peep, and who should it be but Mumps.—

“Pray, Sir,” said a sun-burnt young man, who, in company with a good looking woman, was come to see her daughter, “did that Mumps, as you call him, go by the name of Conway?”

“He did, Sir,” answered Puffardo, “I brought him up; it was easy to see he was a dirty low-born fellow, not the least bit of a gentleman in him, I always said that the dog would be hanged.”

“You did,” said the sun-burnt young man, “then you told a d—d lye.”

Puffardo started—the lady was in tears, and the young man was on tip-toe with rage.

“I tell you— you scoundrel, all you have been saying is a parcel of lies—I did not know that Henry Conway was Dellmore, but I know he was as honest a fellow as any alive, and perhaps, you Mr. Puff, what the devil is your dirty name, may look a little foolish, when I tell you, Mrs. Dellmore is now in London with forty-thousand pounds in her pocket, for this same gallows bird you are pleased to abuse so; and I'll tell you another secret—and I answer your proverb at one and the same time, honesty is the best policy—Mrs. Dellmore that was, the widow Nesbit that is, my own sister,  
and

and whether Henry be her son or not, those that dare speak to the impeachment of his honour, shall do it through my heart's blood, d—me, shall they."

The astonishment of the company, at this speech, was general, though the effects were various. Puffardo, strange to tell, was out of countenance, his face of various colours, and his wife, having to her great satisfaction not opened her lips, was quite at liberty to reflect on her husband, which her looks shewed she would take the first opportunity of doing.

Mrs. Napper was endeavouring, by farther enquiries, to hear something more of Dellmore—Jemima's eyes were fixed on Clara, and her's were suffused with tears, yet full of eager attention.

The young man informed them, his name was Montgomery, he was brother to Mrs. Nesbit, who was just come from Ireland, where she went on this very business, in her way from the East; and we are all in pursuit of this same beggarly fellow, said he, looking fiercely at Puffardo—the lady who accompanied him, was, he said, his brother's widow, and it was to the generosity of Mrs. Nesbit that she owed the power of providing for her family; he arrived in the river himself but a few days before, and would give all he was worth to get along-side of his friend; at the same time, continued he, I shall be under great obligations to any of you, who can inform me where I may hear any tidings of Mr. Dellmore.

Poor Clara, overcome by the different sensations which the preceding conversation had raised in her mind, and entirely off all guard, now wrung her hands, and bursting with agony, answered, "he was *dead*."

The lion-looking Montgomery was in an instant changed into the lamb. "Why, sure, Miss, said he,

he, that must be a galley-packet, somebody or other has told you so just to vex you—if it be true, my sister will break her heart, poor woman, that's near done already." Montgomery was a rough, unpolished, uneducated sailor, he had not learnt.

"To lisp and nick-name God's creatures."

But, without any learning at all, he was a general favourite with the women. Miss Elton had been but half an hour in his company, she could weep on his shoulder, own her love, and repeat the last sad circumstances, they were acquainted with respecting Dellmore, without a blush; she gloried in her fondness for the amiable youth, and vowed to lament him while she had life.

Mr. Puffardo not being quite so much at home as at the beginning of the visit, thought proper, at this period, to take himself off, followed by his lady and beau Billy.

They were no sooner out of hearing, than Billy was sorry they went out that afternoon. Mr. Puffardo dared to say that was a half crazy sailor, who did not know what he said, and Mrs. Puffardo was astonished, so much as she had said to her spouse, and so often as she had warn'd him of letting his tongue run before he knew his company, that he wou'd still go on in making himself ridiculous.

Mr. Puffardo did not like to be lectured.

Mrs. Puffardo liked nothing so much as lecturing, ergo, Mr. and Mrs. Puffardo were not like to come to a point; they quarrelled, it was nothing new; they fought, it was what they had done before; they recollected themselves, and it was well they did.

They were seen afterwards, in the course of the evening, arm in-arm, be-deared each other till bed time,

time, and behind the curtain the same altercation was renewed with the same consequences.

And so on to the end of the chapter.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### *The Penitent.*

WHEN Clara parted with her friends at East Sheen, she coldly requested Mr. Downe to present her dutiful compliments to his lady; the polite husband, with some embarrassment, replied, that as Mrs. Downe was not acquainted with the business that occasioned his being in London, and as he had some family reasons for concealing it, he should esteem himself much obliged to Miss Elton if she would not mention to Mr. Franklin his having had the honour to see her at East Sheen. Clara's answer, to this request, was a slight formal curtsy, as he had handed her into Mr. Burgess's chariot; and her reflections, during her ride to Clapham, were not to either his advantage or that of her quondam governess.

Miss Elton's accidental interview with Mr. Montgomery, put a stop to the Bristol journey, as Mrs. Burgess had every reason to flatter herself, that the arrival of Henry's pretended mother, would one way or other determine her fate; and she waited in the most painful anxiety for the notice Mr. Montgomery had promised to send Clara, of a visit from her.

A week having expired since Miss Elton's meeting him at East Sheen, Mrs. Burgess was relapsing into despondency when, as they were taking coffee, Mrs. Nesbit and Mr. Montgomery were announced.

Clara



Clara would have received them in another room, but Mr. Burgefs, in a voice of eager curiosity, begged they might be shewn into their's.

Mr. Montgomery entered, supporting his sister, whose anxiety of mind had very much added to her indisposition, and whose extreme weakness rendered his assistance necessary.

Clara arose, and although her heart revolted from the idea of friendship for a woman, whose artful conduct had involved the man she loved in such a series of misfortunes ; the extreme melancholy and dejection of her countenance, in which sickness and sorrow had made equal ravages, her emaciated form and flowing tears reached the heart of the gentle Clara, in a language she could not resist.

A silent gush of anguish filled an awful interval that lasted a few moments, after which, Mrs. Nesbit addressed Miss Elton, " you see, Madam," said she, struggling with her emotions, " before you, the sad remains of a woman, whose guilty conduct would have deprived you of your inheritance ; little, very little, can I urge in my own defence, little to extenuate my guilt towards you ; but as the law has made you restitution, as it has invested you with the estate to which you are the legal and undoubted heiress ; and as it has pleased Heaven to put me into the just possession of a fortune that will enable me to return with ample interest, the sums I received of your right after my son's death, I should not, had I no other cause for the anguish that will soon put a painful period to my existence, despair of your forgiveness, nor yet, what is of still more importance, of being at peace with myself."

" Ah !" said Clara ; " but the other, the most cruel, the unfeeling part, *that* which could influence you to abandon to misery and want, the most amiable,

amiable, the—the"—bursting into tears, "the dearest youth."

"Charming young lady," replied Mrs. Nesbit, "how I honour, how I admire your sweet sensibility, for that indefensible, that horrid part of my life, which concerned the unhappy youth; I have died a lingering unpitied death; but oh! Miss Elton, all that Puffardo could inform me, from him I have heard; and I have traced the poor deserted victim till he was my companion in the ship, which brought me from the Indies."

"Heavens! cried Clara, starting, "*When?*—We have lost him; when was he with you? was it lately, since November?"

Mrs. Nesbit sighed, and the transient hope that had animated Clara's features, was no more.

"Mr. Gab," continued Mrs. Nesbit, "from whose friendship he was discarded, as I understand from his lady and himself, on account of some irregularities in his conduct, some youthful sallies, I suppose, accounts for his leaving England in the King's service, as he says he recommended him to Captain Manly; I am, myself, therefore, only surprised at his so sudden return, as I am sure he parted on terms of reciprocal esteem with the Captain."

"Every body loved, every body esteemed Henry Dellmore," sobbed Clara. "But you say he returned in the same ship with you, pray, madam, proceed; did he recollect you, or you him?"

"We unfortunately parted without an idea of the near connection that had once endeared us to each other; time, which has ripened into mature beauty, the infant graces with which he was adorned, when I left him, and the change of his name, (as then he was called Conway) prevented my having a thought, that the most amiable young man, I ever saw, was him, whom I was in eager pursuit

pursuit of; and sickness, vexation, and the cruel ravage of the small pox, undoubtedly destroyed every trace of remembrance."

"Friend," interrupted the good Quaker, who felt for the impatience of his wife, "if thou art sincere in thy penitence, why dost thou delay to reveal thy transgression; thou hast, thou sayest, a sin to atone for, more heinous than that of robbing this innocent maiden of her birthright; thou art willing, and as thou sayest, able to make her retribution.—But here is a worthy member of society lost by thy means, ultimately it is by thy means, to the world, to his parents.

Mrs. Nesbit wept.

"Had he parents, and could thy gold bribe them to sell their son for the purpose of iniquity?"

"Oh! no! no!" cried she, wringing her hands. "Were they then dead? and didst thou adopt an orphan for thy own wicked ends, and cruelly desert him, when his innocence could no longer assist thy cunning?"

The emotions of the penitent Mrs. Nesbit, at the solemn and severe interrogatories of Mr. Burgess, overcame her spirits; she fainted, and Mrs. Burgess, who sat in her easy chair, the picture of anguish, was near being in the same situation, yet she would not leave the room, and when Mrs. Nesbit was recovered from her fit, Mr. Burgess resumed the subject. But Montgomery, who loved his sister, and who indeed was under the strongest obligations so to do, insisted on her returning to town, without entering further on a subject, that so evidently distressed her.

"But we," said the trembling Mrs. Burgess, "are also in distress; it is of importance to us to hear thy sister's account of herself and this youth. Behold," extending her late beautiful hand and arm now reduced to a skeleton—"behold the victim of barbarity;

barbarity ; tell me, I beseech thee, where thou obtainedst that wretched youth, confess," raising her voice, and fire darting from her eyes. " Didst thou not steal him from the grasp of his fond mother ! Avert not thy guilty eyes, but speak, confess, tell me, woman, hast thou not *more* than murdered me ? Where, where is my child, my son, the image of my murdered love ?" This exertion of spirits, in the almost lifeless Quaker, which astonished Mr. Burgess and Clara, as much as it alarmed them ; was instantly succeeded by her usual hysterics, and she was as unable to hear as Mrs. Nesbit was to repeat the remainder of her story. But the latter, something recovered, solemnly addressed Clara :

" I am now, Miss Elton, leaving you, I bid you adieu for ever, I am advised to try what Lisbon will do for my broken constitution ; I know it is the last ineffectual resource ; before I leave England I will write to you ; the cause of that faint-looking creature's excessive disorder, is a mystery to me ; for be assured, *I* have not injured *her* ; Henry Dellmore's mother has long paid the debt, soon to be demanded of me ; I am assured the loss of her son broke her heart ; poor injured woman ; Heaven only knows the constitution of my soul on her account ; could I but have been suffered to have rendered the dear youth happy, it would, I have long fondly hoped, be a palliation of my guilt ; but even that is denied to me."

" At least, madam," said Clara, " give Mrs. Burgess all the satisfaction in your power ; her first, indeed her only child, was cruelly stolen from his nurse, his age, the time your son died, and various other circumstances have contributed to persuade her, our Henry was her's ; and perhaps, when she is convinced she is mistaken, her anguish at his double loss, may subside, and she may be restored to health."



"Be assured," replied Mrs. Nesbit, "I will write to you every particular; but is it indeed certain, are there no hopes of recovering our poor fugitive?"

"I have enquired," said Montgomery, "at the Spunging-house, from whence he went in the height of his delirium, and of the good Doctor who attended him, and he dropped a tear—I cannot find. . . .

"Say no more, brother, say no more, farewell, Miss Elton," said Mrs. Nesbit, embracing her, "God preserve you as well from temptation as from evil;" and she left the house with as much expedition as her weak state of health would permit.

Clara returned then to Mrs. Burgess's apartment, where she yet continued her faintings, which terrified and distracted her husband. Doctor Littleton was sent for, and gave it as his decisive opinion, that such another shock as her spirits had then received, would be her death; her prescriptions somewhat composed her; but when the opiate she swallowed lost its effect, and she regained her mental powers, her first enquiries were after the barbarous woman, who she persisted in declaring had stolen her child; and it was with the utmost difficulty she could be restrained from going in person after her.

Mr. Burgess tenderly remonstrated, he implored her to be patient.

"Oh! Daniel," cried the afflicted woman, "couldst thou have thought the heart of thy Rebecca would be ever filled with a thirst after revenge?—but that vile woman, will not justice overtake her? Is she not amenable to the law? Oh! my child, my child, where, where didst thou perish, where was the maternal bosom that should have held thine aching head! Even now, perhaps,

perhaps, his dear body lies exposed to the wind of Heaven, and his noble father looks down with indignation on the mother, who abounds in wealth, on whom the air must not rudely blow, but whose only son expires for want. Oh! Daniel, wilt thou not pursue the woman whose iniquity has murdered thy Rebecca!"

The heart-piercing sorrow of Mrs. Burgefs was felt by her husband and her young friend; but it was not immediately in their power to gratify her in following Mrs. Nesbit, as Clara had not asked her address, and Mr. Burgefs had no opportunity of doing it, being too much taken up with his attention to his wife, to think on her; but as Mrs. Burgefs continued to urge him to seek her, he was on the point of going to make enquiries after her at Mr. Benwell's, when a packet was delivered to Clara that banished every kind of doubt; and if a certainty of misery is, as some people affirm, more endurable than suspense, Mrs. Burgefs had that poor consolation; it was directed to Miss Elton, and contained the following extraordinary recital.

"Madam,

"WHEN you receive this I shall be on my way to Lisbon, I cannot bear the severe goodness of your friends; but I have not, thank God I have not, injured that angelic woman—I am hastening to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." I have made my will, and left one-third of my fortune, with all my jewels, to you, as an atonement for the injuries I have offered you; one-third to my brother, and the residue between the widow and children of my eldest brother. I inclose a narrative that would have been found at my death among my papers; shew it to *your* friend, that she may be convinced I have not, as she charged me,

been necessary to her death ; I am too ill to add to this letter any more than my prayers for your happiness.

H. NESBIT."

*(Enclosed in the foregoing.)*

" THAT the miseries of my life, that the sting of guilt, that the curse of hypocrisy may be known to the world, and in hopes that the uncorrupted may fly from the path where the writer of this narrative was undone, it is she who commits to paper actions that will blacken her fame for ever.

" Henrietta Montgomery was only daughter of an Irish officer of family, whose commission was the whole support of himself and four sons; the eldest being Secretary to an Embassy, and literally, a man of the world.

" At the time Colonel Montgomery died, which was in his 44th year, Henrietta was just entered her eighteenth—young, handsome, gay and sprightly; the elder Mr. Montgomery had contracted an intimacy at Paris with a young man of easy temper, great good nature, and heir to a large estate; with a view, as he confessed, to gain an eligible settlement for his sister; on the death of her father he sent for her to Paris, and having placed her in a reputable convent, he carried his friend to visit her.

" The thing he had preconcerted exactly happened; Mr. Dellmore was captivated at the first interview, and a marriage very soon took place, greatly to the displeasure of Sir Henry Dellmore, the bridegroom's father, who refused to be reconciled to his son, till he heard Mrs. Dellmore was far advanced in her pregnancy.

" Sir Henry was particularly ambitious of perpetuating his name and family; and in the hopes of

of succeeding in this his first wish, obtained his pardon and protection; Mr. Dellmore and his bride were both received by the old gentleman, at Dellmore Court, where they continued till the son unfortunately fell from his horse, at a hunting party, and fractured his skull.

“ Sir Henry did not long outlive his son; his grandchild had engrossed all his grand-father’s care and tenderness, but he gave proof that he had never cordially forgiven his daughter-in-law for the Irish trick, which he ever called her marriage to his son, as his will left no provision for her: if her child died before he came of age, his whole estate and personals were in that case bequeathed to his daughter; this will, which suggested the impious act, for which the heart of the unhappy widow will ever bleed, filled her with the most distressing alarm, on every little indisposition of her son; it was not only a darling child, an only son, for whose existence she trembled, her daily bread, her actual subsistence depended on his life. in this wretched predicament she was found by her brother, when the Ambassador to France was changed, and he took his residence with Mrs. Dellmore.

“ Mr. Montgomery was a man of penetration and cunning; the intrigues of state affairs had thoroughly versed him in chicanery and dissimulation; and, when his sister was sinking in despair, at the appearance of the small-pox on her child, he charged her to disguise her feelings, and sent her on pretence of taking a small tour, to poor and private lodgings on Epping Forest.

“ A faithful female Irish domestic, who had been foster mother to several of Colonel Montgomery’s children, was at that period in England, whither she had come to see Mrs. Dellmore; Mr. Montgomery kept her with him, to assist in a scheme he had long determined to put in executi-



on, in case of the fatal event of the child's death ; on her fidelity he could depend, and Mrs. Dellmore thought her maid was also incorruptible.

" From the first appearance of the eruption, which, though Mrs. Dellmore had not had the fatal distemper, she attended herself ; they knew there was no hope of saving the young heir, who was, at that period, just turned of four years old ; he was privately interred, and his mother and her servant proceeded to the continent by direction of her brother, by whom she was soon joined by a beautiful boy so like her own child, that even a mother might have been deceived, had she not closed the dying eyes of her own son ; the relation Mr. Montgomery gave of the means whereby he procured this substitute, was, that he spent several days under different disguises, in searching the villages round the metropolis, chiefly among poor people, for a child whose age, size and complexion, resembled the deceased ; that, after several tedious excursions, he, at length, saw the destined prize at play before a small neat house in a field near Wandsworth, that he made enquiries at a neighbouring public-house, and found he was the son of a Quaker, of the name of Champion, who had placed him to nurse with the woman, who was wife to a gentleman's gardener in the neighbourhood, and had formerly lived servant in Mrs. Champion's family. Whatever reluctance Mr. Montgomery might feel at depriving a respectable family of their offspring, self-preservation was an impulse too strong for humanity ; the boy's remarkable likeness to his nephew, and the ease with which it appeared he might be conveyed away, were incentives to his intentions, and he returned to town to concert measures with his confederate to complete their purpose.

" He

“ He purchased a phaeton and pair to prevent a possibility of discovery from drivers or servant, and the woman having watched an opportunity, put the child into the carriage, which Mr. Montgomery immediately drove off to the Kentish road; the woman contrived to change the child’s cloaths, and having now a pretty chubby faced girl, instead of a stolen boy, they ventured to slacken their pace, and reached the Continent without suspicion, the sweetness of the infant’s temper rendering it an easy matter to keep him in spirits and good humour; his sex being again changed, the faithful Irish woman was sent home, and the family continued abroad three years, during which time, Mrs. Dellmore observed a familiarity between her brother and the maid servant who attended her, which, however, she was obliged to appear ignorant of, as she was so wholly in their power; she returned to England with a thousand secret fears on her mind, and in a state of unenviable subjection to her brother and his mistress. By request of the latter, the young Sir Henry was placed at a school to East-Sheen on the simple recommendation of a relation of hers, who dwelt at that village, and five years more passed without any person’s suspecting the fraud; but their apparent tranquility was then destroyed by the appearance of an Irish girl whom Mrs. Dellmore remembered to have waited on her mother; she produced incontestible proof of her marriage with Mr. Montgomery, by whom she had children, and he owned the truth of her assertion, which so enraged the maid-servant, whom he had promised to marry, and who had been besides liberally rewarded for her share in their secret, that she flew out of the house and related to Mr. Elton every circumstance that had happened.—

“ Mrs. Dellmore terrified with a sense of guilt, and fearful of punishment, as she thought no less

than death would be the consequence, not only of the fraud on the Dellmore family, but the cruel robbery of the child from Wandsworth, as they found by the rewards offered for his recovery, his parents were too affluent to accept a pecuniary exchange for their son; and her terror increased by a recollection of the effect she heard the loss of the child had on his mother, who died broken-hearted. Her brother having absconded; herself alone, friendless and unprotected, her brain seemed turning, and she resolved on flight, but where could she go? Her own noble relations would abjure her as soon as they were acquainted with her guilt; the newspaper lay on the table, an advertisement for a young person to attend a lady to India happily struck her, she instantly walked out, after buying some cloaths suitable to the rank she now thought would be her good fortune to fill, took a small lodging in a bye-street, near the city, and from thence waited on the lady who advertised.

“Her appearance pleased the lady—she demanded the address to those who were to give her a character; Mrs. Dellmore wept, and owned she had not a being to apply to, the lady was not discouraged, the criminal had the happiness to be engaged, and attended her to Bengal, where she very soon died, and Mr. Nesbit made choice of his deceased lady's companion for his wife. She never acquainted him with her real name, but the instant she was mistress of herself and fortune, she resolved to return to England, if possible to recover the dear youth she had abandoned, make him heir to her fortune, and restore him to his family.”

*Henrietta*

*Henrietta Nesbit inclosed in Mrs. Nesbit's Pacquet.  
To Miss Elton.*

" Madam,

" My sister being too much indisposed to resume her pen, by her desire I further inform you :

" When she left the ship that brought her from India, it was to seek for Janet Macdougall, by whose means, she flattered herself, she should hear some tidings of Mr. Dellmore. Mr. Benwell had already vainly enquired after him of Mr. Puffardo, who denied any kind of knowledge of, or about him. Janet accompanied Mrs. Nesbit to England, where almost the first thing she did, was to claim from a pawnbroker's, where she pledged it, a portrait of my sister and her supposed son, which she purchased at her first coming with her husband, Macdougall, to England, by accident, of the broker who had bought the furniture belonging to Mrs. Dellmore when she absconded.

" From the pawnbroker she was astonished to hear that Mr. Conway, as she had always called him, owned the picture of the boy was his, and named the artist who drew it, *then* Janet could recollect as well as my sister the extreme likeness in the features, so we all concluded that my friend Conway was Dellmore, and I was confirmed in this surmise at Mrs. Napper's, when I had the honour to meet you there.

" Previous to our waiting on you at Clapham, we went to Mr. Gab's, where we learnt little more than that our friend left them in high disgrace, notwithstanding which, Mr. Gab had recommended him to Captain Manly, and that he had been arrested by his taylor, to whom we also went, and, by his direction we proceeded to the spunging-house, where I grieve to say our search ended; and we waited on you merely that Mrs. Nesbit



might inform you of her designs in your favour, before we left England.

“ Mr. Burgess’s solemn questions, and his lady’s anxious grief, exceedingly disconcerted her, though you see by the account of the fatal transactions, that it could not possibly affect them.

“ Before I leave England, I am happy in this opportunity of paying my sincere respects to Miss Elton, and to assure her of the profound esteem of,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

C. MONTGOMERY.”

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### *Maternal Distress.*

WHEN those letters and Mrs. Nesbit’s Memoirs came to be read by the Burgess’s, instead of giving them convincing proofs that Henry *was not* the son she lamented, no doubt remained in their minds that he *was* the very child placed at Wandsworth by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Champion; whose grief and early death might naturally be placed to maternal love; particularly as the child had always called her mother.

“ Oh, then,” cried the unhappy mother, “ I divined aright—it was—it was my Augustus, the voice of Nature cried aloud in my soul; oh, how it throbbed for my child, the first sound of his voice affected me—and his looks—but *he was* the image of his father! O forgive me, forgive my husband, thou best of men, forgive the grief of thy Rebecca, thou knowest how I loved that father, how my fondness for him rendered me an apostate to duty and religion; how has my apostacy been punished? Yet in  
the

the presence of the Prince of Peace, the distinctions of man will not be known; there I shall be re-united to my Augustus—but oh! how, when we meet, shall I account to the spirit of my love, for sending his child from me, for intrusting him out of my sight? Alas! alas! I remembered only that I was a daughter, and the mangled corse of my dear husband, whose life was lost in the defence of us, the Disciples of Peace, had not power over my timorous heart to enable me to assert a mother's privilege. Why would'st thou, Daniel, thou, whose soul is the mansion of integrity, suffer me to neglect a mother's duty?

“Cruel Rebecca!” answered the sorrowing husband, “dost thou then wish to leave me? Yes, I knew thy love was all for the husband of thy youth; but have I not cherished even that remembrance, because it delighted thee? and would I not have been a parent to thy child had he lived? Why wilt thou wound thy soul with the bitterness of thy grief? Is nothing due to the faith and love I have ever borne thee? Can'st thou resolve to destroy him, who is thy friend as well as husband?”

The sense of right, of justice, and of humanity might be clouded by grief in the mind of Mrs. Burgess, but it could not be lost; she fell on her husband's neck, implored his forgiveness, she would strive to live for his sake; he was, *and ought to be* dear to her; she would yet go to Bristol—but, there was one debt she ought to pay—she had deferred it, wretched as she was, in the vain hope that time would restore her child; the mother of her Augustus was now, she knew, in London; she would see her, and then endeavour to think on her lost son no more.

It was in vain to dissuade her from this resolution; weak as she was, she would go the next morning; go, therefore, then she did, attended by Cla-

ra, and the carriage was ordered to Lord Belvoir's in St. James's Square.

The marriage of Lady Crespigney, with the great city fortune, Miss Levifage, as it gave a supply of ready cash to the family, brought Lady Belvoir and her daughters to town, to grace the nuptials of the heir of their noble house. Lady Belvoir's infirm state of health prevented her accompanying the bride and bridegroom to a family feat which Lord Belvoir settled on the lady. Lady Selina Macnamara stayed with her mother; Lady Emily accompanied the bride.

Lady Belvoir's affection had been so strongly fixed on Augustus Macnamara, her second son, that his death had nearly proved fatal to her; time, however, with its lenient hand had mollified her maternal grief, it had reconciled her to the dispensations of Providence, without effacing the image of the amiable youth from her memory; there he yet dwelt—every virtue that filled his heart, every charm that graced his handsome figure, still existed in the heart of his fond mother; while his faults, the natural effects of youth and vivacity, were wholly consigned to oblivion.

It was indeed little wonder that Augustus Macnamara should be a favourite with Lady Belvoir; or, that so good a woman should ever regret parting with the only one among her sons who inherited the disposition of his mother. He was beloved and respected wherever he appeared; some youthful follies he might have that clouded his fine qualities; and, as I have before informed my readers, a difference in consequence of his success in an intrigue where his elder brother was his competitor, rendered it necessary to part them; with a bursting heart Lady Belvoir parted with her darling son, honour and glory pointed too alluringly to his aspiring mind, the path to fame, for him to feel beyond

yound the passing minute, the tears which dropped from maternal love—"I shall return to you, madam," said the young soldier, "crowned with laurels, and what is yet more desirable, I shall learn wisdom; experience will aid your instruction, and I shall leave, on the other side the Atlantic, the follies which have distressed the best of mothers."

How this prediction was verified, our readers have seen in the early death of Mrs. Burgefs's first husband; the same packet that declared his marriage, brought to his family the particulars of his death.

His letter to his mother, imparting to her the secret of his choice, arriving in such solemn circumstances, was the more deeply engraved on her heart; his request, that protection might be offered his wife, was to her a sacred injunction she could not bear should be evaded; with the first possible opportunity of conveying it to the hands of the lovely widow, she wrote all that the fulness of her fondness for her son, and grief for his loss, dictated; invited the beloved object of his choice to her heart, and to her arms, and assured her of her maternal love.

The situation of the young Rebecca was so very delicate at the time she received Lady Belvoir's letter, it being just as she consented to accept Mr. Burgefs, and while her parents were in so weak a state that her dutiful heart sunk at the remotest possibility of giving them pain, she could not immediately answer it; and after that, writing to her dead husband's mother for the first time, under the signature of a second choice, was what she could not well do, therefore she deferred answering Lady Belvoir's letter till she could present to the family her young son.

Her miserable disappointment in that scheme, and dread of the reproaches of a noble family, for intrusting



intrusting so precious a charge out of her own protection, had always hitherto prevented her waiting on Lady Belvoir, or seeking any acquaintance with a family that would renew the force of those sorrows she could never entirely overcome.

But now her weak state, the dissolution she knew was approaching, added to a sense of justice, and fully convinced by the unfortunate fate of her only son, of the fallacy of all human wisdom, all combined to give her strength of mind, she resolved no longer to defer acquainting her deceased husband's family of the relative she *had* given them, in order that if he had been miraculously preserved, and should hereafter appear (improbable as that now was) her death might not deprive him of the protection of his blood.

Lady Belvoir had enquired repeatedly after her son's widow; she found the fair Quaker had made a second choice, that the first had continued a profound secret; and as she was known to have bred, supposing the wide difference in their religion and manners, which then had not love, the grand leveller of all distinction, to reconcile them, any connection with her was undesirable, Lady Belvoir had long ceased to give herself the trouble of asking after her.

Her ladyship was at this period of our history in her sixty-fourth year; her youth had been enchanting, her age was venerable, the loveliness, the elegance of her form yet remained, the fineness of her complexion was still visible, and the mild blue eye yet spoke to the soul even through her spectacles; it was in concern for her infirmities only, that her company felt she was an old woman; the usual loquacity of her period of life, was conquered by long acquired wisdom, no peevishness could possibly find its way into a heart fortified by a strong understanding, an inexhaustible

bl  
at  
  
of  
fo  
wh  
not  
his  
tha  
"  
join  
ing  
Lo  
not  
now  
tenc  
he  
with  
sent  
she  
that  
L  
she  
ped  
and  
gefs  
"  
the  
indisf  
"  
tween  
thy  
her  
have  
return  
"  
fellow  
skips

ble fund of sweetness and good nature, and entirely at peace with itself.

Lord Belvoir was in his 68th year, and still a man of professed gallantry; he had not the advantage of so refined an understanding as his lady, but he had what every man of libertine principles cannot say, not the worse opinion of, or the less affection for his wife, because her character was more brilliant than his own.

The Belvoir estate, now saddled with a third jointure, was become little enough, notwithstanding the citizen's cash, to support its dignity. But Lord Belvoir had a new mistress, and he could not therefore leave London till it was less; he was now gone to pay the bride the compliment of attending her to the country seat; but a young girl he fancied himself very fond of, waited his return with impatience, as he promised, as soon as he had sent his lady and daughters back to Derbyshire, that she should have a chariot; and he wisely meant at that time to keep his word.

Lady Belvoir was subject to a rheumatic gout, she had been threatened with a fit, and was wrapped up in her dressing-room, in hopes by warmth and timely medicine to prevent it, when Mrs. Burgess was announced.

"Burgess," said Lady Belvoir, "I have not the honour to know the lady, and am too much indisposed to admit strangers."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Burgess, almost fainting between weakness and anxiety, "I had forgotten, thy mistress will recollect me better, if thou tellest her my name was Fry; I must beg to see her, I have business of importance; I pray thee, friend, return, and inform her."

"I never saw such an impertinent odd looking fellow," cried Clara, "how the creature grins and skips!"

The

The servant who carried the message was certainly an oddity, he had a remarkable wide mouth, furnished with white teeth, which he so unmercifully distended on the present occasion, that little else in his face was visible; and the looks, with which he thought proper to greet Clara Elton, together with a hop, skip and jump, with his face turned quite back over his shoulder as he left the room, into which they were shewn, excited her attention and curiosity. Another servant now appeared, and very respectfully led the way to Lady Belvoir's dressing-room.

With trembling steps, short breath, and agitated looks, the poor invalid entered; her eyes, from whence tears streamed, cast on the ground; her heart sinking, and expecting reproaches from the mother of the man she had fondly loved, before she reached the chair placed for her, she was deprived of motion, and she sunk on the ground, but not insensible; Lady Selina flew to her assistance, as did Clara—Lady Belvoir was unable.

The fine, though emaciated figure before her, gave proof of that beauty once so celebrated, and her lost son's wife now brought him as fresh to her memory as herself—she wept in agony.

Mrs. Burgefs, then a little recovered, approached the noble lady, in whose countenance she yet saw the resemblance of her husband.

Lady Belvoir, overcome by the affecting, the silent eloquence of the interesting figure before her, opened her arms—Mrs. Burgefs sunk into her embrace.

A chair was placed near, and the servant ordered to withdraw.

Lady Belvoir recovering first, begged her visitor would compose herself.

Still she trembled, and faltered the more, she was affected with the tenderness of Lady Belvoir, the

the more she dreaded incurring her displeasure, and exciting her grief by the tale she had to relate.

Chocolate was ordered by Lady Belvoir, in hopes the presence of the servants would abate the extreme agitation that increased with every attempt Mrs. Burgess made to give utterance to the sorrows of her heart.

## CHAPTER LIX.

### *Maternal Joy.*

**I**NTERESTED as Clara was for Mrs. Burgess, her attention was not so much taken up, but she could observe surrounding objects.

Lady Belvoir was sitting in an arm chair, on one side the fire, her work standing before her.

In the centre, stood Lady Selina's drawing stand, and on the other side the fire place was a couch, on which was reclined a male figure, his face covered by Lady Selina's shawl, and apparently fast asleep.

A lady's dressing-room was an odd place for a gentleman to repose himself in, Clara thought; and while Mrs. Burgess was endeavouring to gather strength to open herself to Lady Belvoir, Miss Elton was employed in contemplating the object before her.

His stockings, which hung loose on his legs, and every other part of his apparel proved the person was greatly emaciated; his hands, which were visible, were very white, but the bones scarce covered by the skin.

Mrs. Burgess as she began her story sobbed aloud; it disturbed the sleeper, he started and removing the shawl—

Clara screamed.

“ Henry,



"Henry, my dear Henry," cried she, as she threw herself into his arms.

"Clara," said he, faintly.

Mrs. Burges's fainted away,

Neither Henry nor Clara recollected any other person was in the room.

"Oh Henry, is it, indeed, you? Are you sure I am not deceived? But this is not your hand, my poor Henry—I have not forgotten how handsome your hands used to be."

"Oh, Clara, how flattering—but you are married, Clara—you are married."

The tears moistened his eyes as he spoke, and the faint flush that had animated his cheeks when he saw her, was succeeded by a deadly pale; he sighed; his spirits weakened by a violent and tedious illness, from which he was beginning slowly to recover, could not be supported in that idea.

Clara's eyes were fixed on the floor.

"Oh, Clara!" said he, after an affecting pause, a tear dropping on her hand; "why did you marry?" She looked up—her eyes filled with shame at recollection of her imprudence, met his, where grief and love were equally blended.

"Henry," whispered the gentle Clara, "I am not married, I never will marry any man but—;" but Clara's heart was on her lips; the second but, was a word of modesty's own coin, it meant, *but Henry*, but could reach no farther. "Not married, Clara! Not married, my dear Miss Elton!" cried Henry—"Ah," putting her hand to his head, "I have been very ill—am I relapsing, or do you fear I should be so, that you thus kindly sooth me?"

"Indeed, Henry, I am not married, you may believe me, nor would I marry a prince while—" Again madam modesty would intrude—"without my guardian's approbation."

"May

"May I, indeed, believe you, Clara? Your looks speak to my heart."

"Do they, Henry? Then, I am sure, they tell you I am not married, nor . . . ."

"Nor what, my sweet Clara?"

"Nor ever will, if——"

"If what, Clara—say—if what?"

"Why should I blush at what is my pride, that I loved my Henry before I knew the feelings of my own heart, and if I am not——"

Henry's eyes were stretched to their utmost extent—"Speak on, Clara, say it again, that you loved your Henry," cried the grateful youth, clasping her in his arms, "that you are yet single, that he may adore his Clara." Tears of pleasure ran down his cheeks.

Mrs. Burgefs was carried into an adjoining room for air.

Lady Selina Macnamara now re-entered.

"Mrs. Burgefs wishes to see you, Miss."

"Mrs. Burgefs!" said Henry—"What mystery is this, is she here?"

Miss Elton recollected herself—"How could I be so absent," said she, blushing as she arose.

"Are you leaving me, Clara? Are you taking from me this hand? It has not lost its delicious softness; no sickness, no distress has been here."

"I will return in an instant."

When Miss Elton was gone, the amiable Lady Selina bid him compose himself, and after attentively viewing him, burst into tears, and followed Miss Elton.

The instant she was gone, in came the grinning footman.

"Sir, Sir," said he, as he approached, "there's the devil to pay, and all along of that strange woman, that comed along with with Miss Elton."

"Can

"Can you make out what's the matter?" answered Henry.

"Who, I, Sir, not I, as I hope to be saved, but no good comes of vimen--to be sure Miss Elton, now, I don't believe she'd be a pick-thank for all the vails in the country—but 'septing her—I don't believe, 'sept my lady too, and sept the two young ladies, there's no other vooomen in all the ole varld than i'nt mischief—all rotten at heart—and now, it's my belief, some how or t'other, they are going to vent some foul play or other here—rat me, if I be'nt always afeared venever I see vimen getting together, like black clouds before rain,—Ah, Sir, you and I owe our ruins to vimen."

"Well, said Dellmore," smiling, "and we shall owe our happiness to them, I hope."

"I shou'd be afeared of happiness from a woman—besides, Lord help us, how shou'd they make us happy, ven they vant sense to be happy themselves?"

"There was that Lav—Orthodox now vy, who mought have been happier than she, after she had play'd your honour that fly trick, only for to think (*in a half whisper*) of this here very Lord, to be sure it vas bad enough, that I must say, to have such a formal old Grecian to keep in good humour, and to be sure the very cats must know there was a Lord in the house, if pufs did not mew upon the stairs, Lord how his Lordship wou'd run on about rank, and dignity, and respect due, and honour conferred, and all that stuff and nonsense, such as I shou'd be ashamed to talk on; and yet they say the old Lord is a great scollard too."

"Could Lavinia then be happy?" asked Dellmore.

"Why no, I can't say as how she cou'd, but that was soon over—but then 'Squire Gab—I  
verily

verily believe that man was richer than 'Squire Franklin; what a power of money we did use to spend—surely—surely—but all would not do for Miss Lav—she must be at her old tricks—there was she galloping away along of them there officers, that called her angel and goddess—and manner of blastfeemus names—At last little Peg, a black-eyed wench that was hired same time as me—what does she do, but, Egad she told 'Squire Gab—and Egad what does he do, but claps Peg up in a grand lodging, and leaves Miss Lav—vell; and then Peg wanted me to come and live along we'she—O dang it, thought I—No, no—One kept madam is quite enough for a Devonshire lad. Howsoever I thought I wou'd not leave my countrywoman in the lurch, among strangers, so I advised her—says I, look'ye, ma'am, you have had a run of luck—Now, says I, my advice is this—pack up your alls—sell your jo-ols, and march back to Ether, and I'll go along wi' you.—But Lord, as I said, there's no dealing with vimen—tell them to go on their feet, o'whip goes they a top o'their heads.

“What does the feller mean? says she—get out of my sarvice.—O ma'am, says I, do'ost put yourself in a passion—That's soon done—I only staid out of honour.

“Honour! says Miss Lav—oh, I'm sick of honour,” and continued he, lolling out his tongue and grinning, “I noed that well enough.—Feller, (*mimicking*) here, take your vages and begone.

“So away I comed; and Lord knows, I found it hard enow to get another place.—I thought I must write to mother at last for money to carry me home. Howsoever, I heard of this place—just for a while—the footman being sick o'the measles; and, Lord, I never shall forget finding your honour in the red bed.”

Matthew



Matthew was interrupted at this part of the discourse by the return of Clara and Lady Selina, and Mat very unwillingly, on been ordered left the room.

You have in your countenance, my lovely friend, said Dellmore, a sparkling intelligence that fills me at once with hope and fear ; you have something to say to me, some mystery to develope—but let me only ask you to repeat the blessed sounds that still vibrate on my senses ; are you yet single and disengaged ? say but that, and I shall be proof against fate.

Miss Elton modestly said she was—and Lady Selina begged he wou'd not give way to too great an exertion of spirits, “ you know,” said she, smiling, “ you are our relations.

“ You honour me too much, madam,” replied he, “ Oh Clara, Mrs. Dellmore, Lady Belvoir informed me, is her niece, and she is so good as to pity me, on account of the misfortunes I derive from her, but who, or what *my* relations are, I shall, in all likelihood, never know, they may, Miss Elton, be such as my friends wou'd blush to acknowledge, poor venal wretches who from mercenary motives might sell their unhappy son.”

“ Ah, no, no, my beloved child, my own Augustus,” cried Mrs. Burgess, whose eagerness no longer to be restrained, had brought her to the apartment as he was concluding the last speech, “ son of my fond love—offspring of an adored noble husband—thou, for whom I have mourned in unceasing sadness—for whom I have shed a deluge of tears—thou subject of my waking thoughts—of my sleeping visions—of my morning and evening prayers—come at last to the arms of thy real mother, oh,” continued she, as she pressed him to her heart, “ sell thee, what price, where was a purchaser for such a treasure, what have been thy distresses, through

through what scenes hast thou past, friendless and unknown—and how *art thou* now preserved to bless my sight, and give peace to my dying moments?

“I, I—” said Mat, whose curiosity had fixed him within hearing, and who now ran on, “*I* can tell ye all about it, ’twas *I*, my lady, knows it, ’twas all *I*, you know I told you my lady, when I found him as how—”

“Leave the room,” said Lady Belvoir, in displeasure.

Mat muttered something in which the word *vill*, with no very agreeable aspect was distinguishable—but was obliged again to leave the scene of action.

Dellmore fondly embraced by his mother, whose tears continued flowing, was lost in wonder, the son of Mrs. Burgess, of the amiable Quaker, how could it be? Yet he recollected her emotions when she told him of his resemblance to a person she loved.

Lady Belvoir though with more composure, felt little less than the fond mother, it was some time before she could assume the solemn look of an expositor on this occasion—she held a paper in her hand, and put on her spectacles, those were instantly taken off again to be wiped, again and they were tried—still they were too misty to see through.

“Come, madam,” at last, said she, you “must not engross our Augustus, nor affect him too much, he is exceedingly weak.”

“Oh, I forgot, he has been ill, my son, my son, *now*. I have gotten—*now* I hold thee to my breast, *even now*, I had forgotten the tender mother’s part.”

The young man was indeed almost lifeless, and his mother was reduced to the utmost misery on seeing him so weak; he was removed to his apartment,

ment, where, while he was resting his perturbed spirits, Mrs. Burgess retired with Lady Belvoir; Lady Selina related to Clara the means by which he had been kept by Providence under the roof of his grandfather.

When Henry had left the doughty Mr. Trap's, he was in a strong delirious fit, and it is supposed he had wandered about till night; that he then passed Lord Belvoir's, who as they had company every evening while the bride was in St. James's-square, the hall door might be open.

One of Lord Belvoir's footmen had been taken, as Matt said, with the measles, and it was a practice with his Lady to double the misfortunes of human life, by discarding a servant, whose fault was the visitation of God; she therefore placed him with a proper nurse, at her own expence, and Matthew lodging at a chandler's shop, near their mews, he was hired to supply the sick servant's place.

The disorder left the servant so weak, that her Ladyship very humanely sent him back to Derbyshire, to recover his strength against her return, and continued honest Mat for the time of her stay in London.

Lord Belvoir, the bride and bridegroom, Lady Emily, Mr. and Mrs. Levesage, and Miss Crespigney, were gone to the North, where they had now been seven weeks.

Lord Crespigney's gentleman, being a person of consequence, slept in a bed superior to his fellow servants, and almost the last thing he gave in charge to Mat, was to set his things in order; but as it does not always happen, that commands given with infinite pomp and grandeur, are obeyed with the more readiness for the hauteur of the person, who delivers them, particularly if the person happens, as in the present case, to turn his back, so Mat, the instant Mr. Le Mercier was gone, curst his

his French impudence ; wondered who the devil made him master ; and manfully swore he might clear his rubbish himself for him.

" Oh poh, fine talking," cried the house-maid, " you dare as well be hanged, as let him find a thing about."

" I don't like to hold arguments with vimen," said Mat, " but if I wait on the vimen, may I be burned."

" I shall see," said Dolly sneering.

" If I do I'll be burned."

" Well don't be in a pet, I know you will."

" Oh, to be sure, Vimen are all very knowing in every body's business but their own."

" Go put away Mr. Le Mercier's things."

" I tell you, I'll be burned if I do," said Mat.

" Well, well, I shall clean the room out—but not a litter will I touch," cried Dorothy, " therefore take your own way ; I know you'll be glad to do it before he comes home."

" I'll be burned if I do," still answered Mat—and Mat, at that moment certainly meant to keep his word.

But after a few days had passed, and the malicious Dorothy cleaned and shut up the room, Mat having a leisure hour, thought he might as well go and see in what situation Monsieur's property stood ; but Dolly, he was determined, should not know it, so up stole Mat.

" Hey day," cried he, " what has she not made the bed yet?"—Mr. Le Mercier had been gone eight days. Mat advanced, " who the plague is got into Mounsheer's bed ? some of the vimen, I dare say,"—he opened the shutters.

" Get the chaise ready, I am going to Scotland," said a male voice from the bed.

Mat's hair stood an end.

VOL. II.

O

" Give



"Give me a little water before I——Ethereal brightness, where art thou!"

Dolly who had kept a strict watch over Mat's motions, now peeped in, "what you won't put the Frenchman's rubbish away, Mr. Matthew?"

"Oh Lord be praised, are you come, Mrs. Dolly, the vimen are the fittest persons to deal with the devil," and he seized her.

"Hands off, fellow, why sure I am meat for your master," cried the enraged damsel, whom nevertheless Matthew kept hawling in till they had reached the bed, where at sight of a young man sitting up undressed, his eyes in a wild stare, his lips black and parched and talking very fast, they both set up a horrible scream, What's the matter—what's the matter from twenty mouths, all the servants pushed into the room, at length Mat, who had stood speechless burst into tears.

"It is, it is," said he, "my poor dear master, and he is mad, ah this comes of being a favorite of the vimen."

"Lord have mercy upon us," cried Dorothy, "if he is a madman he will kill us, what shall we do?"

"Send to the officer of the parish," answered the housekeeper.

"Under favour, Mrs. Mamalid, that would not do do for the la, the la, says,"—this was the coachman, he was orator of the horse and groom ale-house.

"Prithee hold thy tongue, don't prate of the law, but keep to the Gospel, mind you your horses," cried the cook, "we may lose our lives, and what's worse, I dare for to say the law could not hang a madman, let's stay till night, and then turn him out."

At this part of the debate, Mat stole off.

Lady

Lady Belvoir and her daughter were without company, a humble rap with the knuckle, was answered with orders to enter.

Slowly opened the door till it was as wide as it would go, before Mat was in sight.

"Well Matthew, what do you want?"

His face was covered with tears, he sobb'd, "please, please you, my lady."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Please your lady, ladyship."

"Speak out, man," said Lady Belvoir.

"Please, please"—Mat could get no further.

Lady Belvoir's own man entered.

"Please your Ladyship here is the oddest thing has happened, here is a madman, somehow got into Mr. Le Mercier's room, and is now in his bed."

Down dropped Mat on his knees, still blubbering, oh, my lady, pray, for the love of God, don't turn him out till Mr. Franklin owns him, oh, he is the finest handsomest, best naturedest young man in the world, Mr. Franklin will be glad if so be as your ladyship will keep him, to pay all charge, and love and thank you into the bargain.

The unaffected sorrow of the honest domestic excited Lady Belvoir's curiosity; she found who-soever the lunatic was, Matthew knew him, and indeed till the whole matter was explained, she suspected he had a hand in bringing him there, that she went to Mr. Le Mercier's room, attended by her daughter.

The moment Lady Bellvoir saw Dellmore she was struck with his resemblance to her son, his youth and fine countenance filled her with compassion.

"Ethereal mildness, where art thou?" repeated the poor visionary.

"Poor young man," cried the benevolent Countess, "he looks wild, indeed," approaching nearer to the bed, she took his hand, the fever was then very violent, and the convulsive catchings in his arm soon explained the cause of the disorder in his head, an apothecary was sent for, a physician was called in, the patient went to bed, and was treated with the utmost care and tenderness.

Long was his life despaired of, slow and alarming was the approach of the dreadful crisis of his disorder, of which, the doctors would not venture to speak with hope; Mr. Franklin was written to, but Mr. Franklin was not in England, Mat was directed particularly to attend the sick room, which he constantly did, and Lady Belvoir, whose soul was filled with every social virtue, felt her natural benevolence particularly interested in his recovery.

Contrary to expectation and almost against hope, the crisis was favourable, the first object he knew, on the delirium's leaving him, was Mat.

His astonishment at this meeting may be supposed to be great; from him he understood in what manner he had been found at Lord Belvoir's, some confused ideas he had of leaving Trap's, but could not recollect how he came to St. James's Square.

The ladies found themselves agreeably rewarded for their goodness, in the preservation from death of so amiable a young man; and they were still more pleased, when he gave them the outlines of his life, to find they had made some amends for the injury he had suffered from their near relation.

Mr. Montgomery, father to Mrs. Dellmore, was younger brother to Lady Belvoir, who had imperfectly

perfectly heard a history of her niece, very little to her advantage, and the disgrace her impostor brought on the family, had much lessened Lady Belvoir's solicitude for her welfare, which want of power to assist any of her family, had brought to almost nothing.

But her compassion for young Dellmore had strong support in the particular likeness he bore her favourite son, the oftner she saw him the more charmed she was, and Lady Selina declared he was her very brother who had left England at near his age, and exactly his figure; the two ladies, indeed, vied with each other in their attention to him, and he was led by Lady Selina to pay this first visit to her mother in her dressing room, where after chatting and walking up and down he had rather tired himself, and had dropped into that sleep from which he was awakened to the joys of reciprocal love, with the choice of his heart, and to the transports of maternal tenderness.

The quiet of his apartment restored his spirits, and the dear mother, grand-mother and aunt, accompanied by the dearer Clara, hung in fondness over him; though grateful and affectionate to all, his eyes dwelt on Clara, and though forbid to speak while Lady Belvoir and Mrs. Burgess held each a hand, he would repeat his juvenile obligations to the dear girl, whose conscious blush and down-cast eye spoke a silent and eloquent return, and at Lady Belvoir's request it was from her lips he learnt the history of his father and mother.

Mr. Burgess, uneasy at his wife's stay, called, and at her desire was introduced; he heard with unaffected joy from the lips of his Rebecca, the happy change in her mind; he greatly liked Henry on his own account, but looking on him as the harbinger of returning health to his beloved wife,



he embraced him with rapture, and reminded him of their accidental rencounter at the coffee-house.

Ill could the good Quaker brook a separation for ever so short a time from her son, but it was risking a relapse that might be fatal to move him, and her own health reminded her of the necessity of going home, although Lady Belvoir very pressing invited her stay, but as evening approached.

"Oh my friend, Belvoir," cried she, "how can I forgive your barbarous niece; how many years hath her cruelty kept from me the dearest blessing of life, how many, perhaps curtailed the natural length of my days; years have I prayed to be released, *now* how should I obey with resignation a summons that would call me from such a husband, such a son, presenting each a hand?"

"My dear, my honoured mother," answered her son, "why will you anticipate such a dreadful event? surely the grateful affection of your Augustus will restore you to your good husband, to us all."

"I wish, I fervently wish it may, thou dost not know how very ill I am; I have not known health or peace since I lost thee, thou art I fear restored to me too late, but thou wilt be my comfort as I pass the solemn bounds of eternity, and I shall leave thee in possession of all earthly happiness;" with those words and a fervent embrace she departed, leaning on Clara, and led by her husband.

## CHAPTER LX.

*A Man of Gallantry's Reformation.*

MRS. Burgefs had not long left the house before Lord Belvoir, impatient to return to the arms of his mistress, a girl of fifteen, arrived at his house, and was struck dumb with astonishment at seeing his lady close by the side of a handsome young man, whose hand was affectionately grasped in hers, and on whom her eyes were fondly bent; to add to his surprise he soon recollected in the pale visage of the youth the features of him, who he believed his rival in the favour of Lavinia Orthodox.

To be sure, as Lord Belvoir found in his own disposition such a partiality for the rising generation, it would have been but natural, had he made allowance for the same taste in his lady; but far from that candid mode of conduct—he fiercely demanded Henry's business, and casting a glance of contempt at his lady, told her he extremely admired her condescension.

Lady Belvoir had not the smallest idea of that depravity in her husband that could suggest an impropriety in her conduct from her familiarity with her grandson, and indeed, she was so full of the relation she had to make to her lord, that the marks of disapprobation visible in his countenance, which in other circumstances would have filled her with grief, were totally unobserved; she took his hand, and with an engaging smile placed him on her other side, and immediately related to him the history of Mrs. Burgefs, mingling with the extraordinary incidents of her life thanksgivings for the preservation

preservation of the son of her Augustus, and concluded her narration by putting the hand of our hero into that of his grand-father ; " look, my dear Lord, in his face," cried she, " behold our own Augustus restored to us, see in his blooming and manly countenance, the stamp of our race, his sentiments breathe the unimpeached honour of our ancestors, and the fire with which their souls were animated dart from his eyes, his form, his health, his bloom, unvitiated by iniquitous connections, without meaning to reflect on the land in which, by your Lordship's choice we live, may I not say, I trust this youth was born to receive the dignity of our blood in dear native Ireland.

While Henry kneeled at the feet of his grand-father, almost the first idea that struck his Lordship was that his grandson and himself had been participators in the favours of a prostitute ; he must needs thought to have a prodigious respect for a parent who adopts vices not to be excused in his grand-children.

" Are you not transported, my dear Lord, at the recovery of so amiable a relation," asked Lady Belvoir, in a tone of tender reproach.

If Lord Belvoir had been at liberty to speak his real sentiments, they would not have expressed much joy, but on a further investigation of the matter, and finding what splendid fortunes were likely to center in the house of Belvoir by means of his new found relation, he began to look on him with pleasure, and before they parted in the evening Henry was much in his favour.

Lord Belvoir on retiring to his library did not feel quite so much at ease with himself as he had usually done ; if this young man should tattle now, what would my Lady say ? say, why she would  
most

most probably say nothing, but what would be her thoughts?

A note lay on his writing table from Miss Phebe Clark, the damsel of fifteen who adored him; it was a little crookedly directed and ill-spelt, but what of that; the pretty fingers that wrote it were nevertheless enchanting. "Let me see," said the noble Lord, "what the little angel says, if it were not for the consideration I ought as a man of honour to have for her, this unexpected rencontre with my grandson, would half reform me, and positively this girl shall be my last object of gallantry; his Lordship then broke the seal and read to his utter astonishment.

"Miss Phebe Clark, sents compliments to Mr. gunson, an his veri sorree she kant se him to nit. has the old lard his cum hom han shi hispacs him, but if her deer gunsun wil cum to morra abot five a cloc the hold feler his alway hingaged at that tim."

The Mr. Johnson, so highly in Miss Phebe Clark's favour happened at that time to wear his Lordship's livery as under Butler to his son the prelate; this person had twice been seen coming out of the innocent Miss Phebe's lodgings, and being a person of rather an athletick make, it had given his Lordship a momentary alarm, but as he might be acquainted with the people of the house, and as Miss Phebe Clark protested she knew nothing of the young man, my Lord was satisfied, and Miss rendered bold by success gave way to her inclinations for Mr. gunson, to whom she had directed by mistake a very tender billet, which she designed for Lord Belvoir, and which for the benefit of those readers who are unacquainted with that sort of refined correspondence, that to their credit be it spoken has more attractions for many



married men of fashion than the most elegant epistle from their well educated wives, *I* here transcribe:

mi deer deer deer lord

hi ham out of mi litel wit for goy that you har cum hom for hindeed hi hav bin ina nowree wile you was gon as monseer and madam can tel, for wat as the world for mee wen you has not wi me so hopin I shall se you to nit or hin the mornin at furdest I remane your lovin

PHEBE CLARK.

I have in the affair of Lavinia given an instance of the ease with which Lord Belvoir digested disagreeable events in matters of gallantry, the truth is, he was a gambler without avarice, and a libertine without passion; he fancied himself a man of great gallantry, and did not chuse to renounce that character although it had long renounced him; Miss Phebe's note came at a period very unfavourable to his hobby horfical notions, the beast had been rode to death, and when he lay down to let his rider easily off, Lord Belvoir thought he had taken an heroic leap, he tossed the unfortunate note into the fire, and sent Miss Phebe, as was his constant custom, her parting *douceur*.

"I will now positively reform and leave the women to themselves," said Lord Belvoir, as he put on his flannel wrappers and stepped into bed.

The next morning with the dawn Mrs. Burgefs's servant was in St. James's square, to enquire after her son, and he was rejoiced to hear she was in much better health than she had been for six months back; in the evening she came to visit him, but her look so ill accorded with returning health, and Clara as well as her husband, both observing that  
her

her eagerness to see him had induced her to go out when she was only fit for her chamber, Henry determined, after consulting Lady Belvoir, rather to risk a relapse himself than suffer his mother's delicate frame to be exposed to danger, and to her infinite joy he accompanied her home, attended by Matthew.

At Clapham, Clara Elton was his companion, and his fond mother, invalid as she herself was, his nurse; Mr. Burgess's affection naturally turned to the magnet that attracted his wife; never indeed was real simplicity of manners so delightfully blended with harmony and love, as in this happy circle.

In such a situation, how could our hero fail to recover his health and strength? a few days restored him to both.

Mr. Franklin, to whom he wrote, as soon as he discovered his family, was for the first time a murmurer at the dispensations of Providence, his soul was at Clapham with the dear circle, but his body was confined by an untimely fit of the gout, at Esther Manor, with a peevish discontented sister and her cormorant companion, for Mr. Downe had not yet compleated the family business that carried him to town.

In the mean while Lord and Lady Crespigney returned to London, and Henry was introduced by the Earl, not only to him, but to every branch of the Belvoir family, among whom was Lady Margaret Macnamara, who disgusted with the marriage of her other great nephew, and tired of the division in her family, more especially, as she began to fancy nobody else cared for any thing about her but her money, took it into her head to be very fond of Augustus and Clara, on which account Lord and Lady Crespigney agreed he must be exceedingly

ingly sly, and that Clara was a poor creeping thing; however, the preparations for their nuptials were in a style, notwithstanding Mrs. Burgess's plain manner of living, that promised to make a considerable eclat in the Belvoir family.

But as there is no perfect happiness in this life, our hero had not yet arrived to that summit which mortals in vain aspire after.

He was reading to Clara, one fine morning, when Mr. Montgomery was announced; his sable habit and serious countenance told the fate of the unhappy Mrs. Nesbit, who died before the packet, in which she took her passage, reached the Bay of Biscay, and he waited on Clara with a copy of her will, in which she had made the disposition of her fortune which she promised in her letter.

The young pair dropped a tear to her memory, and the two friends embraced with a joy chastened by the concern an affectionate brother felt for the loss of a beloved sister.

Montgomery made his first visit very short, but engaged soon to repeat it, which he did within two days, when Miss Gab became the subject of their conversation; the young sailor wished to ask her of her father, but some how or other he felt queerish, "and—and in short, Henry," said he, "I wish you wou'd do it for me, though 'faith I have very faint hopes of succeeding."—"Oh," answered Henry, "never fear, man, why you are nephew to a Countess, and cousin to a Lord; it is not in nature for my old friend Mrs. Gab to refuse a son-in-law so allied, and as to her husband, I believe I have some little secret influence there; we will prevail on Lady Belvoir to take us in her coach; and, my life for it, the coronet does the business."

Lady

Lady Belvoir was the relation who sent Montgomery to sea with Captain Essence; and the shameful conduct of his elder brother and sister had rendered her less incredulous, respecting the ill qualities his Captain imputed to him, than she would otherwise have been: indeed she considered that part of her family as a disgrace, and wished to forget they existed. But the worth of Montgomery, when attested by her favourite grandson, was no sooner known than she received him to her friendship and affection, and very readily undertook to pay the visit at Dowgate-hill.

Lady Crespigny very seldom now entered the city, but having been this day at court, and much admired, was in such high good humour with herself, that she kindly resolved to go to Dowgate-hill before she undressed, on purpose to plague Mrs. Gab.

## CHAPTER LXI.

*Shewing how a young Man may make his Fortune.*

**L**ADY Crespigny found Mrs. Gab in her drawing room, elegantly dressed, and in high spirits; her son, Captain, or more properly Cornet Gab, was, as *he* said—and as we have endeavoured to convince our readers, a man of high ton; he was, indeed, as much despised as any fair faced, fine dressed, emaciated young officer, who had gone through all the hard duty in the environs of St. James's Park, could possibly be; he was, he told his Ma, acquainted with all the young bucks of quality; but nothing new to the Captain, he sh'd—for to say the truth, there are a set of young  
men



men of quality, who now grace the British nation, whose actions promise to retrieve the credit their elders have lost, by, at least, convincing the world, the distinction of sexes yet remained among us; a matter the Mr. Gab's of the age have rendered extremely doubtful, and as nothing can be more hateful to real manly spirit than the affectation of effeminacy, and these other nothings, that constitute the no-character of a modern beau, Mr. Gab was as little esteemed by the men, a few only excepted, of his own stamp, as he was beloved by the women; he had a Signora, and that Signora had a number of very good friends among her country-men and women, who testified attachment to her, by constantly visiting her, infomuch that notwithstanding Mr. Gab's genteel allowance, his commission and frequent demands on Ma's purse, the Captain often found himself at a loss for ways and means; and feeling more fear than love for the enchanting Signora, he had lately turned his idea towards women in the way of marriage.

At a masquerade, he was so fortunate as to be singled out by a very fine figure in the habit of a nun, who having first known from himself who, and what he was, condescended to inform him she was daughter to a deceased nobleman in the North, who had left her under the guardianship of an uncle, from whom she had eloped to avoid a marriage with his son, a person she detested, and that for fear of a discovery she was obliged to live very private.

My fortune is made, thought Cornet Gab, and he became violently in love with Lady Vina.

The acquaintance so auspiciously began, was carried on with wonderful caution and privacy (his Ma being the Cornet's confidante) for one month, when

when the enamoured pair were united by banns, and Lady Vina Gab was paying her first visit to her husband's mother, on the evening Lady Crespigney, out of her extreme good-nature, exhibited her splendor on Dowgate-hill.

Mrs. Gab begged leave to interdoose her daughter-in-law, the Right Honourable Lady Vina Gab, a North Country person of quality, who had fallen in love with the Captain, her son then present.

Lady Crespigney eyed the bride with a true fashionable stare; such a one, as few young brides could have withstood; and as Lady Vina Gab returned look for look, without the least embarrassment on her features, Lady Crespigney thought the thing might be. This important matter was hardly over when a thundering rap at the door set Mrs. Gab in a violent flutter, and she was near fainting with joy and surprise, at hearing Lady Belvoir, Mr. Macnamara and Mr. Montgomery announced; Lady Crespigney was shocked that her mother-in-law should detect her in such low company, and Lady Vina actually blushed.

"I have taken the liberty, Mrs. Gab," said the venerable Countess, "to wait on you for the sole purpose of introducing to you, my nephew Mr. Montgomery."

Sophia sat trembling on the sofa, and Lady Crespigney advanced to make her curtsy, "she hoped her Ladyship was well to day," and retreated to her seat to examine her complexion in her pocket glass.

"My stars, my Lady, why sure you mean for to joke; why lord, is not that there the sailor man, that came here to enquire after ———?"

"Me, I presume, madam," said our hero, bowing as he advanced.

Mrs.

Mrs. Gab coloured, "I wonder, Mister Conway, or whatever your name is, you have the assurance"—"Hold, Mrs. Gab," interrupted the Countess, "here have been some mistakes, which I beg you will give me leave to rectify; permit me to have half an hour's chat with you in another apartment."

"To be sure, my Lady, if you desire it; but, indeed, that low vulgar feller—"

"Is my grand-son," said the Countess very seriously, "come, madam, let me follow you into the next room, you will thereby save yourself many apologies."

"Your Ladyship surprises me—your grand-son! But give me leave to interdoose my daughter, Lady Vina Gab—my son Captain Gab—"

Henry was paying his respects to Lady Crespigney, and the *modest* Montgomery had found his way to the sofa, where Miss Gab was sitting; so that Lady Vina Gab had been overlooked, but the pompous manner in which she was mentioned by her husband's mother engaged their notice.

"My God," cried our hero—"Lavinia Orthodox"—It was that identical Lady, who had imposed herself on the noble Captain for a Northern heiress, and actually in that character had drawn him into a marriage with her.

"The same, Mr. Dellmore," answered she, with a non-chalance that honoured her experience.

"How is that?" cried Mrs. Gab. "Are you not then a Lady?"

"No, madam, nor an heiress," answered Lavinia, "but *your* son's lawful wife, and *your* dutiful daughter."

"Out of my house, thou cheat, thou ———," cried the enraged Mrs. Gab. "It is only another mistake,"

mistake," said the Countess, mildly. "Come, madam, be patient, indulge me with the requested interview."

"Oh!" said the mortified Mrs. Gab, "I am ruined, my son is ruined, and we are all ruined."

"As to that, Mrs. Gab," said the undaunted Lavinia, "Mr. Dellmore can inform you, Lavinia Orthodox, is, at least, an equal match for Coronet Gab, and if you have a mind to encourage me, I may possibly make him a good wife; he cannot get into worse hands than those from which I took him; but if *you* and *he* chuse to reject me, I need not, I presume, inform you, I must be maintained. Come, sir, will you follow me, or stay with your mother?"

The Captain hesitated, and the Lady flounced out of the room. He looked round and met the eyes of our hero; he recollected certain money transactions; he heard his mother rave; he figured to himself the rage of the Signora, and he thought proper to follow his spouse.

After one half hour's retirement with the Countess, Mrs. Gab returned to the company. Whether it was owing to the Lady's wise arguments, or whether Mrs. Gab secretly comforted herself, in the idea of the quality connexions, her daughter's marriage with Montgomery would ensure, remains to be determined; be the cause what it would, the effect was truly surprising, for she returned to the company without a single trace of vexation on her countenance, and full of an invitation Lady Belvoir had given her to bring Mr. Gab and her daughter to dine with her the next day.

Mr. Gab, who had been at Bath on account of some disorders to which he was subject, was that evening expected home, and his good Lady mean-

ing.



ing, without doubt, an agreeable surprise for her spouse, intended to have introduced to him his son's wife, on his return home; but as matters had turned out, it was not a very agreeable office to acquaint him with the part *she* had herself taken in her son's marriage; she therefore left Sophia the unpleasant narration, and when that was concluded, gave herself the particulars of Lady Belvoir's visit, and with great satisfaction adverted to the grandeur of those prospects that were opening for Sophia.

Fond as Mr. Gab was of Sophia, the change in her mother's sentiments towards her children, as she now spoke in terms of the strongest contempt for her son, and in the most extravagant style of the perfections of her daughter, he could not help feeling concern to hear of his son's marriage, and the cheat put upon him, and *by whom*.

Captain Gab shared very little of his father's affection; but nevertheless, his being united for life to a common woman—one he had himself kept, shocked him extremely. To reflect on his wife for conniving at a clandestine marriage, was to war with the elements; and to talk of honour and integrity was speaking a language she would not understand; he therefore silently reproached himself for his connexion with Lavinia, and forbore to arraign the conduct of his wife.

The vexation he could not help feeling, rendered him very unfit for the grand visit, which kept his wife awake most part of the night; but *she begged and prayed*—and Sophia too, contrary to her usual custom, gave *her* unasked opinion—she thought her papa's not going would look very odd, as Lady Belvoir had honoured them with so pressing an invitation.

“Well,

"Well, Sophia," said the fond father, I see you like this young fellow, and as I would give half my fortune to make you happy, I'll go—but your brother and his wife sticks in my gizzard, I can tell you that."

"If Sophia marries Lady Belvoir's nephew," answered Mrs. Gab, bridling, "my advice is, to settle an annuity on the degenerate feller, and send them in the country, where they may not disgrace the family."

"What—given up your son, already?"

"Poh, poh, Mr. Gab, you are always talking of nonsense—now, pray dress yourself decently. Come, Sophy, my dear, your hair-dresser waits."

The important article of dress being over, the Gab family were set down at the Earl of Belvoir's, where Mr. and Mrs. Gab gave their full consent to the union of Mr. Montgomery and their daughter, and the nuptials of our hero and Clara were appointed for the same day; but, as I before said, the uncertainty of human events protracted the latter.

Mrs. Burgess's inward dejection, the grief and anxiety of her mind, and total deprivation of those delights she beheld other mothers enjoy in maternal care and filial love, had many years been undermining her constitution; and the further shock to her new revived hopes in the apprehension of his death in so deplorable a situation, after she had received certain information that our hero was her son, completed her fate.

A deep decline, into which the anguish of her mind had thrown her, could not be removed by the happy recovery of her son, and so extremely delicate was her constitution, that joy, unalloyed joy, had nearly as fatal an effect on her nerves,  
and

and was attended with the same baneful consequences, she had before suffered from grief.

"I am better, my Augustus; thou hast removed sorrow from my heart, and in thy presence I feel no bodily pain." This was the dying mother's answer to her son's daily enquiries. But, alas! the languid flush that at times overspread her benign countenance was the hectic fever that attends the last stage of a consumption, and the animated beams that shot from her eyes were the harbingers of the seraphic peace to which her soul was aspiring; and her dissolution was rapidly approaching, when her fond husband, and affectionate son, were flattering themselves she was as rapidly recovering.

She had been in remarkable good spirits, and settling with Mr. Burgess how her own fortune, which he insisted on giving her son, should be disposed of most to his advantage, when seized with a sudden pain in her stomach, she sunk into her husband's arms.

"I believe I am dying," said she, the cold sweat standing on her forehead.

"God forbid," cried her son.

"Fly for Doctor Littleton," said the affrighted husband.

"Stay, my dear husband—be not alarmed, my beloved son, *I know I am dying*," said the expiring saint—"All human aid is ineffectual; Clara, my amiable young friend, bless my Augustus, and let your united duty to this good man, end only with your lives; perhaps it was selfish, perhaps it was, in some degree, cruel to you, my dear friends, I could not, though I knew the fiat that determines my existence was past, deprive myself of the comfort of seeing you happy.

"You

"You would not have been so, had you suspected my end was so near.

"We part but to meet, where no worldly evil, no designs of the wicked can reach us.

"Daniel, thou wilt assuredly be among the chosen of our pure God; my regrets at parting with thee, are, therefore, but temporary, we have lived together as free from sin as it was in the power of corrupted nature to do—thou wilt lament thy Rebecca for a time, but thou wilt then rejoice in her releasement—for *thee*, my son, for *thee*—

"Clara, what says thy favourite poet? I hope I do not sin in remembering it at this awful moment"—and fixing her languid eyes on her son, while a tear dropped on his hand—

"For thee, my son, I wept my life away."

When, after a pause, rendered more affecting from the pain she visibly felt—

"No dire disease bereaved me of thy breath,

"*Thou, thou*, my son, wert my *disease* and *death*.

"Unkindly with my love, my son conspir'd,

"For *thee* I liv'd, for absent *thee* expir'd.

"Is that right, my gentle Clara? Oh! my Augustus, must I indeed, must I leave thee, but promise thou wilt never forsake the paths of the upright! Thou hast, it is true, been trained up in a faith contrary to mine, but true christian principles are the same among all the sects that worship one God, and look with hope to one Redeemer: when thy heart is assailed by vanity, *then* recollect the purity and simplicity, the robe of innocence in which thy mother met her God.

"Grieve



"Grieve not, my beloved."—her voice failed her, she sunk into those weak faintings to which she was subject, and expired without uttering another word.

## CHAPTER LXII.

### *Return to Esher, and Conclusion.*

IT was now, for the first time, that our hero felt natural sorrow, and he retired to vent those tears in solitude which unavailingly burst from a heart rent with filial love.

Lady Belvoir would have prevailed on him to go with them to Derbyshire, but no consideration could induce him to leave Mr. Burgess. As to Clara, delicacy required she should remove from the house where her lover dwelt, and where she had no female protection. She sent for Jemima, and immediately set off for the manor.

Mr. Franklin had been again confined with the gout; but, as soon as Clara told her melancholy tale, he went to London to comfort his friends, and prevail on Mr. Burgess to leave the scene of his sorrow, and return with him to Esher. And our hero, when the last sad respect was paid his mother, wanted no persuasion to attend his beloved benefactor, and to follow his Clara. He took leave of the Belvoir family, who were preparing to go to their respective country seats, all but Lady Margaret, who told Mr. Franklin she meant to set her cap at him, and would visit the manor in the course of the summer.

When

When Henry saw Esther Manor, "Oh, my dear benefactor," cried he, "how many times, since I left this beloved spot, have I thought

"To see the smoke from this loved palace rise  
 "While the dear vale in distant prospect lies,  
 "With what contentment could I close my eyes."

"And here, my friend, in your own mansion, may they be closed," said Mr. Franklin emphatically.

Mrs. Downe, having heard some flying reports of her husband, was set out for London, perhaps purposely choosing a different route from that she knew her brother and his party would travel, the same day they arrived at the manor.

On this occasion, Mrs. Hudson, at the Buck's-head, who still maintained her ground in the Squire's good graces, without (as she affirmed) the remotest idea of currying favour, but merely in respect to the honorable Squire Macnamara, to whom her son Mat was now gentleman out of livery, roasted a whole ox, made a quantity of puddings, and gave away as much ale of her own brewing as the villagers would drink; for which, a matter not, as she said, suspected by her, Mr. Franklin paid her double the value; the ringers rang double peals, the colours were hoisted on the church, and an universal jubilee took place over the whole vale of Esther.

Mr. and Mrs. Orthodox were, according to ancient custom, in waiting; but Mrs. Cadogan, while her heart sprang almost out of her bosom, and a flood of joyous drops flowed from her eyes, sat at home in her own little dwelling, till the impatient message, requesting her immediate company at the Manor, reached her.

Clara

Clara threw herself into the good woman's arms: Now, Mrs. Cadogan, now, my worthy friend, you may congratulate your Clara, my Augustus is here—he is well—and we part no more.

Mr. Orthodox presented Mr. Macnamara with a Latin ode, on the joyful event of his return to the manor, in which was an equal quantity of sincerity and common sense, which was civilly accepted nevertheless.

After a few days passed with the utmost pleasure to Mr. Franklin, in visiting the walks and places, heretofore rendered delightful by the company of his young friend, the latter began to murmur at the delay custom required should be made to his marriage, on account of their mourning.

“As if,” said he, “it were not enough, that I have lost my beloved mother, but *that* misfortune must be aggravated by my being deprived of the possession of my Clara.”

Clara blushed. “It must be, Augustus.”

“I feel it must, my angel.”

“What must be?” said Lady Margaret Macnamara, who unexpectedly entered the saloon at that moment, “I am obliged to go to Scotland on some private business, and I have resolved to see you two made one before I leave England. You, Augustus, shall be my heir; and you, Clara, are the best girl I ever knew. I have been myself the slave of form all my life-time, and I have lived long enough in the world to know I have exchanged substance for air, my pride will not now enliven one solitary hour, nor have all the forms I have so strictly adhered to, procured me one disinterested friend; I therefore, advise, nay, I command you to be happy as soon, and to remain so as long as you can.

“You, Augustus, have lost your mother, a very good woman she undoubtedly was; but you,  
Clara,

Clara, should for that reason think how incumbent it is on you to comfort him, by giving him another bosom friend in the room of her he has lost."

"Dear madam," said Clara, "a few months"—"You talk like a child," interrupted Lady Margaret, "look back, how many more surprising events than separating you for ever, have happened within your own knowledge in the the last few months."

Augustus shuddered, he enfolded her in his arms.

They were then joined by Mr. Franklin and Mr. Burgess, and on *their* being appealed to, the opinion of the latter decided the matter.

"If," said he, "the spirits of the just made perfect could look down on imperfect mortals; if my Rebecca were here, to that exact purpose would her reasoning be; I am the real mourner for the partner of my soul; I should consider the most distant thought of levity, as an injury to her memory; but I could witness thy espousals, to this damsel with joy, because were she now in existence I know it would be my Rebecca's joy also."

I might here have added two or three Chapters, by giving every particular of the wedding, and a description of the dresses, jewels, and equipage; and to those, I might also have added, how one half of the world envied the bride, while the other were bursting with the same agreeable sensation towards the husband; and so on, contrived to end my history in the act of employing all mankind; but, I think, and so possibly will their honours the Reviewers, that the book is quite long enough, already, more especially as without those auxiliaries there might be a vast deal more said on many of the weighty matters, on which it has so judiciously treated,



particularly Juvenile Indiscretions ; but as that is a subject, which like a snow-ball gathers as it rolls, I shall only beg the readers patience while I take a decent leave of the rest of the characters who have figured in the course of this history ; and first, to begin with the church.

Doctor Orthodox lived to Shakespear's seventh age.

" Second childishness, and mere oblivion.

" Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,"

And he died rich, when two things followed which the reader will expect, one was a division of his wealth, between his wife and two daughters, and the other a presentation of the living of Esher to Mr. Cadogan ; but I should have first told my reader, that that stupid being returned from Eldorado, without a single red sheep, or pebble of the country ; in other words, he returned from India just as poor as when he left England ; and what is yet stranger, Captain Manly landed on British ground much in the same predicament ; the matter was, they were not of the right sort to accumulate wealth in India ; but Mr. Macnamara got the Captain into the House of Commons, where, as he could talk pretty loud, and tolerably fast, and withal could make a graceful use of his hands, as figures in rhetoric, he obtained the monstrous reward for his in and out door services, of a Colonel of Marines.

Mrs. Cadogan was Mrs. Macnamara's friend and confidante to the end of the chapter.

Lord

Lord Belvoir left London and the ladies of the town, to the infinite regret of many a smart fellow, who kept a girl at his Lordship's expence; but the thing was not to be avoided, as he was called on to settle a few trifling matters in another world, just as he had found out he had forsaken the noble system of gallantry, a year or two before it was necessary, and had actually entered into a treaty with a farmer's daughter, for the purpose of again indulging his *dear penchant* for intrigue.

Lady Belvoir and her two daughters, are actual characters, however heterogeneous some people may think them.

Lord and Lady Crespigny are one of the happiest pairs in the world, that is, they are high ton and politely hate each other.

Lady Margaret Macnamara lived to adopt Mr. Macnamara's eldest son, but she left him her large fortune, on condition of his residing at a seat she built on the banks of Killarney, and she gave her fine house in Dublin to Clara, on the same condition; so that notwithstanding their English possessions, Mr. Macnamara's family live half their time in Ireland.

Captain Gab and Lavinia live as a beau of the guards and a belle of the town may be expected to live; they quarrel, drink and swear one hour, and the next are as amorous as doves. Mr. Gab settled his son's fortune in such a manner on him, that he can only receive it quarterly, otherwise we might have added poverty to this account, as Captain Gab, as well as his fair spouse, has such an agreeable manner of dissipating ready money, that the few thousands she received as her share of her

father's fortune, made a quick transition from the noble Captain's purse, into those of their numerous friends and acquaintances in a very short time.

Mr. Gab died soon after his daughter's marriage, and Mr. Peter Martin having procured a rise in the office, by the interest of Mr. Montgomery, who was applied to by Mrs. Gab on that occasion, had the good fortune to prevail on the rich widow to accept his hand, and a wonderful happy couple are Peter Martin, Esq; aged 25, and Mrs. Gab that was, Mrs. Martin that is, aged 58; it is indeed, said, that the Lady does not despair of having the *Sir* added to her husband's Peter.

Jemima married Ensign Wells, and her husband being comfortably settled, as steward to the squire in the room of old Downe, who in imitation of his betters, resigned his place, when he suspected he should be turned out, she had the felicity to be the finest lady in the village, and leads the fashions in Escher to this day, and her mother and sister continue to educate young ladies, for the benefit of the rising generation.

Mr. Puffardo is the great man of the little place, where he condescends to reside, and his wife, to his extreme mortification, still lives the most notable dame in the parish.

Billy Holcomb is returned to Jamaica, where, as he was not found adequate to the profession of the law, he acts as clerk, or store-keeper to his parents, whose business is now in a very prosperous way, and there is little doubt but the family will be able in a few years to return to their native country in great splendour; Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb,

Holcomb, as well as their son, being particularly well qualified to shine in the great world.

Mrs. Downe, having discovered that Mr. Downe had a tendre for a town damsel, not strictly consistent with the nuptial vow, insisted on a separation, to which Mr. Downe thought proper to demur, till the squire settled an annuity on him for his life, when he made one bow serve his wife and mistress, and left England a gentleman at large.

Mrs. Downe now in the centre of politics, is employed in writing against monarchy, in defence of aristocracy, and it is rumoured she means to visit America, the fame of her talents having reached the wise body of people there, who, it is said, wish to have the assistance of the learned Mrs. Downe, in framing a code of laws for the use of the common-wealth.

Sophia is a counterpart of Clara, and Montgomery a genuine British seaman and an Irish gentleman; what more can language add in his praise? The strictest intimacy still subsists between him and his friend, and the similarity of their ladies dispositions unites them in undeviating affection.

Mr. Oldham's family continues to be patronized by Mrs. Macnamara's family, friends and connections.

Janet, handsomely provided for by Mrs. Nesbit, is queen of her company in dear little Ireland, and protests against a third marriage, except she could be shoor auld Mac was hanged, and a Dublin lad would offer to succeed him.

Mr. Burgefs and Mr. Franklin continued their cordial intercourse while they lived; and they were gathered



gathered to their-forefathers before they arrived at the *seventh* age. Mr. Franklin settled a handsome annuity on his sister, and left a few legacies to his friends, among whom, the landlady of the Buck's Head was not forgotten; but the bulk of his fortune, as well as that of Mr. Burges's, they bequeathed to Mr. Macnamara, who from the various accumulations of wealth that centered in him and his lovely wife, is accounted one of the richest commoners in England or Ireland; he regularly spends a year alternately in each kingdom, and is one of the very few gentlemen, now existing, whose attachment to both countries is equal, and whose political opinions are, that the stricter their union, the greater their glory.

The whole tenor of Mr. Macnamara's life has in it a proper degree of that spirit and dignity that distinguishes the Belvoir and Montgomery family, blended with the poor and humble virtues of his mother; every thing about him has an air of grandeur and magnificence, that proclaims the real man of fashion; but he despises shew and ostentation; he has been offered a title that has lain dormant in his family, but he prefers the private post of honour, and is content to be called an honest man; he is a tender and polite husband, a fond father, and a zealous and steady friend; the dictates of his conscience are laws by which he is governed, and as that would severely reproach him, if his dying mother's injunctions were forgotten, there can be no doubt but he is a moral, and though not a zealot, a religious man.

He

**JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS. 319**

He is blest with a large family of fine children, whose education both himself and Mrs. Macnamara personally superintend, being convinced from their own experience, that to train up a child in the way he should go, is the surest preservative from

**JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.**

**F. I N I S.**

JUVENILE INDICATORS.  
It is that with a large family of the  
that, who's attention he is likely to  
discontinue his own, and the  
of them their own, and the  
of it is the way to the  
the way to the

JUVENILE INDICATORS.

3

1111



